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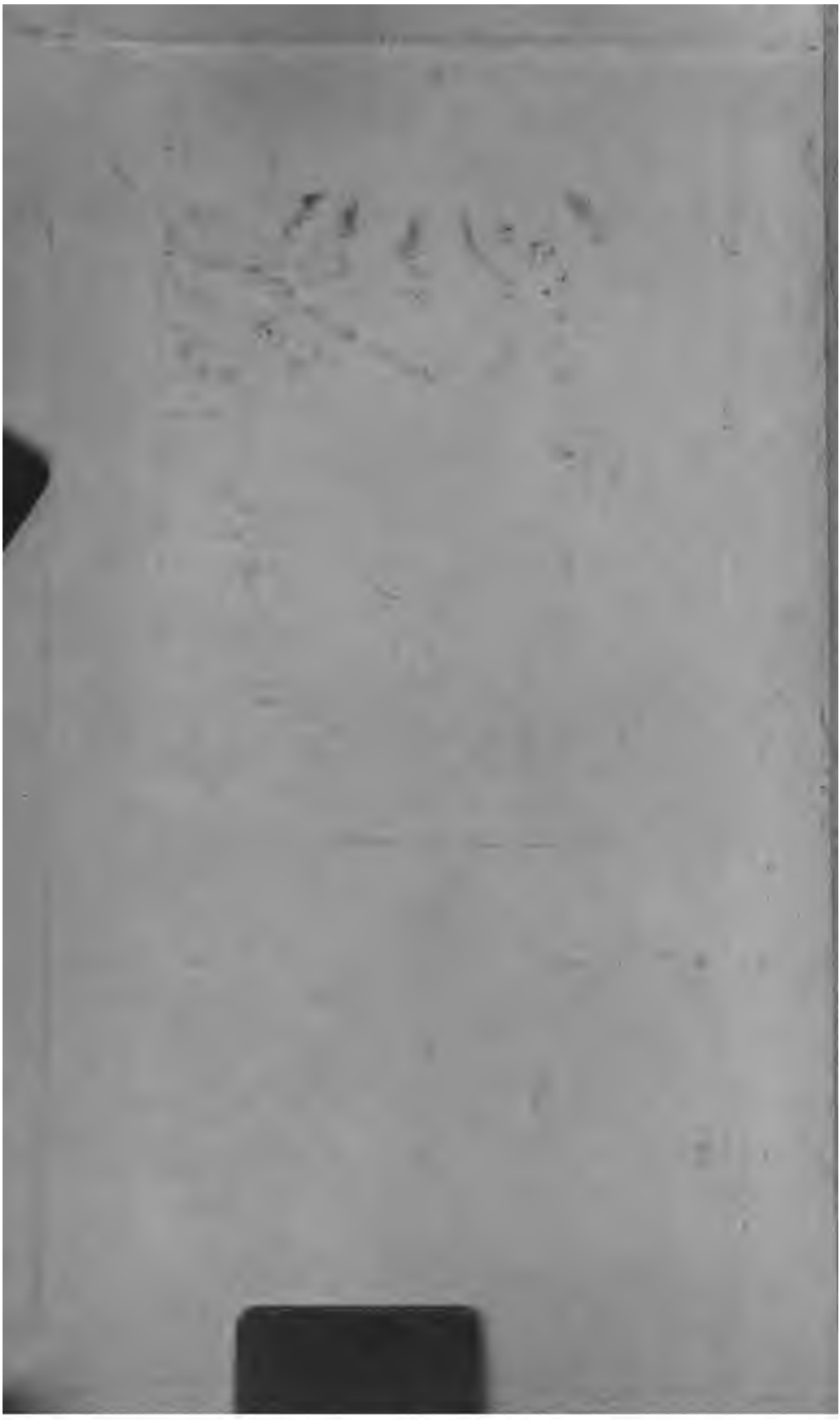

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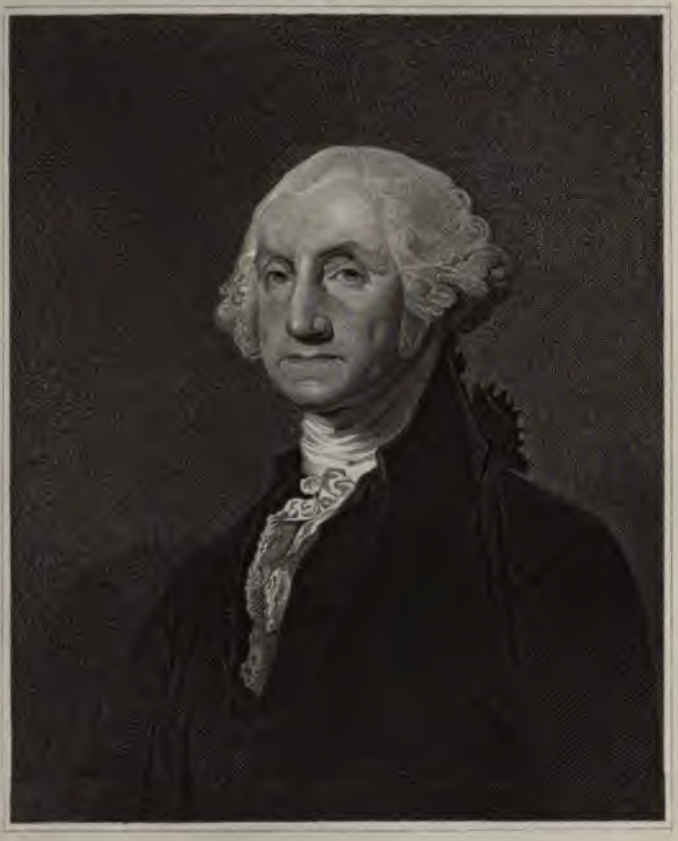

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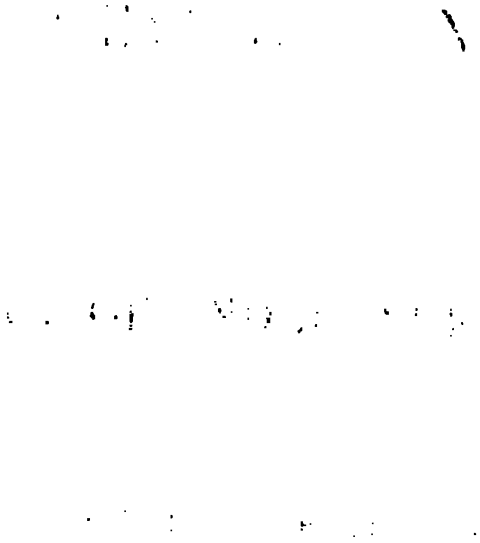
G. Washington



THE

# MILITARY HEROES

OF THE

# REVOLUTION:

WITH A NARRATIVE OF THE

# WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

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# PREFACE.

THE following work has long been a favorite scheme of the author. When the idea of it first occurred to him, there was scarcely any book of a similar character. Some of the biographies were composed five or six years ago, and were given to the public as fugitive contributions; others are of a later date; but nearly all were ready for the press a twelve-month since. Just as they arrived at this point, however, the announcement of a publication somewhat resembling this, induced the abandonment of the enterprise, with the natural reflection, that in America at least, the delay recommended by Horace was not always advisable. Subsequently, how-

ever, the writer was persuaded to prosecute his undertaking, and the result, with but little alteration, is before the reader!

It was the original intention to have given, in one volume, a complete gallery of the military heroes of the United States, those of the war of 1812, as well as those of the war of Independence. The war with Mexico, however, frustrated this design, it being found that the material would swell to two volumes. The "Heroes of the War of 1812," and the "Heroes of the War with Mexico," will together complete a second volume, which is now passing through the press.

The design of this work is to furnish brief, analytical portraits of those military leaders who, either from superior ability, or superior good fortune, have played the most prominent parts in the wars of the United States. Each biography is made the frame, as it were, for a battle picture, the combat chosen being that in which the hero of the memoir principally distinguished himself. This has always appeared to the author the only true way to give a military portrait. What would a sketch of Hannibal be, without Cannæ; or one of Bruce without Bannockburn? The battle in which a great hero distinguishes himself, becomes a part of his biography. His fame, and sometimes even his character cannot be understood without it. The author has desired, accordingly, to write a book which should not only tell when Warren was born, where Putnam spent his youth, or who were the ancestors of Greene and Wayne, but to enshrine as far as his feeble pen has power, the memory of those immortal heroes with Lexington, Bunker Hill, Eutaw and Stony Point.

In executing this plan, it became necessary to omit many

whose rank would seem to claim admission, and to introduce others whose subordinate positions have caused them heretofore to be overlooked. Thus the author has given sketches of Colonel Henry Lee, of Captain Kirkwood, of Ethan Allen, and of others; but none of several Major-Generals. He hesitated for some time, whether Howard and Pickens ought not to be included with Williams and Sumpter; whether the services of Captain Washington in the cavalry, and those of Clarke on the western frontier, did not entitle them to a place. He has admitted, perhaps, more foreigners than some may think necessary; but it must be recollected that the army was indebted for most of its discipline and military science to these men: He has also included Hamilton and Burr; but they have never heretofore been assigned their due prominence; and moreover their biographies allowed the author to bring the history of the nation down to the present century, an important addition to the completeness of his work as a whole.

The author does not pretend to claim exemption from errors—no annalist can, least of all an annalist of the American revolution! Many of the details of that period are involved in inextricable confusion. Whether Mercer suggested the march on Princeton; whether Putnam brought on the battle of Bunker Hill; whether Montgomery harangued his men before the second barrier of Quebec; whether Arnold was present at Stillwater; whether the legend of Horse-Neck is true; whether the battle of the Assunpink, so unaccountably neglected by most writers, was a mere skirmish or a desperate conflict; whether any of the British, at Brandywine, crossed the river lower than Jeffries' Ford; whether the name of Wood Creek,

in 1777, was extended to the arm of the lake between Skeensboro' and Ticonderoga; whether the surprise at Trenton originated with Washington; whether Burr intended to dismember the Union—these, and other mooted points, perplex the historical student, and will, perhaps, always, continue to perplex him. The author has contented himself merely with stating his opinions, discussion being foreign to the character of this work. As a general rule, however, he has applied to the decision of all such questions, the logical maxim of the law, that, where a fact is distinctly stated by a credible eye-witness, circumstantial testimony against it is of little value.

Many anecdotes are used in this narrative which have never been in print. The one relating to Washington's address at Trenton—"Now or never, this is our last chance"—is of this description. It came from the lips of a private soldier, who always had told it in the same way, and whose veracity was unimpeachable; he was accustomed to say that Washington spoke under evident agitation, and that only himself, and a few others close at hand, heard the words. The dramatic character of the address may induce some to discredit it; but when the attending circumstances are considered, this becomes a proof of its authenticity. Far be it from the author to invade history with fiction! Nothing can be more reprehensible than the practice, which has too much prevailed, of inventing anecdotes in relation to historical characters and passing them off as realities. Forgers in literature should be as infamous as other forgers. But neither can we excuse those who studiously banish everything picturesque from their pages, as if history grew correct in proportion as it became

stupid. Rather should we preserve those stirring anecdotes, which illustrate a crisis, and which, to use the metaphor of Coleridge, tell a story "by flashes of lightning."

The narrative of the war is intended not so much for a perfect history, as for a short, but as far as possible, comprehensive review of the contest. It forms, it is believed, a proper introduction for a work intended, like this, for the people. The style, in consequence, is different from that which a more pretending narrative should exhibit.

Of the various authorities the author has consulted, he has found "Sparks' American Biographies," the most generally correct; and he desires to acknowledge, in this public manner, the assistance he has derived from that series. He would express his obligations in other quarters also, if the list would not swell this preface to an unwarrantable length.

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THE
WAR
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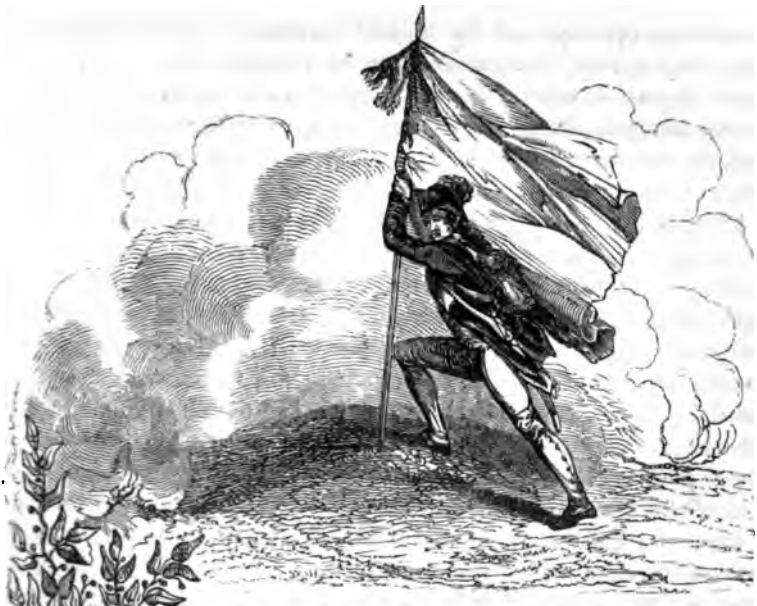


# PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

THE American Revolution, in whatever aspect viewed, forms an epoch in history. That a comparatively weak confederacy should undertake a war unassisted, against a power which had just humbled the proudest throne in Europe, appears at first sight little short of madness. Never, perhaps, did England enjoy a more formidable position than at the beginning of the dispute with her colonies. Her armies had been victorious in the old world and the new. Her fleets had chased those of every adversary from the ocean. She had dictated peace to her antagonist. And while these events had been transacting in Europe and America, a commercial company had been conquering for her the vast empire of the Indies. Her flag already floating over Quebec, Gibraltar and Calcutta; her name heard with terror by distant and savage tribes; men began to look forward to the day when the British empire, like the sea which she controlled, should circle the habitable globe.

It was at this, the very height of her career, that the American Revolution occurred. The colonies contained, at that time, but three millions of people, divided by local prejudices, by differences

of religious opinion, and by mutual jealousies. In one sentiment only they agreed, a determination to resist oppression. Without arms, money or credit, they embarked in a contest from which France had just retired in despair. At a very early period of the war, the Americans were so completely overpowered that any other people would have abandoned the contest in despair. The battle of Trenton alone saved the country. The genius and resolution of Washington, in that eventful crisis, interposed to arrest the torrent of disaster; he checked the flood and rolled it back on the foe. For eight years the conflict was protracted amid financial and military difficulties almost incredible. At times the Americans were reduced to such straits that it was a greater triumph of military chieftainship, merely to keep an army together, than it would have been, under ordinary circumstances, to have achieved a decisive victory. Battle after battle was lost, city upon city fell into the hands of the foe, domestic treason conspired with foreign hirelings against the liberties of the land; but the colonies, true to the principles of their immortal declaration, resolved to perish rather than submit. They acted in the spirit of the patriot who swore to demolish every house and burn every blade of grass before the invader. The Senate of Rome, when Hannibal was at the city gates, solemnly sold at auction the land on which he was encamped, the august members of that body competing, in their private capacities, who should pay the highest price: so indomitable was the sentiment of ancient freedom. Washington, not less determined, when asked what he would do if the enemy drove him from Pennsylvania, replied, "I will retire to Augusta county, among the mountains of Virginia, or if necessary beyond the Alleghanies, but never yield." When such heroic resolutions are entertained, victory, sooner or later, must ensue; and thus America, insignificant as she seemed, was able to humble the mistress of the world.

But if we would correctly appreciate the American Revolution, we must look, not to the event itself, but to its consequences. The war of Independence was the first ever gained in behalf of the people, using that word as contradistinguished from a privileged class. Magna Charta was obtained for the benefit of a few nobles, while the majority of the population continued slaves to the soil. The boasted revolution of 1688, was but a struggle between a despot and an oligarchy: the commonalty gaining as little by the elevation of William the Third, as they lost by the exile of James the Second. It was only the nobility, the gentry, the church, and the higher classes of merchants to whom it was of advantage. The govern-

ment passed from an irresponsible monarch to a landed and monied aristocracy: the people obtaining no share in it, and remaining still subjects and not citizens. But the American Revolution established the great principle of political equality. It elevated the poorest member of the commonwealth to an equal participation with the richest in the choice of his rulers; and by teaching that the State must rely on the virtue of its citizens, and not on a military force for support, invoked some of the most powerful sentiments of human nature in behalf of the permanency of the republic.

The example thus set, has influenced the whole European continent. The knowledge of the freedom of institutions in America, awakening the lethargic mind of the old world, has led to a general amelioration in the social and political condition of its millions of inhabitants. To the American Revolution may be traced, in a great measure, the revolution in France,—an incalculable blessing to mankind, notwithstanding its excesses; for if that terrific outbreak had not occurred, the chains of feudalism would probably remain unbroken; long established customs would still hold the minds of men in thrall; and Europe, instead of being in motion towards constitutional liberty, would lie inert and stupified, careless or ignorant of her inestimable rights.

The hand of Providence may be discerned in the settlement, independence, and subsequent prosperity of the United States. The race of men who came to these shores was of that northern blood which has, in all ages, asserted its superiority over every other with which it has come in contact. Perhaps there never existed its equal in the capacity for material development. The very name of Northman suggests the idea of enterprise and progress. In a new country the genius of the race had free room for expansion, without being checked by old institutions as it was every where in Europe. A bold and hardy people was the consequence, possessing high notions of personal independence, and accustomed from the very first to choose their own rulers and make their own laws. Had a less energetic stock colonized these shores, the destiny of the western world would have been far different. No other people but one formed and nurtured as the early settlers were, could have achieved the independence of this country. Fortunately the materials for the state were of the best possible kind, nor was any parent community at hand to wither the young commonwealth by its protecting shadow: but the colonies were suffered to grow into power, and to know their own strength, before the mother country interfered to harass them; and by that time they were able to conquer their indepen-

dence, and to maintain it afterwards. If instead of being three thousand miles away, the young republic had started upon European soil, it never would have been allowed to try the experiment of self-government unmolested; but foreign powers, alarmed at the effect its example might produce, would early have interfered and crushed its development. In that case our liberties could only have been achieved by the blood and horror of a second French Revolution; and after we had filled Europe with the glare of conflagration, we might at last have proved unworthy of freedom.

It is evident to the eye of the philosopher that the old world is worn out. There are cycles in empires, as well as in dynasties; and Europe, after nearly two thousand years, seems to have finished another term of civilization. The most polished nation in the eastern hemisphere is now where the Roman Empire was just before it verged to a decline: the same system of government, the same extremes of wealth and poverty, the same delusive prosperity characterizing both. Europe stands on the crust of a decayed volcano which at any time may fall in. The social fabric, in the old world, is in its dotage. The whole tendency of the philosophic mind abroad, is towards change; but whence to seek relief, or in what manner to invoke it? It is not too visionary to believe that from the new world will come the recuperative energy which is to restore the old, and that America is hereafter to return to Europe, in an improved condition, the civilization she borrowed in her youth. The one starts where the other leaves off. The United States begins with an experience of two thousand years. At the same ratio of progress with which it has advanced during the last century, it will attain, by the close of the next, a social and political elevation, at present incredible. Its population, exceeding that of any Empire but China, will all speak the same language, possess the same laws, and boast the same blood; and history will be searched in vain for an example of such numbers collected into so compact a territory, or possessing equal intelligence and enterprize. It is then that emissaries will go hence to re-model the old world. And the time may even come, as a celebrated English writer has remarked, when Europe will be chiefly known and remembered from her connexions with America: when travellers will visit England, as men now visit Italy, because once the seat of art; and when antiquaries from cities beyond the Rocky Mountains, will wander among the ruins of London, almost incredulous that there had once been centred the commerce of the world.

With the Roman Empire the seeds of disunion existed in the

variety of races acknowledging her sway, and in the fact that most of the provinces had originally been conquered nations and were never completely assimilated to her, or to each other. When the irruptions of the Goths occurred, this unwieldy and ill-cemented mass naturally fell to pieces. Even during the existence of the empire the government of the distant colonies was more or less imperfect, as is indeed always the case with the provinces of an extensive monarchy or despotism. The body thrives while the extremities wither. But in the republic of the United States, these difficulties are obviated by the federal compact, which bestows on the general government only such power as the states cannot conveniently use themselves, leaving to each commonwealth the right of local legislation. The nation is governed on the wise principle of representing the wishes of the people as a whole; while each individual state is left to adjust its own affairs in the manner best suited to itself. For the purposes of a free people occupying an extended territory the federal league is the most wonderful discovery in the whole range of political science. It combines the separate independence of the municipal system of Rome, with the compactness of a consolidated monarchy such as that of France. Like the magic tent in the fairy tale, it may shelter a family, or cover a continent. It moreover carries within itself the seeds of recuperation, and may be peaceably amended to suit the altered condition of the times. It is the only form of government for an extensive republic that can be relied on as permanent. A cursory observer would suppose, that on the slightest difference of opinion among the States, they would separate into as many hostile and independent nations: but experience has shown, as philosophy prognosticated, that the federal league weathers tempests that wreck even constitutional monarchies. It is the most pliable of all the forms of human government. Like those vast Druidical stones that are still the admiration of the world, though their builders are forgotton, it is so nicely poised that while rocking under the finger of a child, it yet defies human power to hurl it to the ground.

The story of the Revolution, pregnant with such mighty consequences, and the lives and characters of the great men who began and successfully completed it against such overwhelming odds, cannot fail to be interesting, especially to the descendants of those who shed their blood in that quarrel. It is our purpose to narrate this theme: and we shall do it without further preface.

AMERICANS HARASSING THE BRITISH ON THEIR RETREAT FROM CONCORD.

# BOOK I.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE WAR.

THE American Revolution naturally divides itself into five periods. The first dates from the passage of the Stamp Act to the battle of Lexington. This was a period of popular excitement, increasing in an accelerated ratio, until it burst forth with almost irresistable fury at Lexington and Bunker Hill. The second reaches to the battle of Trenton. During this period the popular enthusiasm died away, and recruits were difficult to be obtained for the army: consequently the American forces were made up chiefly of ill-disciplined militia, wholly incapable of opposing the splendid troops of England. As a result of this, the battle of Long Island was lost, and Washington was driven across the Delaware. In this emergency, even the most sanguine of the patriots were beginning to despair, when the commander in chief made his memorable attack at Trenton, and rescued the country from the brink of ruin. The third period brings us up to the important alliance with France. It was during this period that

a regular army, having some pretentions to discipline, was first formed; that the battles of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth were fought; and that Burgoyne surrendered. It was a period when, notwithstanding the fortunes of the country occasionally ebbed, the cause of Independence on the whole steadily advanced. The fourth period embraces the war at the south. During this period the military operations of the British at the north were comparatively neglected; indeed England now began to regard the conquest of the whole country as impossible, and therefore resolved to concentrate all her energies on one part, in hopes to subdue it at least. The fifth and last period, which had nearly proved fatal, after all, to Independence, comprises the capture of Cornwallis; witnesses the deliverance of the nation from a financial crisis; and finally beholds Independence acknowledged, and the enemy's troops withdrawn from our shores. To each of these periods we shall devote a book: the first we shall now portray.

There can be no question but that the colonies would eventually have detached themselves from the mother country, even if the severance had not occurred at the period of which we write. While the provinces were young and feeble, they naturally looked to the parent state for countenance; but when they grew to manhood, the sentiment of Independence and the consciousness of importance sprang up together in their bosoms. In everything the colonies found themselves pinched and controlled by the supremacy of England. They were not allowed to trade where or when they pleased: they were compelled to pay a certain portion of the product of their mines to the king: and in many other ways they were made continually to feel that their existence was permitted, not so much for their own benefit, as for that of the parent state. Originally seeking a refuge in the new world because of religious and political tyranny at home, their independent spirit had increased, rather than diminished: and this naturally, in consequence of the agricultural life they led, and the democratic character of their colonial governments. There were, long before the Revolution, a few observing intellects who prognosticated, in consequence of these things, an ultimate disruption between America and England. The Swedish traveller, Kolm, twenty years before the contest, has recorded the prophecies of such minds. But the great body of the people, not yet pressed on directly by the aggressions of the mother country, were insensible of wrong.

A wise government would have temporized with the colonies and endeavored to avert as long as possible the breach which it

saw to be inevitable; but England, at the period of the Revolution, was ruled by a ministry which either could not or would not understand America. In an evil hour for Great Britain it was resolved to draw a revenue from the colonies by direct taxation. In vain Burke lifted his warning voice. "The fierce spirit of liberty," he said, "is stronger in the English colonies probably than with any other people of the earth." In vain a few discerning minds in England pointed to the examples of Pitt and Walpole, former prime-ministers, both of whom had refused to tax America. Said the latter shrewdly, "I will leave that measure to some one of my successors who has more courage than I have." The Grenville ministry, brave with the audacity of ignorant folly, resolved to undertake what others had shrunk from, and draw a revenue from America, not only incidentally as of old, but directly by a certain fixed tax.

As a preliminary measure, however, two acts were passed, having reference to the trade and finances of the provinces. The first of these imposed heavy duties on indigo, coffee, silk, and many other articles, imported into the colonies from the West Indies, besides requiring the customs to be paid in gold or silver: by this act a very lucrative branch of commerce was at once destroyed. The second declared the paper money, which had been issued by the provinces to defray the expences of the war just closed, not a legal tender in the payment of debts. Each of these laws was equally irritating. But had the ministry stopped here, no immediate opposition would have been aroused; for the colonies had been too long accustomed to old commercial restrictions to take offence at new ones. But these measures proving insufficient to raise the revenue which the ministers desired to reap from America—a direct tax was resolved upon, and the Stamp Act accordingly brought forward.

It has often been a subject of surprise that Great Britain should ever have entertained the idea of taxing America without her consent, or should have persisted in it after discovering her opposition. But, when we consider the attending circumstances, all astonishment ceases. England had just come out of an expensive war, which though in reality produced by her own aggressions on this continent, she persuaded herself was undertaken for the defence of her colonies; and therefore it seemed but natural that the provinces should be made to pay a part of the cost. This was unquestionably the first view taken of the subject by the majority of the middle class of Englishmen. As the dispute advanced, this selfish desire to lighten their own burdens, received a new ally in

the national obstinacy which would not brook opposition. Up to a comparatively late period of the war, these causes, combined with a feeling of contempt for America, as a province, produced a very extraordinary unity of sentiment among the country gentlemen in parliament, and the middle classes out of it, in favor of England persisting in her claim.

In further confirmation of this view, is the fact that, from the hour when the dispute first began, up to the breaking out of the Revolution, the parliament, whether in the hands of a tory or whig ministry, never abandoned the assertion of its right to tax America. In 1766, when the Rockingham administration desired to repeal the Stamp Act, it was found necessary to preface it by a declaratory act, asserting the right of the mother country to bind the colonies in all cases whatever. In 1770, when Lord North brought in his bill to remove the obnoxious duties, he retained the duty on tea, expressly to reserve the right of parliamentary taxation. It is a lamentable truth, yet one to which the historian must not shut his eyes, that with the exception of a portion of the whigs, of the merchants engaged in the American trade, and of a few comprehensive minds like those of Burke and Chatham, the great body even of intelligent Englishmen, regarded the provinces as factious colonies, and sustained, if they did not urge on the government in its domineering course. Moreover, the King, from first to last, was the uncompromising foe of conciliation. When these facts are understood, the riddle becomes plain. The coldness with which parliament and the people received the various appeals of the American Congress, prior to the war, is no longer a mystery; the headlong obstinacy of the mother country ceases to astonish, for men are never so guilty of follies as when angry: and the inefficiency of subsequent concessions, which the Americans have been blamed for not receiving in a more generous spirit, becomes apparent, since never, during the whole progress of those conciliatory movements, did England abandon the disputed claim. While the irritating cause is left in the wound, palliatives are but a mockery.

The Stamp Act became a law on the 22d of March, 1765. Its direct effect was only the imposition of stamp duties on certain papers and documents used in the colonies. As it however embodied a great principle, of which itself was but the entering wedge, the provinces took the alarm the more readily, perhaps, in consequence of the prevailing irritation in reference to the navigation laws, and the rigor with which they had begun to be enforced. At first, however, there was no public expression of discontent. The country

PATRICK HENRY.

seemed to stand at gaze, struck dumb with astonishment. Patrick Henry, in the Virginia Assembly, led the way in giving voice to the popular feeling. He introduced into, and passed through that body a series of resolutions declaratory of the right of Virginia to be exempt from taxation, except by a vote of the provincial legislature, with the assent of his majesty or substitute: a right which the citizens of Virginia, the resolutions further asserted, inherited from their English ancestors, and had frequently had guaranteed to them by the King and people of Great Britain: a right, to attempt the destruction of which, would be subversive of the constitution, and of British and American freedom. It was, while advocating these resolutions, that the memorable scene occurred which Wirt graphically portrays. The orator was in the full torrent of declamation against the tyrannical act, when he exclaimed, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third"—But here he was interrupted by loud cries of "treason, treason," resounding through the house. Henry paused, drew himself up to his loftiest height, and fixing his undaunted eye on the speaker,

elevated his voice while he finished the sentence, "and George the Third may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it." The boldness of the man, and of his words, were electric; not only on the Assembly, but on the people at large. The retort hit the popular nerve, and thrilling through the nation, quickened the pulse and fired the heart of patriotism. It was like the spark of fire to the dry prairie: instantaneously the whole country was in a blaze.

Massachusetts was the next colony to give an impetus to the career of Revolution. The other provincial Assemblies had passed acts similar to that of Virginia; but shrewd men saw that it required something more to produce a permanent effect. As early as 1754, the plan of a general league, to carry on the ordinary government of the colonies, had been rejected by the ministry, after having been adopted by the provinces. A similar league suggested itself now as of use in this emergency. Simultaneously, the idea of a Congress of the colonies struck different minds in opposite sections of America. It was reserved for Massachusetts, however, to give this sentiment a voice. On the 6th of June, 1765, her legislature resolved it was expedient that a general Congress of deputies from all the provinces should meet at New York on the first Tuesday of October, to consult on their grievances.

In the meantime the first riot of the Revolution occurred, and at Boston, from that time forth the head-quarters of turbulence and disaffection. Distributors of stamps had already been appointed for the several colonies, though the Stamp Act was not to go in operation until the 1st of November. On the morning of the 14th of August, an effigy of Andrew Oliver, the distributor of stamps for Massachusetts, was discovered hanging from a tree on the town common, since known as the "liberty tree." At night a large mob assembled, which burned the effigy, and afterwards attacked the stamp office and residence of Oliver. The next day this obnoxious individual resigned. The popular leaders now strove to check further violence: but the mob was not satisfied until it had committed other disgraceful outrages. Before the excitement subsided, the papers of the court of admiralty had been destroyed, the dwellings of the collectors of customs had been razed to the ground, and the beautiful garden, the richly furnished mansion, and the valuable library of state papers belonging to the lieutenant governor, Hutchinson, had been sacrificed to the popular phrensy. In the other colonies the distributors of stamps averted a similar tumult by resigning.

In October, 1765, the Congress assembled pursuant to recommendation. Deputies from nine colonies were in attendance. The attitude of the assembly was firm but conciliatory. A petition to the King, and a memorial to parliament, were prepared and signed by all the members present. In these documents the affection of the provinces to the person of the King as well as to his government was enlarged on; but at the same time the determination of the colonies to preserve their liberty was explicitly expressed. It was declared that the constitution guaranteed to British subjects immunity from taxation, unless by their own representatives; while it was argued that the remote situation of the colonies practically forbade this representation, unless in their own provincial assemblies. In conclusion a prayer was made for the redress of their wrongs. This petition and memorial had no effect, for the reasons we have before explained. The only benefit of the Congress was the bringing together leading men from the different colonies, by which a certain sort of unity of purpose was obtained, and a way opened for future assemblies of the kind. In the end, it led to a closer acquaintance between the provinces, gradually removing the local prejudices that had formerly prevailed; and this, ultimately, to that feeling of a common interest almost amounting to nationality, without which the war of Independence would have failed in its first year. Thus, from comparatively small beginnings, does Providence work out his great designs.

The 1st of November, the day on which the Stamp Act was to go into effect, at last arrived. The colonists had meantime resolved not to wear English goods until the illegal law was repealed. On this occasion, therefore, the citizens were all in homespun, rich and poor alike. At Boston the bells were tolled and the shops closed. At Portsmouth, N. H., a coffin inscribed "Liberty, ætat cxlv years," was borne in funeral procession, interred to the sound of minute guns, and an oration pronounced over its grave. Everywhere the people acted as if some great calamity had happened: men spoke of freedom as if she had forever departed from their midst. Meantime the Stamp Act became practically nugatory. The citizens refused to use the stamped paper. The regularly appointed officers declined the obnoxious duty. The attorneys determined to employ ordinary paper, as of old, in legal documents, in defiance of the law. Vessels were cleared without the stamped papers, no collector being willing to brave the popular odium. Even the royal governors had to bend to the storm and grant dispensations.

In the midst of the general depression and gloom came a sudden gleam of hope. The Grenville administration went out of office, and was succeeded by that of the Marquis of Rockingham. The new ministry was composed chiefly of whigs. One of its first acts was to agitate the repeal of the obnoxious law. Dr. Franklin, at that time in London, was called before the bar of the House of Commons, in order to be interrogated respecting the opinions of his countrymen and the condition of the colonies. His clear and intelligent answers, united to the moderation of his sentiments, produced a great effect on the public mind. After the passage of the declaratory act to which we have before alluded, the Stamp Act itself was repealed, March the 15th, 1766. The intelligence was

RECEPTION OF NEWS OF THE REPEAL OF THE STAMP ACT.

received in America with transports of joy. At first the repeal was accepted as a boon, instead of being received as a right. All hostile thoughts were immediately laid aside: importations were renewed, homespun was discarded. But this extravagant joy was of short duration. As soon as the first burst of enthusiasm was over, and men began to comprehend more exactly the true condition of things, it was found that England still asserted her obnoxious claim, though for the time being she waived its exercise. This alarming fact disturbed the public mind with fears for the future. The tone of the royal governors, who acted on instructions from the ministry at home, was, moreover, supercilious and domineering to the last degree.

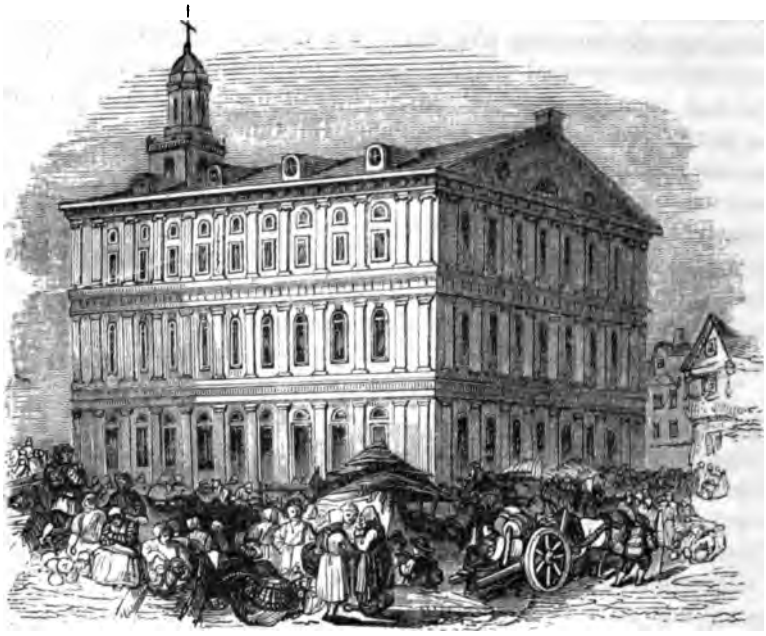
In the short space of a year the worst suspicions of the colonists were verified. The Rockingham administration was overthrown, and succeeded by one in which Charles Townshend was conspicuous. That gentleman revived the idea of taxing America. Accordingly, in June, 1767, a bill was signed by the King, imposing

duties on glass, tea, paper and colors imported into the colonies. This bill was thought to be such a one as the provinces could not complain of, since they had heretofore made a distinction between external and internal taxes: and the probability is, that, if such a bill had been originally passed in place of the Stamp Act, it would have received little or no opposition. But times had changed. The colonies had been taught to distrust the parent state: they had learned to examine into their own rights. The spirit of resistance which at first had flowed in a feeble and insignificant current, began to widen and deepen with new sources of complaint, until, finally, even greater concessions than it had originally asked, proving insufficient to restrain it—it rolled on, bearing down all opposition, and involving everything in its overwhelming torrent.

The new tax bill was received in Massachusetts with peculiar disfavor. The legislature addressed a circular letter to the other colonies, requesting their aid in obtaining a redress of grievances. This gave great offence to the English ministry, which sent out immediately a circular letter to the royal governors, in which the Massachusetts letter was denounced as factious. The governor of Massachusetts was ordered to require the Assembly to repeal the resolution on which the obnoxious epistle had been founded. On receiving a refusal he dissolved the Assembly. In the other provinces the ministerial letter was treated with equal disregard.

Meantime other causes of irritation were arising. The ministry had long desired to make the colonists support the royal troops quartered among them, which the colonists had continually refused. Before the dissolution of the Massachusetts Assembly, it had maintained a triumphant altercation with the governor on this point. In New York, however, the ministry was more successful. In addition to their difficulties about the soldiery, came others in relation to the execution of the laws of trade. It had been usual to evade these laws very generally, but the commissioners now determined to exercise the utmost rigor; and in consequence, a riot arose at Boston in reference to the sloop Liberty, owned by John Hancock, which had just arrived from Madeira with a cargo of wines. The commissioners in the end, had to fly the town. In the very midst of these disorders several transports appeared with troops, and as the selectmen refused to provide for them, they were quartered in Fanueil Hall. More troops kept arriving, until, by the close of the year, the force in Boston amounted to four thousand men.

The attitude assumed by Massachusetts was particularly exasperating to the ministry. Charles Townshend was now dead, and



FANUEIL HALL.

had been succeeded by Lord North, who continued to the end of the war, with but a slight intermission, to be prime minister. But the policy of England was not altered. In retaliation for what was called the factious spirit of Massachusetts a petition to the King was passed, beseeching him, and in effect authorizing the colonial governor to arrest and send to England for trial all persons suspected of treason. So glaring an outrage on the rights of the colonists was received in America with one general cry of indignation. For its boldness in denouncing this outrage, the Assembly of Virginia was dissolved by the royal governor, Lord Botetourt. But, nothing intimidated, the members met immediately, and recommended to their fellow citizens, again, the non-importation of British goods. Most of the other colonies imitated this example. The popular sentiment warmly seconded the movement: committees were appointed to enforce compliance; and the names of offenders were published in the newspapers and held up to public scorn as enemies of the country.

In the meantime, the people of Massachusetts finding their general court dissolved, boldly elected members to a convention; the different towns choosing the delegates. This act was a virtual declaration of independence. The convention, however, did little beyond petition the governor for a redress of grievances, and recommend endurance, patience and good order to the people. In May, 1768, a new general court met, when the old difficulties about the troops were revived. The court began by refusing to sit while Boston was occupied by an armed force. The governor then adjourned the sittings of the body to Cambridge. The court next remonstrated against the quartering of soldiers in the capital. The governor, in return, sent it an account of the expenditures for the support of the troops, and demanded that the sum should be paid, and a provision made for the future. The court refused to comply, and on this the governor prorogued it.

The presence of the troops in Boston was naturally irritating to the inhabitants. A free people cannot brook an armed force. Frequent quarrels occurred between the townsfolk and the soldiery, but no serious difficulty arose until the fifth of March, 1770. On that day, however, an affray, in part premeditated on the side of the people, took place, in which the troops, as a means of self-preservation, finally fired on the mob. Three men were killed, and several wounded, one of whom subsequently died. This affair has ever since gone by the name of the massacre. A collision was, perhaps, inevitable, considering that the very presence of the soldiers was an outrage; but that the troops were not wholly to blame is proven by the fact that a Boston jury acquitted the captain who gave the order to fire, and that Josiah Quincy and John Adams, both popular leaders, felt it their duty to join in his defence. In all such cases the guilt ought to rest on the government which commands, and not on the officer who executes; yet great honor is due the jury, since, perhaps, in no other community, under equally exciting circumstances, could a similar verdict have been obtained.

Events now began to follow each other in rapid succession. The spirit of resistance was visibly on the increase. The ministry at last grew alarmed, and determined to try conciliatory measures. Accordingly, the duties on glass, paper and colors were repealed; but the duty on tea, for the reasons we have stated, was left unaltered. This was a fatal blunder. Its effect was to neutralize all the rest that had been done. Nothing short of a total abandonment of the right of parliamentary taxation would now have satisfied the colonies; and if England really wished to settle the dispute, she ought to have

yielded this claim at once and forever. But, like a miser from whom a part of his store is demanded in commutation, she haggled for a price, her concessions always falling short of what was desired, until finally, by her greediness, she lost all.

The southern provinces, however, were less firm than Massachusetts. In this latter colony the non-importation agreement continued to be observed in all its vigor; but elsewhere an exception was made in favor of those articles exempted by the new bill. The enthusiasm of many persons had already sensibly declined under the restrictions to which they had subjected themselves, and they were not sorry, therefore, to find an excuse for returning to the old and more comfortable order of things. Had the ministry, at this juncture, repealed the tax on tea, and assumed even the appearance of conciliation, there can be no doubt but that the majority of the colonists would have become perfectly loyal once more: a blind fate, however, an inexplicable perversity, hurried Lord North forward, and, by resolving to force on the provinces the obnoxious tea, he broke the last link existing between the two countries.

Another of those fatal misapprehensions, however, of which the British ministry appear to have been the victims throughout these difficulties, was at the bottom of this new movement. Lord North had been made to believe that the colonies objected to the tax itself rather than to the principle involved in it: in other words, that they feared more for their pockets than for the invasion of their rights. Consequently he resolved to furnish them with tea cheaper than they had been able to purchase it before the existence of the tax, and this he effected by allowing the East India company to export it duty free. But the colonies were not so base as to be caught in this lure. The trick was at once discovered. The public press called on the people to resist this new encroachment on their liberties. Never before had all classes been so unanimous during the whole progress of the dispute; and when the ships, freighted with tea, were announced off the coast, the enthusiasm passed all bounds. Cargoes had been sent to New York, Philadelphia, Charleston and Boston. New York and Philadelphia refused to suffer the tea to be landed, and the ships returned to London without breaking bulk. At Charleston the tea, though discharged, was put in damp cellars where it spoiled. At Boston, the citizens desired to send the vessels back, but the authorities refused permission: a proceeding which gave rise to one of the most memorable events of the Revolution. We allude to the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor.

No sooner had the ships approached the wharves, than the people, acting through a committee appointed at a town meeting, gave notice to the captains not to land their cargoes. A guard was posted on the quay, and in case of any insult during the night, the alarm bell was to be rung. The excitement soon spread to the country, from whence the people arrived in large numbers. The consignees, fearing violence, finally fled to the protection of the castle. The governor, again solicited to clear the ships, haughtily refused. On this being declared at the town meeting, whither the inhabitants had collected almost spontaneously, an alarming scene of uproar ensued, in the midst of which a voice from the crowd raised the Indian war-whoop, and the meeting dissolved in confusion. As if foreseeing what was to ensue, the crowd hurried to the

DESTRUCTION OF TEA IN BOSTON HARBOR.

wharf, where the ships laden with tea were moored. In a few minutes about forty individuals disguised like Indians, and apparently acting on a preconcerted plan, made their appearance in the mob, who opened eagerly to let them pass. A rush was made for the ships, the Indians boarding them, while the populace silently thronged the wharves. The hatches were soon removed, and a portion of the

patriots descending into the hold, passed up the tea, while the remainder broke open the chests as fast as they appeared, and threw the contents into the sea. It was night, and a profound stillness reigned. There was no cheering from the mob, no disorder, no haste. The only sound heard, was the crash of the chests, and the tread of the patriots as they crossed the decks. In two hours three hundred and forty chests were staved and emptied into the harbor. No other property whatever was injured. When all was finished, the disguised citizens left the ships, and quietly losing themselves among the crowd, disappeared, from that hour, from the public eye. Discovery would, perhaps, have led to the scaffold; and hence those most active concealed their participation even from their own families. Tradition narrates one instance in which a good dame discovered, to her dismay, that her husband had been one of the Indians, in consequence of finding his shoes filled with tea the next morning by her bed-side. This memorable act, destined to excite the popular enthusiasm so much in subsequent times, happened on the 16th of December, 1773.

On receiving intelligence of this event the British ministry were excessively exasperated; and the feeling was shared by a majority of all classes in England. A bill was immediately passed through Parliament to deprive Boston of her privileges as a port of entry, and bestow them on Salem: another to revoke, in effect, the charter of Massachusetts, by making all magistrates in the colony be appointed by the King, and at his pleasure: and a third to give the royal governor the power, at his discretion, to send persons charged with homicide, or other criminal offences, to England for trial. To these measures of rigor was added one of conciliation. The governor of Massachusetts was recalled, and General Gage, a man popular in the colonies, appointed in his place; the most ample authority being given him to pardon all treasons and remit forfeitures.

When the intelligence of these acts arrived in America, the whole country rose in sympathy and indignation. Virginia, as on the passage of the Stamp Act, was the first to sound the tocsin of alarm. The 1st of June, the day on which the port-bill was to take effect, was selected as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer; copies of the act were printed on mourning paper, and disseminated far and wide; and popular orators in the public halls, as well as ministers of the gospel in their churches, exhausted eloquence and invective to inflame the minds of the people. The governor of Virginia, alarmed at the bold language of its Assembly, dissolved that body; but not before the members had resolved that an attempt to coerce

one colony, should be regarded as an attack on all, and resisted accordingly. And as a pledge of the sincerity of this opinion, another general Congress was recommended, in order that the colonies might deliberate, as one man, on what was best to be done for the interests of America. Thus the two nations, like hostile armies approaching each other, after successive skirmishes, which continually grew more serious, had now met on a common battle-ground, and were marshalling their respective forces into a compact line for a general and decisive assault.

The day on which the port-bill went into operation, as on the similar occasion of the Stamp Act, was observed throughout the country as a season of mourning. In Boston tears and lamentations were everywhere heard, mingled with angry execrations and threats; for by this act whole families were reduced to indigence, and business of all kinds received a fatal blow. But, in the emergency, the sympathy of the country came to their aid. Salem tendered the use of her wharves to the merchants of the persecuted city, nobly refusing to take advantage of her neighbor's misfortunes: while collections for the relief of the sufferers were made in most of the colonies, and promptly forwarded. Added to this, a league, which was now started in Boston, to stop all commerce with England until the tyrannical acts were repealed, was enthusiastically received in the other colonies, and signed with avidity; while the Virginia proposition for another general Congress was adopted by the several legislatures, and delegates chosen accordingly. The City of Philadelphia, from its superior wealth and importance, as well as from its central situation, was designated as the place of meeting.

Meanwhile the civil magistrates in Massachusetts suspended their functions, the people, since the law altering the appointment of these officers, interfering to prevent their holding courts, or otherwise exercising authority. In these commotions, not only the irresponsible, but the wealthy took part: the landed proprietors being foremost. An opinion that war was inevitable began to spread. The Assembly of Massachusetts having been countermanded by General Gage, ninety of the members met, in defiance of the proclamation, and, among other things, passed an act for the enlistment of a number of inhabitants to be ready to march at a minute's warning; and with such alacrity was this warlike movement seconded by the people, that, soon after, on a false alarm that the royal army had fired Boston, thirty thousand men, in a few hours, assumed arms and proceeded towards the scene of strife. Everywhere throughout the New England states the powder in the public magazines was seized. At

Newport, R. I., the inhabitants took possession of forty pieces of cannon which defended the harbor. At Portsmouth, N. H., the people stormed the fort and carried off the artillery. The thunderbolts of war were rapidly forging.

CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE THE FIRST CONGRESS MET.

The Congress met on the 14th of September, 1774. All the colonies were represented. Never before had so august a body assembled on the American continent. The members having been chosen for their ability, their prudence, or their large possessions, the confidence in them was extreme; and they were universally regarded as men who, in some way or other, would rescue their country from its difficulties. There was, therefore, as if by tacit consent, a general pause on all sides, every eye being directed to this solemn and momentous assembly.

The first act of the Congress was to choose Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, President, and Charles Thomson, of Philadelphia, Secretary; a selection indicative of its future proceedings, both men being singularly remarkable for prudence and firmness. Its next was to pass a series of resolutions commending the province of Massachusetts for its patriotic course. After this, it published a declaration of rights. Next it resolved to enter into a non-importation, non-

consumption, and non-exportation agreement. And finally, it adopted an address to the people of Great Britain, a memorial to the inhabitants of British America, and a petition to the King.

These several documents were written with a moderation and eloquence which immediately attracted the attention of Europe, and have rendered them models of state papers even to the present time. The address to the people of England displayed particular merit. It avoided, with great tact, any offence to their prejudices, while it strove to enlist them in the cause of America, by the common bond of interest. The memorial, however, wholly failed of its purpose, as did also the petition to the King: the public opinion in England, excepting with a portion of the whigs, continuing to be as obstinate as ever. The Congress, having executed its task in a manner to win the increased confidence of the country, and extort the applause of unprejudiced Europe, adjourned, after appointing the 10th of May, 1775, for the convocation of another general Congress, by which period, it was supposed, the answers to the memorial would be received.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania, which convoked towards the close of the year, was the first constitutional authority which ratified the acts of Congress, and elected deputies for the ensuing. Provision was immediately made of gunpowder, iron, steel, saltpetre and other munitions of war. Maryland, Delaware, New Hampshire, and South Carolina soon after responded to the action of Congress in like manner; while Massachusetts and Virginia, in which the flame of liberty had first blazed forth, emulated each other in enthusiastic preparations for the appeal to arms. In the latter colony, the officers of the provincial militia, after expressing their loyalty to the King, signified their determination to embark in the cause of the Congress; while in the former place, regiments were formed at Marblehead, Salem, and other seaports, of men thrown out of employment, and thus doubly exasperated against England. In a word, the whole country suddenly assumed the aspect of a garrisoned camp, about to be beseiged, where all men busied themselves with forging armor, preparing weapons, and disciplining actively against the arrival of the foe.

But one exception existed to this unanimity of opinion; and that was in the case of the colony of New York. This province had been, from its foundation, less republican in the character of its institutions than the others: and now, whether from this or other causes, it numbered a larger proportion of royalists than any sister colony. Moreover, the merchants of New York city were deeply interested

against the non-importation agreement. In consequence, the recommendations of Congress were not responded to in this province.

When the English ministry first saw the imposing attitude assumed by the Congress, and the enthusiasm with which the recommendation was received by the Americans, the idea was for a moment entertained by Lord North, of making such concessions as would arrest the threatened conflict. The disaffection of New York, however, changed the ministers resolution. Imbibing the idea that the loyalists in this latter colony outnumbered the patriots, and that they were a numerous and increasing body in the other provinces, he determined to abandon all thought of conciliation, believing that the Americans would yet eventually succumb. In this opinion he was sustained by the declarations of General Grant, and others who had been in the provinces, and who boasted, that with five regiments the whole continent could be subdued.

Accordingly, several severe acts were immediately passed against the colonies. Their trade was restricted to Great Britain and the West India islands, and their lucrative fishery on the Newfoundland Banks prohibited; an exception, however, being made in favor of New York and North Carolina. They also held out inducements for the different provinces to return to allegiance separately, hoping thus to break up the league, which was what they chiefly dreaded. They gave orders to embark ten thousand troops to America. And finally, as the crowning act of the whole, they declared the province of Massachusetts in a state of rebellion; firmly believing that the use of that terrible word, so intimately associated with the axe and scaffold, would frighten the colonists into submission.

But they had to do with men of sterner stuff, and who were not to be moved by such anticipations. The sons of those patriots who had dared Charles the First in the height of his power; had withstood even the terrible Cromwell; and had been willing to share the block with Russell and Sydney, in a gloomier hour, were not to be intimidated by the name of treason, or driven from their course even by the ghastly terrors of Temple Bar. The news of the proceedings of Parliament was received with a burst of indignant enthusiasm. In Massachusetts, as the province most nearly concerned, the flame blazed highest and most intense. The Congress of that colony passed, with acclamation, a resolution to purchase gunpowder and procure arms for a force of fifteen thousand men. The people busied themselves secretly in fulfilling this order. Cannon balls were carried through the English post in carts of manure; powder in the baskets of farmers returning from market; and cartridges in

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

candle-boxes. Watches were posted at Cambridge, Roxbury, and Charlestown, to be on service day and night, in order to give warning to the towns where magazines were kept, in case General Gage should despatch a force to seize them. Like the inhabitants of a feudal frontier in momentary expectation of invasion, the people, as it were, slept on their arms, ready, at the light of the first beacon, to vault into the saddle, and gallop on the foe.

An outbreak could not be long averted. On the 18th of April, 1775, an expedition set out secretly from Boston, composed of the grenadiers and several companies of light infantry, destined to destroy the provincial stores collected at Concord, about twenty-eight miles distant. Notwithstanding precautions had been taken to preserve the expedition secret, the colonists received intelligence of the projected movement, and fleet couriers were despatched in advance, to alarm the towns along the route, and procure the removal of the stores. The bells rung; cannon were fired; beacons blazed on the night; and everywhere the country was filled with excitement and alarm. The minute men turned out. The people armed. At Lexington a small party had assembled on the green, certainly with no intention of immediate strife, as their number was

too few, when, at daylight, the British grenadiers appeared in sight, and Major Pitcairn, considerably excited, riding up, exclaimed, "Disperse, you rebels, lay down your arms and disperse." The provincials hesitated to obey. Pitcairn, springing from the ranks, fired a pistol at the foremost minute-man, brandished his sword, and ordered the soldiers to fire. On this the provincials retired, sullenly fighting as they fled.

The English commander, now sensible of his imprudence, hurried on eagerly to Concord. Here the inhabitants were found in arms, but, being too few to make a successful stand, they were routed by the light infantry, while the remainder of the royal force proceeded to destroy the stores, which the colonists had not had leisure to remove. This occupied some time, at the end of which the country people began to swarm to the scene. The light infantry, which at first had been victorious, was now in turn compelled to fly, and rejoining the grenadiers, the whole body commenced a precipitate retreat.

The country rose with one sentiment, on hearing of the massacre at Lexington, and marched to intercept the fugitives on their retreat. In consequence, the English, on their way back to Boston, had to maintain a running fight; the provincials harassing them from every cross-road, from behind stone fences, and from the windows of houses. But for the timely arrival of a reinforcement under Lord Percy, which joined the fugitives at Lexington, the whole detachment would have fallen a sacrifice. Weary, dispirited, and weak from wounds, the royal soldiers reached Charlestown neck at nightfall, and the next day slunk into Boston, where they remained besieged until the evacuation of the town in the succeeding year.

In this manner was the first blow struck in the memorable war for American Independence: a war which laid the foundation of a mighty republic, and has since shaken half the habitable globe.

THE MINUTE MAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

# BOOK II.

## TO THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

THE intelligence of the battle of Lexington traversed the country with the speed of a miracle. On the first news of the fight, couriers, mounted on fleet horses, started off in every direction, and when one gave out another took his place, so that before midnight the event was known at Plymouth, and on the next day through all the peaceful vallies of Connecticut. Everywhere the information was received as a signal for war. Old and young seized their arms and hastened without delay to Boston. The provincial leaders in the late French war, who had for nearly fifteen years of peace been quietly at work on their farms, re-appeared from their obscurity, resumed their swords, and called on

their countrymen to follow them in this new and more righteous quarrel. The summons was obeyed with alacrity. The New Hampshire militia were on the ground almost before the smoke of battle had subsided: the Connecticut regiments followed in little more than a week; while from Massachusetts the people poured in, with constantly increasing numbers, inland as well as sea-coast contributing its quota to the fray.

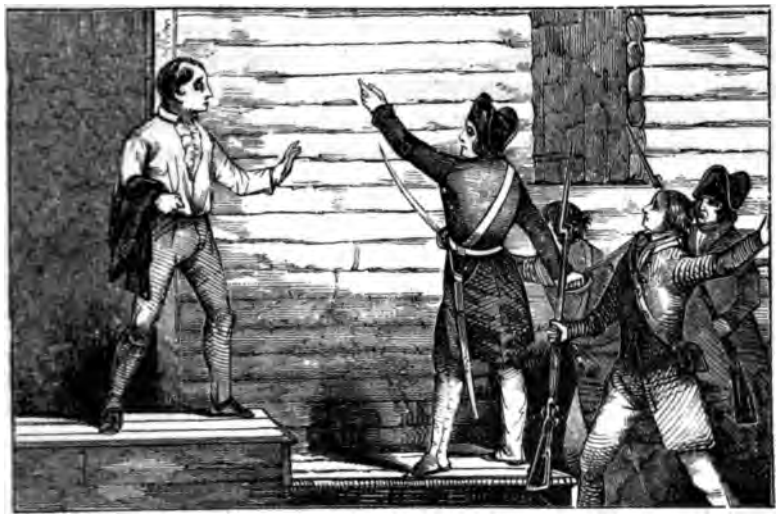
On the day after the battle, the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts ordered a levy of thirteen thousand six hundred men: an example which was followed, though of course on a smaller scale, by the other New England states. Before a month an army, fifteen thousand strong, besieged Boston. This imposing force was under the command of General Thomas Ward, of Massachusetts, who fixed his headquarters at Roxbury. General Putnam, of Connecticut, was posted at Cambridge, as his subordinate. At first the popular enthusiasm ran so high that the Generals were forced to decline recruits, more presenting themselves than they were authorized to enlist.

Meantime, in consequence of the investment, a scarcity of food began to be felt in Boston. Skirmishes between the provincial and royal detachments sent out for supplies, were the frequent result. In this strait the citizens waited on General Gage and solicited permission to leave the town, to which he at first acceded; but in the end, fearing that the city would be set on fire as soon as the patriots had retired, he withdrew his consent. After this, none of the townspeople were suffered to depart, except in rare instances, and then only by the sacrifice of their furniture, which they were restricted from removing.

Not only in New England, but throughout all the Middle and Southern colonies, the intelligence of the battle of Lexington was received with a burst of enthusiastic patriotism. In New York the tory ascendancy was swept away, never again to be recovered; in Virginia the inhabitants rose under Patrick Henry, and drove the governor, Lord Dunmore, to his fleet: in South Carolina a Provincial Congress was convoked, and every man in the colony offered for the service of the common cause: while in Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey the public arms and treasures were seized, people of all classes, even some of the loyalists themselves, joining in a common cry of vengeance for their slaughtered countrymen.

Meantime two bold and original minds, simultaneously, and in different sections of the country, conceived the idea of capturing Ticonderoga, a fort at the southern extremity of Lake

Champlain, commanding the highway to the Canadas. It was thought that not only would the fall of this place supply the colonies with artillery, of which they were deficient, but so brilliant a feat, thus early in the war, would exercise a powerful moral influence. Colonel Ethan Allen, with a company of Green Mountain boys, had already started on this expedition, when he was overtaken by Colonel Arnold, of Connecticut, who had left the camp at Roxbury, on a like design. The surprise of the latter was extreme to find himself anticipated, but not less so than his chagrin. Bold and impetuous, yet haughty and irritable, he at first demurred to serving under Allen, but finally consented, and the two leaders moved on in company, with despatch and secrecy, on which everything depended. Arriving at Ticonderoga with but eighty three men, they surprised the fort at day-break on the 10th of May. But one sentry was at his post; the Americans rushed in, formed into



COL. ALLEN SUMMONING THE COMMANDER OF FORT TICONDEROGA TO SURRENDER.

squares, and gave three cheers, which awoke the garrison. Some skirmishing ensued, but defence was vain. Hastily aroused from bed, the commander of the fort stepped forward, unable as yet to comprehend why, or by whom, he was assailed. "In whose name am I called on to surrender?" he asked. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" replied Allen. Pur-

suing their plan, the provincials sent a detachment immediately to Crown Point, another fort higher up the lake, which also fell into their possession. A British sloop of war was, soon after, captured by Arnold in the most brilliant manner. By these bold achievements a large quantity of artillery and ammunition was obtained, besides the command of the great highway leading from the Canadas to the Hudson. Arnold was left in command at Crown Point, while Allen retained Ticonderoga.

When General Gage found himself besieged, he began to concert measures to break the meshes of his net. The provincial army extended in a semi-circle around Boston, on the land side, reaching from the Mystic river on the north, to Roxbury, on the south; the whole line being twelve miles long, and suitably defended by ramparts of earth. Gage resolved to force this barricade, at Charlestown Neck. To do so it was first necessary to seize and fortify Bunker Hill, an elevation situated just where the peninsula shoots out from the mainland. The design, however, was penetrated by the colonists, who resolved to anticipate him. Accordingly, at midnight on the 16th of June, a detachment of men, a thousand strong, under the command of Col. Prescott, was marched secretly across Charlestown Neck, with orders to entrench itself on the summit of Bunker Hill. Putnam, however, who went with the detachment, being desirous of bringing on a battle, induced the alteration of the original plan, and the fortifications, instead of being erected on Bunker Hill, were begun on Breed's Hill, an elevation further in the peninsula, and directly overlooking Boston. It was after midnight when the first spade was struck into the ground, but before dawn, which happened at this season at four o'clock, a considerable redoubt had risen on the summit of the hill: and when the enemy awoke, he beheld, with astonishment, this fortification towering down upon him like some edifice of Arabian story, the magic exhalation of a night.

It was instantly resolved to drive the Americans from the height. Accordingly a cannonade was begun from the royal ships in the river below, which was continued throughout the morning; but the provincials worked silently on, and before noon had nearly completed their defences. These were a redoubt about eight rods square on the summit of the hill, flanked with a breast-work of earth, and a parapet running down towards Mystic river made of two parallel rail-fences, filled up between with hay. Some reinforcements arrived just as the battle was about to begin, raising the number of the provincials to nearly fifteen hundred,

Generals Pomeroy and Warren both joined the combatants almost at the moment of engagement, but declined to fight except as volunteers. Consequently Col. Prescott continued in command. Putnam, though absent during the morning, was present when the crisis came, and by his voice and example contributed materially to the glory of the day.

Two plans were proposed to dislodge the Americans. Clinton would have landed at Charlestown Neck, and by interposing between the detachment on Breed's Hill and the main army, compelled the surrender of the former. But Howe advocated a bolder plan. He proposed to storm the entrenchments in front. As this was more agreeable to the pride of the English, and to the contempt in which they held their enemy, it was finally adopted. A little after noon, accordingly, Howe crossed the river with ten companies of grenadiers, as many of light infantry, and a proportionate number of artillery. Having reconnoitered the redoubt, he thought proper to delay his attack until he had sent for reinforcements. It was three o'clock before he began to move up the hill, which he did slowly, his artillery playing as he advanced. The Americans, meanwhile, withheld their fire. "Do not pull a trigger until you can see their waistbands," said Putnam. Volley after volley poured from the British ranks: but there was no reply from the Americans; the silence of death hung over their line. Some of the English began to think the colonists did not intend to fight. But a glittering array of muskets, projecting from their entrenchments, convinced the few who knew them better, otherwise. "Do not deceive yourselves," said one of the bravest of the royal officers to his companions, "when these Yankees are silent in this way, they mean something." At last the assailants were within eight rods of the defences. Suddenly a solitary musket blazed from the redoubt. It was the signal for a thousand others which went off in irregular succession; a scattering fire first rolling down the line, and then returning; after which followed an explosion from the whole front, as if a volcano had burst forth. Each colonist had taken deliberate aim. The effect was terrific. The English rank and file went down like grain beaten by a tempest. For an instant those who remained unhurt stopped, and gazed around as if unable to comprehend this sudden and unexpected carnage: then, as the fire of the Americans, which had slackened, began again, they reeled wildly before it, broke, and fled down the hill.

Three times the British troops were led to the assault. Twice they recoiled, broken and in dismay. Between the first and second

charge there was but a slight pause: the troops were rallied almost immediately and led to the charge again. As they advanced, the town of Charlestown was fired at the suggestion of Howe, that officer hoping that the smoke would conceal an attack intended to be made simultaneously on the southern side of the redoubt. The wind, however, was unfavorable, and the colonists detected the manœuvre; while the sight of the burning houses inflamed them to new fury. Again the British were suffered to approach within eight rods: again the colonists poured in their deadly fire: again the assailants broke and fled, this time in utter confusion, and in such wild terror that many did not stop until they reached the boats. Half an hour now elapsed before the courage of the British soldiers could be re-animated. At last, Clinton arrived to succor Howe. The troops were now rallied and led once more to the attack, with orders, this time, to carry the redoubt by the bayonet. The fate of the third assault would probably not have differed from that of the two others, had not the ammunition of the colonists become exhausted. After a fruitless struggle, hand to hand, they were forced from the redoubt. Finding the day lost, a general retreat was ordered. It was during this retreat that the chief loss of the Americans occurred. After performing prodigies of valor, the provincials made good their escape over Charlestown Neck, leaving the enemy masters of the field.

But it was a dearly bought victory for the King. The number of killed and wounded in the royal army was fifteen hundred; while that of the Americans was but little over four hundred. Though the possession of the field remained with the British, the moral effect of the day was on the side of the provincials. That a comparatively small body of ill-disciplined militia should hold in check a force of regular troops twice their number, was something new in military annals, and proved that the people capable of doing this were not to be despised as foes. From that day the English no longer scorned their enemy. Nor was the effect of the battle less powerful in Europe. Military men saw at once that, however protracted the strife might be, the victory must at last rest with the Americans. The whole continent gazed with surprise on this new and striking spectacle. Nowhere in the old world did there exist a country, the common people of which were capable of such heroic deeds. No European peasantry would have ventured to assume so bold an attitude, or to have defended it so obstinately. The battle of Bunker Hill revealed a new social problem. It was as if a thunder-bolt had burst over astonished Europe; and men stood in silent wonder and amazement, which increased

as the storm rolled darker to the zenith, and the firmament quaked with new explosions.

Meantime Congress had met on the appointed day, the 10th of May, when the news of the battle of Lexington being laid officially before them, they resolved unanimously that the colonies should be put in a state of defence. They issued instructions to procure powder; passed a resolution to equip twenty thousand men; and, in order to meet the necessary expenses, emitted bills of credit for which the faith of the united colonies was pledged. They now proceeded to the choice of a commander in chief. The New England states were anxious that one of their officers should be selected, but the more southern colonies regarded this proposal with disfavor. In this emergency John Adams suggested Col. George Washington, of Virginia, then a member of the Congress, and favorably known for his moderation, sound judgment, and military skill. The vote in his favor was unanimous. On being notified of the result, Washington made a few modest, yet dignified remarks. He expressed his unworthiness for the task, and begged the Congress to remember, in case of any failures on his part, that he had forewarned them of his incapacity He finished by declaring that, since no pecuniary consideration could induce him to abandon his domestic ease and enter this arduous career, he did not wish to derive any profit from it, and would therefore accept no pay.

The Congress next proceeded to issue a manifesto, justifying themselves before the world for the part they were taking. They also voted a letter to the English people, an address to the King, and an epistle to the Irish nation. They resolved further to thank the city of London for the countenance that she had shown them, as also to address the people of Canada, and invite them to make common cause against Great Britain. All these various documents were distinguished by a moderation and dignity which won the most favorable opinions among the continental nations of Europe. The Congress also undertook measures to secure the neutrality of the Indian tribes, and counteract the machinations of Sir George Carleton, Governor of Canada, who was intriguing to arm them against the defenceless frontier. A general fast day was appointed, and it was considered a favorable omen that Georgia, which had hitherto been unrepresented in Congress, joined the league of the other colonies on the day fixed for this religious observance. Massachusetts was advised to form a government for herself, which was accordingly done: and her example was speedily followed by New Hampshire, Virginia and Pennsylva-

nia. The Congress then devoted itself to the task of drawing up articles of federation, which should bind the colonies during the war: these being prepared, somewhat on the plan of the subsequent constitution, were accepted by all the colonies except North Carolina. In short, matters were daily tending towards a formal separation of the provinces from the mother country, the necessity for such a determination hourly becoming more irresistible; and the convictions of a few leading minds, moving with an accelerated speed in that direction, soon gathered around them the mass of the public sentiment, and hurried it impetuously to the same conclusion.

Washington lost no time in repairing to the army at Cambridge, which Congress had already adopted as its own. Here he found everything in confusion. The troops were rather a mob of enthusiastic patriots than a body of efficient soldiery. There was no pretence of discipline in the camp. The men elected their own officers, and consequently did very much as they pleased. Their terms of enlistment were so short, that they had scarcely time to learn the routine of a soldier's duty, before their period expired, and they returned to their homes. There was little powder in the country, much less at camp. Added to this there existed an almost universal dissatisfaction among the higher officers at the Congressional appointments of Major and Brigadier Generals: a result inevitable, since all could not be gratified, and whoever was neglected was sure to complain. An ordinary man would have shrunk at once from this complication of difficulties. But Washington set himself judiciously, yet firmly to correct these evils. Nor did he wholly fail. Jealousies were removed: discipline was strengthened; and munitions of war were provided; but the main evil, the short enlistment of troops, could not be corrected in consequence of the jealousy of Congress against a standing army. It was not until later, when the country rocked on the very abyss of ruin, that Washington's representations prevailed, and an earnest effort was made to enlist soldiers for the war.

Meantime the siege of Boston was continued with unabated vigor Congress had placed the army establishment at twenty thousand men; and nearly that number of troops now environed the hostile town. On the sea the colonies were not less active. Vessels had been fitted out by the different provinces, which distinguished themselves by their activity in preying upon British commerce. In this way numerous valuable prizes were taken at a considerable distance from the coast, while ships, laden with provisions and munitions for the English army, were almost daily captured. In retaliation, the enemy began to

SIEGE OF BOSTON.

commit depredations on the coast. Frequent skirmishes occurred in consequence, in which the colonists were not always worsted. This induced one act, at least, unworthy of the British name. About the middle of October, the town of Falmouth, in Massachusetts, was bombarded and reduced to ashes, as a punishment for some of its inhabitants having molested a ship laden with the effects of loyalists. The horrors of civil war were now beginning to be felt.

Congress had desired that Boston might be stormed, and Washington appears to have entertained the same wish, but a council of war decided against the measure, as calculated to risk too much. In the meanwhile intelligence was received of a secret expedition on the part of the British, under the command of Sir Henry Clinton; and fearing it might be directed against New York, Major General Lee was despatched to fortify that city, and on his way, to raise troops in Connecticut for its defence. At New York it was discovered that Clinton's destination was the South, and at the request of Congress, Lee followed him thither. In another place we shall speak of the gallant repulse which the ememy's expedition met. Leaving the army around Boston, to watch the straitened foe, and wait the coming in of the ever memorable year

1776, let us now retrace our steps to the preceding September, in order to carry on, in an unbroken series from its commencement, the narrative of the war in Canada.

Congress had early adopted the idea that the assistance of Canada was necessary to success in the contest against the parent state. The refusal of the Canadians to side with England, though in reality proceeding from indifference to either party, was interpreted as a proof of secret affection to the colonial cause. Accordingly, one of the earliest measure of Congress was to send an address to the Canadians, backed by an armed force to act against the British authority. The command of this expedition was entrusted to Generals Schuyler and Montgomery, but the former falling sick, the latter obtained the sole direction of the enterprize. He was admirably fitted for his task, and advanced with rapidity. On the 10th of September, the Americans landed at St. John's, the first British post in Canada: and in a short time, with but one slight check, they had taken Fort Chamblee, St. John's, and Montreal; driving Sir George Carleton a fugitive to Quebec.

Simultaneously with the expedition under Montgomery, which had advanced by the usual route of Lake Champlain, another expedition, commanded by Arnold, and despatched by Washington, was penetrating to Canada through the wilds of Maine. Never was a more difficult enterprize undertaken, or an apparent impossibility so gallantly overcome. Through trackless forests, across rugged hills, over rivers full of rapids, the little army made its way, often without food, more often without rest, and frequently drenched to the skin for days. In six weeks the expedition reached Canada. It burst on the astonished enemy, as if it had risen suddenly from the earth; and in the first moments of consternation Quebec had nearly become its prey. But the enemy having been treacherously informed of Arnold's approach, had made themselves ready to receive him; and he was forced to abandon the enterprise at present. On the first of December, however, the forces of Montgomery and Arnold were united, and they resolved now to undertake together what Arnold had found himself incompetent to achieve alone. On the 31st, they made their combined attack on that celebrated fortress. Montgomery gained the heights of Abraham, but fell almost in the arms of victory; and on this fatal event, the troops under him retreated. Arnold made an attack on the other side of the town, but was wounded in the leg at the first onset, and carried off the field: the darkness of the morning prevented Morgan, who succeeded in the command, from pursuing the advantages he at first gained, and in the end that gallant officer,

QUEBEC.

with his riflemen, was captured. Thus the attack, on all sides, was repulsed.

The subsequent story of the war in Canada is soon told. On the death of Montgomery, Arnold succeeded to the chief command, and besieged Quebec; but the small-pox appeared among his troops, and though he was reinforced, the breaking up of the ice in the succeeding May, enabling the English fleet to ascend the St. Lawrence, compelled him to retire. Meantime, the prejudices of the Canadians had been aroused against the Americans, partly in consequence of the indiscretions of our troops, so that instead of finding the people their friends, they discovered in them irreconcilable enemies. By the end of May, the British force in Canada amounted to thirteen thousand men. To continue, it was wisely judged, would be to play a losing game, and invite almost certain destruction. Accordingly, on the 15th of June, 1776, General Sullivan, who had been sent meantime to take the command, abandoned Montreal, and led his army back to Crown Point, with comparative little loss. The enemy did not, at that time, follow the

receding wave, but in the succeeding year, as we shall find, poured his advancing tide on the track of the fugitives.

Meanwhile, in England, preparations had been making to carry on the war with an energy that should at once put down all further opposition. General Howe was to be sent out to supercede Gage, and Lord Howe was to accompany his brother with a fleet. As great difficulty, however, existed in enlisting a sufficient number of recruits in England, overtures were made, at first to Russia, and subsequently to Holland, to furnish soldiers, Great Britain to pay a fixed premium per head. In both cases the application failed. Some of the lesser German principalities were, however, found, at last, to consent that their soldiers should enter a foreign service. In this manner seventeen thousand Hessians were procured. The intelligence of this event was received in America with almost universal horror and detestation, and contributed materially to increase the exasperation of the colonies, and hasten their separation from the mother country.

With this force of Hessians, and an additional one of nearly thirty thousand native born soldiers, the British government prepared to open the campaign of 1776. The ministry was the more active in its exertions, because desirous of striking some decisive blow before France should join in the quarrel; for already it was foreseen that jealousy of her ancient rival would induce that power to assist America, as soon as convinced that a reconciliation was impossible. With these extensive preparations, however, conciliation was not forgotten, and it was resolved to send out commissioners to America to grant individual amnesties, and to declare a colony, or colonies restored to its allegiance to the King, and therefore to be exempt from the hostility of the royal troops. It was hoped in this manner to seduce a portion of the provincials back to loyalty, and thus break the combined strength of the whole. The two Howes were named as these commissioners.

While these preparations were making in England, in America things were hastening to a crisis. The year opened with an undiminished enthusiasm on the part of the continental army besieging Boston. The royal garrison suffered greatly for provisions. Before the end of February, Washington found himself at the head of fourteen thousand men. He had long wished to attack Boston, but had been overruled by his council of officers; now, however, he resolved to commence offensive operations without delay. He accordingly determined to occupy Dorchester Heights, which commanded Boston on the south. On the 4th of March, 1776, the contemplated works

were begun, under cover of a heavy fire from the American battery on the British lines. Howe, who had meantime arrived to supercede Gage, no sooner saw these fortifications rising on his right, than he resolved to dislodge the Americans; and everything had been prepared for the assault, when a storm suddenly arose and prevented the conflict. The continentals, in the meantime, finished their works, which Howe now considered too strong to render an attack advisable. To remain longer in Boston, with Dorchester heights in possession of Washington, was impossible for the English General. Accordingly, he resolved to evacuate the place; and Washington, on receiving notice of his intenton, agreed not to molest him. The evacuation was perfected on the 17th of March, on which day the inhabitants beheld with joy the British departing, the whole harbor being dotted with the transports that bore away the foe. Large numbers of loyalists followed the retreating army to Halifax. The Americans entered the evacuated city with rejoicings, and immediately proceeded to fortify it; after which Washington moved the main portion of his force in the direction of New York, where he foresaw the next attempt of the English would be made.

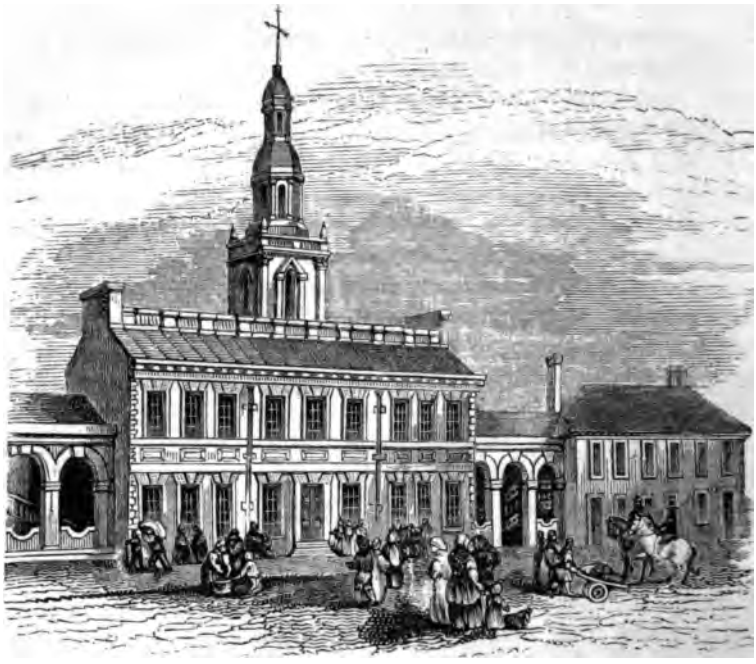
We have intimated before that Gen. Lee, who had at first been despatched to fortify New York, had subsequently been sent to the Southern States, where it was expected a descent would be made by the English, at the instigation of the royalists, who, though less numerous than the whigs, were in considerable force there. As the spring advanced it became nearly certain that Charleston was the projected point of attack. Accordingly, measures were taken to strengthen the harbor and place the town in a state of defence. Among other things, Sullivan's Island, six miles below the city, was fortified, as it was placed in a favorable position to command the channel. These hasty preparations had scarcely been completed when the expected English fleet arrived off the coast. The squadron was under the command of Sir Peter Parker, and comprised two vessels of fifty guns each, four of twenty-eight, one of twenty-two, one of twenty, and two of eight. Besides this, there were nearly forty transports, containing three thousand land forces, under the command of Clinton. On the 25th of June, the English fleet advanced to the attack of the fort on Sullivan's Island; Clinton, at the same time, intending to disembark on the neighboring island of Long Island, and assail the fort on land. But a succession of easterly winds had so deepened the channel between Sullivan's Island and Long Island, that Clinton found it impossible to ford it, and was compelled to abandon his part of the attack. The fleet nevertheless persisted.

ADMIRAL SIR PETER PARKER.

Three of the frigates, however, ran aground, and could not take up the positions assigned them. The others, nevertheless, gallantly began the combat, which, for some hours, raged with awful fury. Never were greater prodigies of valor performed than on that day in the American fort. The city was in full sight across the water, and the inhabitants gazed anxiously on the spectacle. From ten o'clock in the morning until after twilight, the combat was maintained on both sides with fury: the English firing shot and shells incessantly, the Americans replying from their guns with deliberate and deadly aim. All day the sky was black with bombs, whirling and hissing as they flew: all day the roar and blaze of artillery deafened

the ears and blinded the sight of the thousands of spectators. Many of the British vessels were almost cut to pieces; their crews suffered terribly. Night came, but still the strife continued. Fiery missives crossed and re-crossed the heavens; the smoke that lay along the water grew lurid in the darkness. At last the firing slackened. By eleven at night the fleet slipped cables and retired out of range of the fort. The next morning, one of the royal ships, the Acteon, which had grounded and could not be carried off, was set on fire and deserted, on which she blew up. Seven thousand balls, picked up on the island after the engagement, evinced the fury of the attack. When we consider that the American force consisted of less than four hundred regulars, with a few volunteer militia, we begin fully to comprehend the greatness of the victory, which indeed was the Bunker Hill of the South. The loss of the British was two hundred and twenty-two, that of the Americans thirty-two. The fort was subsequently called Fort Moultrie, in honor of Colonel Moultrie, who commanded at the island during the battle. General Lee, who had posted himself nearer the city, not expecting the real struggle to occur at the fort, was only present once during the fight, having visited the island to cheer the troops. After his repulse, Sir Peter Parker sailed for Sandy Hook; Clinton, with his land forces accompanying him: and several years elapsed before the English made a second assault on the South, the history of which attempt, in due time will form a chapter by itself.

During the winter the public feeling in America had been growing more and more favorable to a total separation of the colonies from the mother country. Many able writers of essays and pamphlets, which were circulated extensively, had contributed to bring about this result. Among others, an Englishman named Thomas Paine, had rendered himself conspicuous by a pamphlet entitled "Common Sense," which demonstrated the benefits, practicability and necessity of independence, and with great vigor of language and force of invective, assailed monarchical governments. Congress, meantime, approached nearer and nearer to independence, by passing laws more and more irreconcilable with allegiance. Thus, in May, reprisals were authorized, and the American ports opened to the whole world except England. At last, on the 7th of June, Richard Henry Lee, one of the delegates from Virginia, submitted a resolution in Congress declaring the colonies free and independent states. A series of animated and eloquent debates ensued. The wealthy state of Pennsylvania long hesitated, though finally she gave her consent. The original draft of the memorable document, called



INDEPENDENCE HALL.

the Declaration of Independence, was from the pen of Thomas Jefferson. On its adoption it was ordered to be engrossed and signed by every member of the Congress. The resolution in favor of independence was finally passed on the 2nd of July, and the form of the declaration agreed to on the 4th. Custom has since observed the latter day as a public festival, a proceeding which John Adams prophetically foretold: "I am apt to believe," he wrote to his wife, "that this day will be celebrated by succeeding generations as a great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as a day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, forevermore."

The Declaration of Independence was hailed with general enthusiasm, both in the army, and by the people at large. Men felt that the day of reconciliation had passed, that any compromise with England would have been hollow, and that the time had come to

throw away the scabbard, and delude themselves no longer with false hopes of peace. For more than a year the provinces had virtually been in a state of independence. It was but proper, therefore to cast off disguise, and assume before the world the station they really held. If a few timorous souls drew back in terror from the act, and others continued to deceive themselves with idle hopes of a reconciliation, the great body of the people neither entertained such notions, nor shrank from assuming the required responsibility.

COMMITTEE PRESENTING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE TO CONGRESS.

The enthusiasm of the country was now, perhaps, at its highest point. Success hitherto had crowned nearly every effort of the colonists. Boston had fallen, the English were repulsed from Charleston, independence had been declared. But a new scene was now about to open. A period of disaster, and gloom, and despair, was to succeed, ending at last in the apparently inevitable necessity of an unconditional surrender. The dark days of the Revolution were at hand. As the curtain rises, the shadows lengthen.

Meanwhile, Washington had taken up his position at New York, where he found that Putnam, the successor of Lee, had constructed a

chain of works. On the 25th of June, General Howe made his expected appearance off Sandy Hook. His brother, Admiral Howe, arrived at the same place on the 12th of July: and shortly afterwards Clinton joined them from the South, bringing the three thousand troops repulsed at Charleston. The whole force of the British army, thus collected off New York, was twenty-four thousand men. Before commencing hostilities, however, Lord Howe, as instructed by the ministry, addressed a circular letter to the chief magistrates of the colonies, acquainting them with his powers, and desiring them to publish the same for the information of the people. Congress, conscious of possessing the popular affections, treated the commissioners with contempt, by sending Howe's documents to General Washington, to be proclaimed to the army, and ordering them also to be published in the newspapers. Lord Howe, about this time, attempted to open a correspondence with General Washington, by addressing him as George Washington, Esq., but the commander-in-chief, determining not to compromise his own dignity, or that of Congress, refused to receive any letter on public business, in which he was not addressed by his official titles.

Preparations were now made by the British for their long contemplated assault on New York: but, prior to this, it was deemed advisable to dislodge the Americans from their position on Long Island, opposite the city. The works here consisted of a fortification at Brooklyn, well defended on the left by the East River, on the right by the bay, and behind by the harbor and Governor's Island. In front of this fortification was an open plain, crossed by three great roads diverging from Brooklyn, and passing over a chain of wooded hills at some distance from the town. Each of these roads should have been defended, at the point where it crossed the hills, by a sufficiently numerous detachment to keep the pass: but unfortunately the Americans were not strong enough for this, their whole effective force being but twenty thousand men, of which a considerable portion had to be detained within the lines, at Brooklyn, at New York, and in various other places. The next best thing would have been to have kept the main body moving in front of Brooklyn, as on a centre, while small parties should be sent to occupy the three passes through the hills, so that, on notice being received where the English intended to attack in force, the Americans might be precipitated on that point. But, as if fate was resolved on that day to be against the colonies, Gen. Greene, to whom had been confided the works at Brooklyn, fell sick two days before the battle. Gen. Putnam was sent to occupy his place, but owing to the hurry could

not fully make himself master of the nature of the ground in time for the attack. He, therefore, posted but an inconsiderable detachment at the eastern pass, reserving his principal force to meet the enemy at the central and western passes, by one of which he supposed the the main attack would be made. Putnam himself remained, during the day, within the entrenchments at Brooklyn. Sullivan had command of all the troops without, and was posted on the plain, just within the central pass, where the road from Flatbush to Brooklyn traverses the hills.

It was on the morning of the 28th of August, that the battle began. Early on the evening before, Gen. Clinton, who had been posted with the centre of the British army at Flatbush, discovered the weakness of the American forces at the eastern pass, and silently drew off in that direction, intending there to make the main attack. In the meantime, by way of a feint, General Grant, with the British left wing, was directed to advance against the Americans by the western pass. Accordingly, about three o'clock in the morning, he made the attack, which Lord Stirling, at the head of fifteen hundred Americans, prepared to resist. Grant, however, who had no wish to rout his opponent, contented himself with amusing Stirling, until he should hear of the success of Clinton's intended movement to get between the main body of the Americans and Brooklyn. General de Heister, who commmanded the British centre, manœuvred meanwhile in front of the middle pass, not wishing to advance in earnest until Clinton should carry his point: but, in order to deceive, he began at sunrise a distant cannonade on the redoubt opposite him, where General Sullivan, with the main body of our troops, was stationed. Thus, two portions of the British army combined to amuse their opponents, while a third was insidiously stealing into their rear.

Had the detachment posted to watch the eastern route been active and brave, no surprise would have taken place. But Clinton, arriving at the pass before day, captured the whole party before they had even suspected his approach, and immediately crossing the hills, he poured his splendid legions into the plain below, and began to interpose himself between Sullivan and Brooklyn. The very existence of America trembled in the balance at that moment. But fortunately the manœuvre of Clinton was detected before it was too late. Sullivan, discovering that Clinton was in his rear, began a retreat to the lines, but he had not retired far before he was met by that General, and forced back in the direction of Heister, who, as soon as made aware of the success of Clinton's stratagem, had dashed over the hills, and impetuously assailed the Americans.

Thus, tossed to and fro between two bodies of the enemy, now facing Heister, now retreating before Clinton, the troops under Sullivan, in spite of the most desperate efforts, during which a portion actually cut their way through the foe, and escaped to Brooklyn, were finally compelled, with their leader, to lay down their arms. Lord Stirling, whom we left amused by Grant, was equally unfortunate. When this last officer advanced in earnest, he was taken prisoner with four hundred of his men, although not until he had secured the retreat of the remainder. The victorious English, advancing with loud huzzas across the plains, drove what was left of the American army within the lines, where dismay and terror reigned universal, for an immediate assault was expected. Had General Howe then yielded to the importunities of his officers, and led the excited soldiers to the charge, there is little doubt but that his victory would have been complete, and the whole American force on the Long Island side of the river become his prey. But his habitual prudence prevailing, he ordered a halt, and commenced leisurely to break ground in due form before the entrenchments. Washington availed himself of this blunder to withdraw from a position no longer tenable, and in the night transported his troops, their artillery, and all his munitions of war, in safety to New York.

The loss of the Americans in this battle was over a thousand; that of the English but three hundred and fifty. It was not only in its immediate effects, however, that the defeat was so disastrous; the remoter results were even more injurious to the American cause. The battle of Long Island was the first pitched battle between the continental army and the British. Great, even extravagant expectations had been formed concerning the prowess of the continental army; and now, with the versatility of the popular mind, despair succeeded to former elation. It was thought impossible for American soldiers ever to be brought to face the disciplined troops of England. This sentiment found its way into the camp, and produced the most alarming desertions. Added to this, the men whose terms began to expire, refused to re-enlist. The exertions of Washington and Lee, however, delayed the reduction of the army for a while. Indeed, but for them, it would have crumbled to pieces like a fabric of ashes at the touch of the hand.

A few days after the battle of Long Island, Lord Howe attempted to open a correspondence with the American Congress, imagining that, in the general terror, the members would eagerly accept terms which they would have refused a few days before. To have declined hearing him, would have looked as if that body was insin-

cere in its desire to terminate the war. Accordingly, a committee was appointed to wait on Lord Howe. But finding that he possessed no power to treat, but only to grant pardons, Congress refused to hold any further correspondence with him, and this attempt at reconciliation proved as abortive as former ones.

LORD HOWE.

General Washington now divided his army, leaving four thousand five hundred men in the city of New York, and stationing six thousand five hundred at Hærlem, and twelve thousand at Kingsbridge. He did this in order to prepare for an event which he saw to be inevitable, the ultimate evacuation of New York. A body of four thousand men landing under Clinton at Kipp's Bay, three miles above the city, drove in a detachment of American troops stationed there. Washington hurried to the scene, and threatened to cut down the panic-struck soldiers, but in vain, and the affair ended in an inglorious flight. In consequence of this, Washington withdrew from New York entirely, contenting himself with occupying the

neighboring heights. The retreat was effected in good order, chiefly under the direction of Putnam.

General Washington now strove to accustom his troops to face the enemy, by engaging them in a succession of skirmishes. In one of these affairs, on the 16th of September, the Americans gained some advantages; but they had to mourn the loss of Colonel Knowlton and Major Leitch, two valuable officers. At last Washington found it necessary to retreat from York Island, as he had already done from the city of New York. He fell back, accordingly, to White Plains, evacuating all his posts on the island except Fort Washington, at the upper end, where a garrison of three thousand men was left, it being vainly supposed that this stronghold, with that of Fort Lee, on the opposite side of the Hudson, would enable the Americans to retain the command of the river.

As fast as Washington retired, the royal army pursued, until the former came to a stand at White Plains, where he threw up entrenchments. Here he was attacked by Howe, on the 28th of October, and an action ensued, in which several hundreds fell: among these was the brave Colonel Smallwood, whose regiment, at Long Island, had borne the brunt of the fight. In consequence of this action, Washington took up a new and stronger position, with his right wing resting on some hills. On the 30th, Howe, who had meantime waited for his rear to come up, prepared to renew his attack; but a violent storm arising, he was forced to forego his purpose. Washington now changed his station again, withdrawing to North Castle, about five miles from White Plains, where he took up a position nearly, if not quite impregnable. Thus finding the prey escaped, which he had flattered himself was within his grasp, Howe changed his plan of operations, and determined to retrace his steps, and reduce Fort Washington, in his rear. The American General, learning this purpose, left Lee at North Castle with a portion of his force, and hastened to Fort Lee, opposite the threatened post, to watch his enemy.

At first it was suggested that Fort Washington should be abandoned; but this counsel being overruled, Colonel Magaw, with a garrison of nearly three thousand men, was left to defend the place. On the 16th of November, the British advanced to the assault, after having summoned the post and been defied. The attack was vehement and irresistible. The Americans were driven from the outer works, and finally forced to surrender as prisoners of war. The loss of the English, however, was severe, they suffering in round numbers not less than eight hundred. But this did not compensate the

Americans for the capture of over two thousand of their best troops, and the moral effect of so terrible a disaster following on the heels of that of Long Island. The attempt to hold the fort was a mistake, for which General Greene is principally chargeable. In consequence of its fall, Fort Lee, on the opposite side of the Hudson, had to be evacuated. This was done in the most gallant style, General Greene fully redeeming his late blunder, by bringing off the army in safety, although Cornwallis, with six thousand victorious troops, was thundering in his rear. The retreat, however, had to be effected in such haste as to render a sacrifice of a vast quantity of artillery and military stores indispensable; Greene having barely time to escape with his men the moment he heard of the loss of Fort Washington, and that Cornwallis had crossed the Hudson.

These successive disasters, following one upon another, reduced the American cause to the very verge of ruin. From the period the British had landed on Long Island, a series of misfortunes had pursued the army of Washington. Every day had seen his troops retiring before those of the enemy; every hour had beheld his force dwindling down; every moment had witnessed the increasing despondency of the friends of liberty, both within and without the camp. The terms of large numbers of the men were now expiring, and the consequences of these disasters begun to be felt. Few would re-enlist. The enthusiasm which had first called them from their homes had begun to subside under the privations of a camp, and had now been completely dissipated by misfortune. The cause of America was generally regarded as lost. This feeling of despair even spread among the officers, and it required all Washington's firmness of mind to check its progress. But with the common men nothing could be done to check the panic. In vain did Congress endeavor to supply the places of those who retired, by new recruits. Even a bounty of twenty dollars to each private who would engage for the war, failed to hasten enlistments: and though the offer was subsequently made to all who would contract for three years, it proved equally inoperative.

The army of Washington by these causes: by loss in battle, by desertion, by the capture of Fort Washington, and by the expiration of enlistments, had now sunk to little over three thousand men. The British, aware of his weakness, and convinced that a few decisive blows would finish the war forever, resolved not to go into winter quarters, but to follow up their successes by the pursuit and annihilation of the small force remaining in arms under Washington. Accordingly, they pushed on to Newark, in New Jersey,

whither the American commander had retired. At this, Washington fell back to New Brunswick. But the enemy still followed. As a last refuge he hurried to place the Delaware between him and his foe. On the 8th of December, he reached that river and retired across it, destroying the bridges, and removing all the boats, to secure his retreat. Scarcely had his rear gained the welcome right bank, than the English appeared on the left, but finding no means of crossing, they fell back in chagrin.

RETREAT OF THE AMERICAN ARMY THROUGH NEW JERSEY.

To add to the despondency of the times, the news was received, about this period, of the capture of General Lee, who had been tardily approaching Washington, in order to effect a junction. Lee had incautiously spent the night three miles from his forces, with but a small guard in attendance, when an English cavalry officer, hearing by accident of his unprotected situation, by a bold dash secured the valuable prize. As Lee was second in command in the army, and as the country entertained a high opinion of his abilities, his loss, at this critical moment, struck the last prop from the hopes of the patriots, and induced almost universal despair.

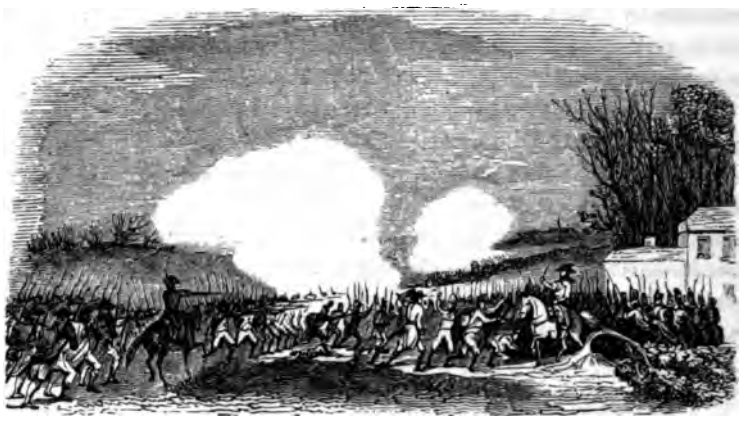
Indeed, there was no longer any rational prospect of success on the part of the Americans. Heaven and earth seemed to have conspired against their cause: and to have removed from it the countenance of man and God alike. Their best Generals were prisoners: their most wisely concerted plans had failed, almost as if by the direct interposition of fate; and that popular enthusiasm, which had

been relied on as the support of the cause, and which at first had promised to sweep away all opposition before its resistless wave, had now subsided and left the country a wreck, high and dry on the shore. With three thousand men, Washington occupied the Delaware, while the British, with twenty thousand, swarmed over the Jerseys in pursuit. Already Philadelphia was threatened, and the most sanguine thought its capture could not be delayed a month. Congress had fled to Baltimore. Terror, panic, despair, and a selfish desire to save themselves, began to affect even the best patriots. The clouds stooped low and black, and the tempest hurtled around every man's home.

To add to the awful gloom of the crisis, Howe now issued a proclamation, offering a pardon to all who would lay down their arms and take the oath of allegiance, within sixty days. Instantly, hundreds grasped at what they deemed a fortunate chance of escape: former professions were forgotten in present panic: and throughout New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the most alarming defections, even among leaders in the popular cause, daily occurred. The loyalists, who had been heretofore overawed, now vented their long concealed rage: plunder, insult, and oppression became the daily lot of the suffering patriots. Almost alone, beneath this driving storm, Washington stood up erect and unappalled. For one moment his constancy did not forsake him. He was, in that awful hour, the Achilles and Atlas of the cause. No hint of submission ever crossed his lips: no word of despondency or doubt was heard. His unshaken front inspired Congress anew, warmed the drooping enthusiasm of his army, and finally enabled him to deal a blow which rescued the country at the very instant of ruin, and sent his late triumphant foe reeling back with defeat. Like a wrestler, almost overcome in a struggle, and whom his antagonist thinks about to succumb, but who, rallying all his strength for a last effort, suddenly throws his astonished opponent, so, Washington, defeated and prostrated, all at once started to his feet, and with one gigantic and desperate strain, hurled his enemy to the ground, stunned, bleeding, and utterly discomfited.

The English, after the retreat of Washington across the Delaware, had distributed themselves in cantonments on the New Jersey side, occupying Trenton, Princeton, Burlington, Mount Holly, and various other posts. Flushed with victory, and fancying their enemy completely disheartened, they gave themselves up to ease and carelessness. The watchful eye of Washington saw the inviting opportunity to strike a blow. He knew that, without some speedy and

brilliant success on his part, the cause of America was lost. It was better to hazard all on one die, than to lose the present precious opportunity which might never return. Accordingly, he resolved to re-cross the river and surprise the enemy, if possible, at one or more of his posts. The night of the 25th of December, was chosen for the purpose, as on that festival day the foe, little dreaming an enemy



BATTLE OF TRENTON.

was near, would probably give himself up to license and merriment. On that night, therefore, Washington crossed the Delaware at McConkey's Ferry, nine miles above Trenton. General Cadwalader was to have effected a landing opposite Bristol, and General Irvine was to have transported his troops at Trenton Ferry; but both failed in consequence of the river being full of driving ice: nor did Washington himself effect his crossing until four o'clock, and after incredible efforts. Once on the Jersey shore, however, he lost no time. Dividing his troops into two divisions, he sent one along the river road, while the other, accompanied by himself, took the upper or Pennington route. The night was bitterly cold, and the snow fell fast; but the troops, animated by the same hope as their leader, pressed eagerly forward. The light was just breaking when, at eight o'clock in the morning, they drove in the outposts of the Hessians. The enemy, suddenly aroused from their beds or from the taverns where they had spent the night in drinking, seized their arms, rushed out, and made a show of resistance, their commander, Col. Rahl, gallantly leading them, until he fell mortally

wounded. The Hessians now fled rapidly down the village. At this juncture, the other detachment of the Americans, which, following the river road, had entered the town at its lower extremity, was heard firing through the tempest, and the panic-struck Hessians, now enclosed between two forces, were speedily compelled to lay down their arms. Only a few cavalry of the enemy escaped. One thousand prisoners were taken, besides as many stand of arms, and six field pieces. Had the detachments of Cadwalader and Irvine been able to cross as projected, the twenty-five hundred of the enemy at Bordentown, Mount Holly, and the White Horse, would likewise have been captured, and the whole British force in that section of New Jersey prostrated at a blow.

As it was, this bold incursion struck terror to the heart of the English army. Cornwallis, who had gone to New York in order to embark for England, retraced his steps, and once more assumed command of the forces near the Delaware. His first movement was to withdraw all his troops from the more exposed posts, and concentrate them at Princeton and towards New Brunswick. Thus the English army stood in attitude of defence like a boxer just recovered from a staggering blow.

# BOOK III.

## TO THE ALLIANCE WITH FRANCE.

THE late disasters to the American cause had resulted principally from the want of a proper organization of the army. Had Congress listened to the remonstrances of Washington, and, taking advantage of the popular enthusiasm after the battle of Bunker Hill, enlisted recruits for the war, a force of thirty thousand men could easily have been procured, not liable to be dissolved by reverses, or by the abatement of the momentary excitement. The army would have been composed of disciplined and veteran soldiers, who could have been relied on in every emergency; whereas now it was made up chiefly of six or twelve months militia, with whom a general could not venture on any delicate manœuvre in the crisis of battle. All the disasters following the con

test on Long Island may be traced to the neglect of this advice of Washington.

It was in the very darkest hour of the Revolution, just before the surprise at Trenton, that Congress awoke to a sense of its mistake, and endeavored to redeem the cause by appointing Washington dictator for six months, giving him power to remove all officers beneath the rank of brigadier. Meantime to prove that submission was still far from its thoughts, it instructed the commissioners in Europe, Dr. Franklin and Silas Deane, to renew their protestations at the courts of France and Spain, and to assure those powers that the colonies, notwithstanding their late defeats, would continue the war at all hazards. The commissioners were also instructed to endeavor to draw his most Christian Majesty into the war by the most liberal promises. Half the island and fisheries of New Foundland were offered as a bribe, and afterwards, all the possessions in the West Indies that might be conquered during the contest. Agents were also sent with representations to the courts of Berlin, Tuscany and Vienna. The choice of Dr. Franklin as one of the deputies abroad was a happy thought: his reputation for science, his philosophic character, his simple mode of life, and his venerable age made him the fashion in Paris; and assisted, not a little, in bringing about the subsequent treaty of amity with the Court of France.

Meantime Washington resolved to follow up the surprise at Trenton with another blow. He had, on the evening of the victory, retired across the Delaware. His prisoners, the next day, were marched ostentatiously through Philadelphia, in order to raise the drooping spirits of the citizens. Having done this, he re-crossed, in the course of a few days, to Trenton, intending to act in the offensive. The British, in the interval, had concentrated at Princeton; but Cornwallis, receiving intelligence of Washington's return to New Jersey moved on Trenton, where he arrived on the morning of the 2nd of January, 1777, leaving his rear guard at Maidenhead, a village half way between Princeton and Trenton. Washington, finding Cornwallis in such force, retired across the Assunpink creek, which skirts the southern extremity of the town of Trenton, having first secured the bridge. The British, on this, attempted to pass the stream, but were thrice repulsed. A cannonade, on both sides, was kept up until dark, when a council was called in the American camp. The peril of the little army was imminent. To wait the event of the next day's battle, against the overwhelming force of Cornwallis, was to ensure destruction: to retire across the Delaware, encumbered with floating ice, in face of a wary foe, was equally perilous. In

this emergency, the bold design was adopted of falling on the enemy's line of communications, and thus carrying the war into the very heart of New Jersey.

Accordingly, in the night, the regular fires being kept up, and sentinels posted, the army of Washington silently withdrew from the Assunpink, and taking a circuitous route to avoid Maidenhead, before morning was far on its way to Princeton. Here it fell in with two British regiments, when a sharp action ensued. The enemy fought with desperate resolution, thinking themselves surrounded, with no hope of escape. At last, the American militia wavered. Washington, on this, seizing a standard, galloped in front of his men, exposing his person to the fire of both armies. The example was electric. The retreating militia, opportunely succored by the veterans of Trenton, now returned to the charge, and the day was won. In this affair, General Mercer was mortally wounded. About one hundred of the enemy were slain, and three hundred taken prisoners. The Americans lost in all one hundred. A part of one of the British regiments escaped to Maidenhead; the other retired to New Brunswick.

Cornwallis, at early dawn, was awakened by the noise of firing in the direction of Princeton. Discovering that the enemy was no longer in his front, he instantly divined the stratagem of Washington, and ordered his troops to march with all haste in pursuit, alarmed for his communications. He used such expedition, that he arrived at Princeton almost as soon as the American rear-guard. Washington now found himself again in imminent peril. Unable to compete with the forces of Cornwallis, no resource was left but a hasty retreat. Instead of retracing his steps, however, he pushed on to the Raritan. Cornwallis followed. Washington, finding his troops too few and feeble to maintain the war at present, retired to the hilly country of upper New Jersey, and took post at Morristown. On this, Cornwallis abandoned the pursuit and returned to New Brunswick, where he found his subordinate, General Matthews, removing in terror the baggage and stores. In a few days, Washington, receiving some slight accessions of strength, descended into the open country, where he so judiciously manœuvred as, in a little time, to command the whole coast in front of Staten Island. Thus, the British army, after having overrun all New Jersey, now found itself, in face of an inferior foe, restricted to the two posts of New Brunswick and Amboy, besides being cut off from all communication with New York, except by sea.

This brilliant winter campaign changed the whole aspect of the

contest. The patriots recovered their hopes and their enthusiasm: the indifferent and timorous came out openly on the side of the coun-

LORD CORNWALLIS.

try: and the loyalists, lately so elated, began to despond. Another fact added to the revulsion in popular feeling. The Hessians had signalized their supremacy in New Jersey by the greatest excesses, so that even many of the loyal inhabitants had become exasperated. From this period to the end of the conflict the people of New Jersey, at first comparatively lukewarm in the cause, were distinguished as the most earnest and decided supporters of the war. The epoch of the battle of Trenton marked the turning point of the contest. The fortunes of the colonists had then reached their lowest ebb. After that period, though the cause fluctuated continually, there was, on the whole, a perceptible gain. The waves flowed and retreated; but the tide steadily advanced.

The spring of 1777, opened with favorable omens to the Americans; for, as the mild weather advanced, recruits began to flock to Washington's camp. Howe, meantime, diverted his troops by attacking Peekskill, on the Hudson, and Danbury, in Connecticut, for the purpose of destroying stores: in both of these expeditions, he was comparatively successful. The Americans retorted by a descent on Sagg Harbor, where they burned a dozen British ships and took many prisoners. As yet the American General had not been able to penetrate the plans of his opponent for the ensuing campaign. One opinion was, that the British leader intended renewing his designs on Philadelphia: another, and to this Washington leaned, that he projected an ascent of the Hudson, to form a junction with Burgoyne, who was about to lead the contemplated expedition from Canada. This latter was certainly the true policy. By seizing the Hudson, and uniting with Burgoyne at Albany, or above that place, Howe would have cut off the middle and southern states from New England; and the prospect of ultimate success for the Americans, would in consequence have been greatly decreased. To be ready, however, for either movement on the part of Howe, Washington stationed a portion of his troops at Peekskill, posting the remainder in New Jersey. In this manner, if Howe moved on Philadelphia, he would find in front the forces of New Jersey, while those at Peekskill would descend and harass his right flank: if, on the other hand, he took the direction of Albany, the troops at Peekskill would be in front, and those of New Jersey on the flank. As a further resource, a camp for recruits was formed at Philadelphia, which, in an emergency, might furnish resources. Having made these admirable dispositions, Washington waited for Howe to take the initiative.

The British General had been recommended by the ministry to ascend the Hudson and form a junction with Burgoyne: but Howe, exercising his discretion, determined to advance on Philadelphia instead. He thought it certain that Washington would hazard a battle, or retire; in either case he felt sure of his prey. The capture of the capital, he hoped, would end the war, of which he would then reap all the renown. Accordingly he made demonstrations of marching on the Delaware. Washington, however, contrary to Howe's expectation, neither descended into the plains to give battle, nor hurried to the defence of Philadelphia; but maintaining his old position on the heights of Middlebrook, prepared to cut off Howe's communications. The British General accordingly retraced his steps, and began a series of manœuvres to draw Washington from his

position. Once he had nearly succeeded. Having made a pretence of retiring from Amboy to Staten Island, Washington fancied he was really about to retreat, and descended to assail him. Instantly a detachment under Cornwallis was sent to seize the late position of the Americans; but Washington, timely informed of his error, hastened to retrace his steps, and reached his old camp in safety.

Thus foiled, Howe resolved to abandon the idea of crossing New Jersey, and embarking his troops, to reach Philadelphia by sea. But, hoping to deceive Washington as to his real intentions, he feigned an invasion up the Hudson. Intelligence had just been received of the advance of Burgoyne to Ticonderoga, and speedily after of the fall of that place: so that, for a while, Washington gave credit to the supposed co-operation. In a few days, however, his sagacious mind penetrated the cheat; when, dividing his army into several corps, he prepared to march at a moment's warning on the Delaware. He sent Congress word of the contemplated attack; exhorted the proper authorities of Pennsylvania, Delaware and New Jersey to collect militia near the threatened points; and ordered watches to be kept at the capes of Delaware, to give early intimation of the appearance of the English fleet. On the 23rd of July the royal squadron and transports sailed from Sandy Hook. Washington, however, lest he should yet be made the victim of a stratagem, did not abandon his position in East Jersey. For a time, too, the news received of the enemy's fleet was extremely conflicting. At first the ships were seen near the capes of Delaware, steering eastward: this alarmed Washington for the banks of the Hudson. Then they appeared again at the entrance of Delaware bay, but immediately vanished to the south: this inspired fears lest they should have gone to the Carolinas. At last intelligence was obtained of the arrival of the squadron in the Chesapeake: this settled all doubts; and hastily collecting his various corps, Washington advanced by quick marches to oppose the enemy at his landing. A month, however, had been wasted in these manœuvres; and it was the last of August before the English disembarked, which they did at the head of Elk river, in Maryland. The whole continent now stood gazing in silent awe as the two armies approached each other. A battle was inevitable. The destiny of America might hang on the result.

While these events were transacting, two incidents happened in other quarters, which we must pause to relate. General Sullivan, at the head of fifteen hundred American troops, made an attack on Staten Island; and though at first successful, was finally repulsed

with heavy loss. The other occurrence was the capture of Major General Prevost, commanding the seven battalions of English troops which occupied Rhode Island. This officer slept at a farm-house not far from Narragansett Bay. At the dead of night he was taken out of his bed, by Lieut. Col. Barton, at the head of forty men, and being carried to the whale-boats in which the party descended, was securely carried off. This bold exploit filled the country with applause, particularly as it afforded the Americans an officer of equal rank to exchange for General Lee.

About the same period, the Marquis La Fayette arrived at Philadelphia. He came to join the American cause as a volunteer. Very rich, of high rank, and supposed to have influence at the Court of Versailles, his appearance was hailed as an omen of an approaching alliance with France. He became a favorite with Washington, who saw in his enthusiasm, in his refusal to accept pay, and in the fact that he had torn himself from the arms of a young and lovely wife, powerful reasons for regard and affection. Nor to the close of life, was there any diminution of the mutual love and friendship of the two heroes.

When Washington arrived in the vicinity of the Chesapeake, he discovered that the British had already effected a landing. After some manœuvres, he took post behind the Brandywine, at a spot called Chad's Ford, and prepared to dispute the passage of the enemy; Congress and the public loudly demanding a battle to save Philadelphia. On the 11th of September the British advanced to the attack. The country in the vicinity of Chad's is undulating, and about six miles above the ford, the river divides into two forks. Howe resolved to leave Knyphausen with a portion of the army to make a feint of assailing the Americans in front, at the ford; while, with a much stronger body, he and Cornwallis gained the rear of Washington by crossing the Brandywine higher up. The stratagem was eminently successful. The British passed the Brandywine above the forks, without the knowledge of the Americans; the videttes of the latter not being pushed so far, and the country people being too disaffected to give warning. Meantime, Knyphausen began to make repeated feints to attempt the passage at Chad's Ford. He first advanced his marksmen across the river, but the Americans forcing them back, he opened a furious cannonade, and made dispositions as if about to attack with all his troops. In this manner the morning passed. Washington was preparing to cross the river, and assail Knyphausen, when, about noon, he received intelligence that Cornwallis had crossed the Brandywine, and was coming down in his

rear. Already, in fact, long columns of dust, winding in serpentine course among the distant hills, announced his route.

The moment was critical. Washington, if he disregarded the enemy in his rear, might precipitate himself on Knyphausen in front; but, by such a movement, he would abandon the right bank of the Brandywine to Cornwallis, and throw open the route to Philadelphia. No resource, therefore, was left but to turn and face the Marquis. Accordingly Washington wheeled the brigades of Sullivan, Stephens and Stirling to oppose Cornwallis, who was said to be approaching Birmingham meeting-house, two miles in the rear. Then, leaving Wayne with a strong corps at Chad's Ford, he himself, with two divisions, accompanied by General Greene, took a position half way between Chad's Ford and the meeting-house, to be ready to assist either wing as occasion might require. Having done this, he waited anxiously for the result.

BIRMINGHAM MEETING-HOUSE

When Sullivan, with his three divisions, reached Birmingham meeting-house, he found Cornwallis drawn up on the declivity of a

lofty eminence opposite, the scarlet uniforms of his troops relieving the deep green of the hill-side, on which they swarmed, as a spectator has written, like bees. The British army had just finished its noontide meal, and as Sullivan's corps came in sight, the blare of trumpets sounded along the line, and the whole of that splendid army put itself into motion. The distance from the summit of the hill on which the meeting-house stands, to the top of the neighboring elevation, following the descent into the valley, and the opposite rise, is nearly a mile; so that some time necessarily elapsed before the British troops came within range. During this period the spectacle they presented, as they slowly descended one hill and began to ascend the other, was truly magnificent. They moved in a solid mass, forming a compact and extended front, along which ran the glitter of their polished arms, and over which their banners floated lazily in the sultry breeze. The action began on the American right, and soon extended along the whole line. Both wings speedily gave way, the disorder beginning on the right. Sullivan's own division breaking, he hurried, flushed and excited, to animate the centre. With this the contest was longer and fiercer. Occupying the low stone wall of the grave-yard which crowns Birmingham hill, the Americans poured in a steady fire on the advancing foe; but fresh troops dashing up the hill, and the victorious British hastening from the rout of the other divisions, to turn their flank, they were forced to retreat. The English now poured densely over the brow of the hill. The Americans fled through an orchard in their rear, where the carnage was dreadful. The retreat might have become a rout, but for the arrival of Greene, who opening his columns to suffer the fugitives to pass, closed up immediately after, and continued to face the foe.

In the meantime Knyphausen, finding the enemy in his front weakened, forded the river and advanced to attack Wayne. After a brave resistance the latter fell back, leaving his artillery in the hands of the enemy. In his retreat he passed in the rear of Greene, who, posted in a defile between two woods, ploughed the enemy's advancing columns with artillery, and was the last to retire. The army fell back to Chester, where, for a whole day, fugitives continued arriving, many having escaped by lanes and circuitous ways. The British spent the night on the battle-field. The loss of the Americans was over a thousand; that of their opponents less than five hundred. In this conflict the Virginians and Pennsylvanians fought with particular intrepidity; and Count Pulaski, a Pole, at the head of the light-horse, charged in the most gallant manner.

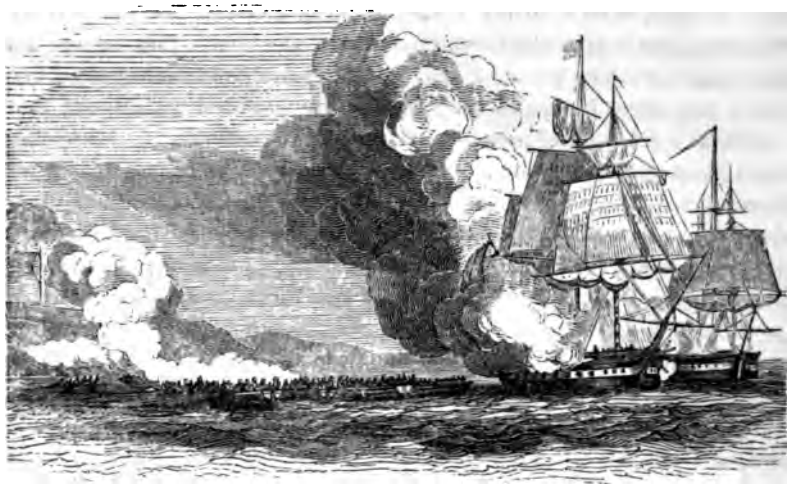
Here La Fayette saw his first engagement, and received a wound in his leg. The defeat may be attributed to ignorance of the movements of Cornwallis, arising chiefly from the want of a sufficient number of well mounted videttes.

The news of this disaster was received with various emotions in Philadelphia. The disaffected openly rejoiced: the patriots were struck with consternation. Congress, however, remained firm. That body voted reinforcements to Washington, who, after a few days repose for his troops, took the field again to seek another encounter with the enemy. The two armies came in sight of each other on the 16th, on the Lancaster road, a few miles from Philadelphia; but a heavy rain beginning to fall, the American muskets were rendered useless and much of their ammunition was spoiled. Washington was compelled, by this accident, to retreat to Yellow Springs, and thence to Warwick Furnace, on French creek. He sent Wayne, however, to harass the march of Howe. But a detachment of British troops, led by General Grey, surprised this General in the night, and he only escaped with the loss of one hundred and fifty men. This is the affair usually known as the Paoli massacre. Howe now advanced on Philadelphia, by the way of Germantown, Congress adjourning on his approach to the town of York in Pennsylvania; and on the 26th of September, Lord Cornwallis, with the van of the British army, marched into the capital, to the great joy of the disaffected. The rest of the English force, however, remained encamped at Germantown, six miles from the city. Washington took post at Skippack creek, about fourteen miles distant.

The first object of Howe, on finding himself in possession of Philadelphia, was to subdue the forts commanding the Delaware below that city, and to remove the obstructions with which the Americans had filled the river. The forces detached for this purpose necessarily weakened the army at Germantown. Aware of this, Washington resolved to attempt surprising it. The village of Germantown is built on a single street, occupying both sides of the road for about two miles. The English army lay very nearly in the centre of the town, being encamped behind a lane that crosses the street at right angles in the vicinity of the market place. About a mile from this spot, and at the head of the village, is a large stone house known as Chew's mansion. More than a mile higher up is Mount Airy, where the English had a picket guard. It was about dawn on the morning of the 4th of October when Washington drove in this picket, and pushing on, dashed for the centre of the town. Sullivan, commanding the right wing, marched through the fields to the right of

the village street; Wayne, leading another division, passed to the left; and Greene, with a strong corps, making a circuit on the left of Wayne, followed a road which entered the town just below the market place. The morning was foggy, so that the soldiers could see but a few paces before them. At first this favored the attack; and the British fell back hurriedly and in affright. Sullivan, advancing with headlong speed, soon reached the centre of the town. Here all was in comparative confusion on the part of the enemy. The British troops, hastily aroused, were forming in the lane in front of their encampment. Howe, imagining himself surrounded, was galloping bewildered to the point of danger: while the wildest rumors circulated among the soldiers, and even struck dismay to the hearts of their officers. Victory seemed in Sullivan's grasp. Suddenly a sharp firing was heard in his rear, when a voice among his soldiers exclaimed, that the British had cut them off; and at the same moment troops were seen advancing through the fog in front, their numbers magnified by the obscurity. A panic instantly ensued. Cries of alarm were heard on all sides. In vain Sullivan, riding among the men, assured them that the troops in front were a part of Greene's division: in vain couriers arrived to say that the firing behind arose from only a small party of the English who had thrown themselves into Chew's house: in vain the officers, ready to break their swords in mortification and rage, declared to the soldiers that they were running away from victory. Nothing could allay the panic. The men broke and fled. The British, by this time partially recovering from their alarm, seized the favorable moment and advanced with loud huzzas. The retreat became a rout. The enemy kept up a hot pursuit, and the American army was only saved by the timely thought of General Wayne, who, throwing up a hasty battery at White Marsh church, arrested the chase after it had continued seven miles. In this battle the loss of the Americans was about nine hundred; that of the British six hundred. Although resulting in defeat, it had some of the advantages of a victory; for it induced Howe to withdraw most of his forces into Philadelphia. Washington retired to his old station at Skippack.

Meantime Howe proceeded to the removal of the obstructions in the river Delaware, and to the reduction of the two forts which the Americans had erected immediately below Philadelphia. One of these, Fort Mifflin, was situated on the left bank of the Delaware at the confluence of the Schuylkill with the latter river: the other, Fort Mercer, occupied a bold bluff on the opposite shore, called Red Bank. On the 22nd of October the latter was assailed, by a com-



BATTLE OF RED BANK.

bined attack from land and water. Count Donop, with twelve hundred men, advanced to storm the fort, which was defended by only five hundred troops; but was repulsed with a loss of four hundred, himself being mortally wounded. The Americans lost but thirty-two. The attack from the water was equally disastrous to the enemy, he losing in addition two of his frigates. The attempt to reduce Fort Mifflin was more successful, though not until after nearly a month's delay. On the 16th of November, the fort being no longer tenable, its little garrison of three hundred went over to Red Bank. This post, also, was soon after abandoned.

Washington, receiving some reinforcements, left Skippack and took up a position at White Marsh, fourteen miles nearer Philadelphia. His army was now fourteen thousand strong: and that of Howe was about the same number. But the latter, in discipline, equipments and materal, was infinitely superior. The two armies watched each other for some time, but Washington was not willing to risk an engagement on equal terms; and Howe, with his usual prudence, shrunk from assailing the American General in his strong position. Finally Washington went into winter quarters, selecting for the purpose a spot called Valley Forge, a wide ravine on elevated ground, about sixteen miles from Philadelphia. The privations which he and his little army suffered there we shall describe here-

after. In the meantime, after premising that Howe had gained little by the campaign except a change of quarters from New York to Philadelphia, let us turn to the north, where the most signal success had just crowned the American arms, and where the inhabitants, lately overcome by despair, were now dizzy with exultation.

It had been a favorite scheme with the British ministry, from the beginning of the war, to invade the colonies from Canada, and by forming a line of posts along the Hudson, to cut off New England from the middle and southern provinces. It was in the New England states that the soul and strength of the rebellion was supposed to be: these colonies once overrun, the subjugation of the remaining, it was considered, would be easy. Accordingly, at the beginning of the year 1777, preparations were made for this invasion. A force of seven thousand men was raised, which General Burgoyne was selected to command. He was regarded as an officer of ability, having served with distinction in the continental wars: and he was not sparing of promises. The ministry were generous to a fault in supplying him with everything he asked. The plan of the campaign was arranged in London. Burgoyne, with seven thousand men, and the most splendid train of artillery ever seen in America, was to advance on Albany by way of Lake Champlain: while Colonel St. Leger, with two hundred regulars, a regiment of loyalists, and a large force of Indians was to penetrate to the same place by the route of lake Ontario and the Mohawk. As we have before intimated, General Howe was recommended to form a junction at the same place with Burgoyne and St. Leger; but a discretionary power being left him, he exercised it, as we have seen, by attacking Philadelphia.

The news of this contemplated invasion spread terror and alarm throughout all the eastern states, but especially on the frontiers, and in the fertile valleys of New York. General Schuyler, having the chief command in the northern department, exerted himself promptly and vigorously in this emergency; but recruits came in slowly, and not in sufficient numbers for the crisis. His head quarters were fixed at Stillwater, where he labored to prepare means of resistance; while to General St. Clair was deputed the command of Fort Ticonderoga, where the first onset of the enemy was expected. On the 2nd of July, Burgoyne, having ascended lake Champlain, made his appearance before this fortress, which he proceeded to invest, seizing and erecting batteries on Sugar Hill, an eminence overlooking the works. St. Clair was not prepared for the appearance of so large a force, nor had he supposed the height in question could be occupied;

accordingly he called a council of war, in which it was resolved that the fort was no longer tenable, and that it should be evacuated. On the night of the 5th, the garrison, taking with them provisions for eight days, stealthily abandoned the place; but a house accidentally taking fire, when the rear guard was about to leave, lit up the landscape with the glare of day, and revealed the flight of the Americans. Instantly the British army was aroused, and a fierce pursuit began. At Skeensborough the English gun-boats overtook the American galleys and batteaux; the former were captured; but most of the latter achieved their escape. The van of the enemy came up with the American rear on the morning of the 7th, when a bloody conflict began, maintained on the one side with the obstinacy of despair, on the other with the eagerness of victory. At last, the British being reinforced, the Americans gave way. In this sanguinary contest the latter lost about four hundred, killed and prisoners, with five hundred wounded, of whom many afterwards perished miserably in the woods for want of succor. The British lost less than two hundred. Of a thousand men, who composed his corps, Warner reached the main army some days after with but ninety. St. Clair, with the body of the army, thus saved by the devotion of his rear-guard, after seven days of toil and exposure in the wilderness, reached Fort Edward, on the Hudson.

Schuyler was already at this latter place, and busied himself immediately in preparations to retard the victorious enemy. He ordered trenches to be cut, the bridges to be broken down, and the defiles where Burgoyne would have to pass, to be obstructed by trees felled across them and interlaced. The cattle in the neighborhood were driven off. To add to the desolation the inhabitants deserted their homes, flying in affright before the approach of the dreaded foe, so that for whole days a traveller, in crossing from Ticonderoga to the Hudson, would meet nothing but ruined clearings, smoking crops, and a wilderness rendered more inhospitable by the destroying hand of man.

The intelligence of the fall of Ticonderoga was heard with a thrill of horror by the country at large. In the popular mind the strength of St. Clair's garrison had been overrated, while of that of Burgoyne's army, too slight an estimate had been formed. The suspicion of treachery was at first breathed against the unfortunate commander; and even Schuyler came in for his share of opprobrium. At this day the charges of cowardice and venality against St. Clair are no longer entertained: but he is regarded as an incompetent commander, who either should have abandoned Ticonderoga

in time, or have held it out manfully. To Schuyler no censure can properly apply. He exerted himself vigorously in every emergency, and it was the measures he took which in fact led to the subsequent

GENERAL BURGOYNE.

capture of Burgoyne. But unfortunately for him, he was unpopular with the New England states, and their clamors ultimately led to his removal; and, that, too, at a crisis when the precautions he had taken to arrest the foe were on the point of being crowned with success. Another reaped where he had sown; and, for a while, Gates wore the laurel that of right belonged to Schuyler. But posterity has revoked the sentence of his contemporaries, by restoring to the latter General the renown which was fairly earned by his skill, his labors, and his sacrifices.

The numerous Indians accompanying Burgoyne's army increased the terror of the inhabitants. The massacre at Fort Henry, in the French war, was still remembered; and the murder of Miss McCrea, which now occurred, seemed to forebode a repetition of such scenes. This unfortunate lady was killed in a quarrel between two savages; but rumor exaggerated the wantonness of this act, and thus the public mind was filled with horror and panic.

The general consternation did not, however, subdue the spirit of Congress or paralyze the energies of Washington. The former

having its eye ever on the hope of an alliance with France, instructed its agents abroad to lay the blame on the imbecility and misconduct of St. Clair, and to assure the Court of Versailles that the Americans, so far from being discouraged, only waited an occasion to avenge their defeats. Washington exerted all his influence to expedite succors to Schuyler. General Lincoln, a man of great influence in New England, was despatched thither to encourage the militia to enlist; General Arnold and Colonel Morgan, both celebrated for headlong valor, were sent to join Schuyler.

In England the news of the fall of Ticonderoga was received with unbounded expressions of delight. Those who had opposed the war were silenced by the popular outcry; while the ministry were hailed as the asserters of the public honor. Success lent a temporary halo to the cause of oppression, and, in the exultation of the moment, the complete subjugation of America was regarded as now at hand. Yet how strange are the ordinations of fate! At the very moment when, in England, these extravagant expectations were being indulged, the whole face of affairs in America had become suddenly changed: Burgoyne, so late the arrogant victor, was now a suppliant captive; and the cause of Great Britain, but two short months before at the zenith of success, was now setting in darkness, and tempest, and despair.

Although Ticonderoga fell on the 6th of July, it was the 30th of the same month before Burgoyne advanced to the Hudson. This delay was owing to the obstructions in the roads, and to his being compelled to take all his provisions with him. He subsequently remained at Fort Edward, from which the Americans had retired on his approach, until the 15th of August, engaged in bringing supplies from Ticonderoga. But his success was inconsiderable in this undertaking. The horses he expected from Canada had not arrived; he could with difficulty procure the comparatively small number of fifty pair of oxen; and, to add to his embarrassments, heavy and continual rains wore down the soldiers and rendered the roads impassable. On the 15th, notwithstanding all his exertions, there were but four days' provisions in camp. He now resolved to send out a detachment to Bennington in New Hampshire, where he learned there was a depot of provisions belonging to the Americans. Colonel Baum was despatched accordingly on this service with a force of about six hundred men. Meantime, however, General Stark, of the New Hampshire militia, hearing of Baum's approach, marched with two thousand men, hastily collected, to meet the British. Baum, on learning the approach of Stark, halted before he reached

Bennington and sent back to camp for reinforcements. Colonel Breyman, with five hundred men, was accordingly hurried off to his assistance. Before the arrival of the latter, however, Stark had stormed Baum in his entrenchments, and after a desperate conflict, in which Baum fell mortally wounded, had chased the enemy from the field. The militia dispersed for plunder, when Breyman came up and renewed the fight. Stark fortunately was reinforced, and the conflict raged until dark, when Breyman abandoned his baggage and artillery; and fled with the remnant of his force to the British camp. In this engagement the enemy lost about seven hundred; the Americans but one hundred. Four brass field pieces, a thousand stand of arms, and nine hundred swords fell into the hands of Stark, a supply very opportune at the crisis, and which furnished many of the weapons subsequently used at Saratoga with such effect against the foe.

While Burgoyne had been thus advancing into the heart of New York, St. Leger, with the other division of the royal army, had marched from lake Ontario to the Mohawk, where, on the 3rd of August he laid seige to fort Schuyler with an army of sixteen hundred men, composed of British, Canadians, Tories, and Indians. Col. Gansevort, who, with six hundred men occupied the post, on being summoned to surrender, replied, with the heroism of an ancient Roman, that he would defend it to the last. Meantime Gen. Herkimer, on the approach of the British, hastened to raise the militia of the county of Tryon and fly to the succor of Gansevort; but marching without sufficient circumspection, he fell into an ambuscade of British and savages, and was defeated, with the loss of his own life and of four hundred of his men. The victory of the Indians was accompanied by all the horrors of their mode of warfare: they slaughtered the suppliant and the resisting alike, and after the battle even butchered the prisoners taken by their English allies. The tradition of that terrible day still survives in the valley of the Mohawk, and the listener shudders as he hears the tale.

The whole of Herkimer's force would have fallen but for a diversion in his favor by the garrison, a party of whom made a bold sortie on the British camp, which they rifled, and then returned to the fort. The British, however, avenged themselves by resuming the siege with greater vigor than before. In this emergency Colonel Willet left the fort at dead of night, passed stealthily through the enemy's camp, and traversing pathless woods and unexplored morasses for the space of fifty miles, reached the confines of civilization, and raised the country to the relief of the leagured place. In

this emergency Arnold was despatched to Fort Schuyler. On his approach the Indians began to be alarmed, and their terror being heightened by a report that Schuyler had totally defeated Burgoyne, they resolved to abandon St. Leger, and return to their own country. In vain the British commander besought them to stay: they were immoveable; and in consequence, on the 22nd of August, St. Leger found himself forced to raise the siege. He retired with great precipitancy, leaving his tents, artillery and baggage in the hands of the garrison. Arnold, having succeeded in his purpose, returned to Camp; while St. Leger retired in confusion to Montreal, whence he soon set forth to Ticonderoga to unite himself with Burgoyne.

Thus one part of this well digested plan of invasion had already failed: a combination of circumstances was insidiously preparing the ruin of the other. Prominent among these was the want of provisions for Burgoyne's army, to which we have already alluded. This difficulty increased, instead of diminishing, as days and weeks progressed. The failure of his effort to relieve himself by the capture of the stores at Bennington, threw a momentarily increasing cloud of despondency around his hopes. He began, for the first time, to appreciate the difficulty of his enterprise. Instead of finding himself among a friendly, or even indifferent population, he discovered that every step he took only led him further into the heart of a hostile community, from which he could draw neither encouragement nor sustenance, and where every man he met was irreconcilably his foe. In such a country the capture of its forts was of little real benefit to the victor. He conquered only what he held. Though the country people every where fled before him, yet, as fast as he advanced they closed behind his track, like a returning tide. Thus hemmed in, with an armed enemy in front, and a hostile population gathering in his rear, Burgoyne knew scarcely which way to turn: his stout heart failed, his boastful confidence began to desert him, and foreboding shadows of the future already haunted his sleep, and deprived him, during the day, of his habitual cheerfulness.

To add to the peril of his situation, the communications with his rear were now threatened. General Lincoln, having received a force of two thousand militia, instead of advancing directly to the succor of the American army, conceived the more effective plan of attacking Fort Ticonderoga and the other posts in Burgoyne's rear. His enterprise was successful in every thing except the capture of the two fortresses of Independence and Ticonderoga. Mount Defiance, Mount Hope, two hundred batteaux, several gun boats, an armed

BURGOYNE'S ENCAMPMENT ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON.

sloop, and two hundred and ninety prisoners were the fruits of this happy thought. Besides this, one hundred American prisoners were set at liberty. In this manner mesh after mesh of the net destined to enclose Burgoyne, was drawn around the unhappy English General.

At last he resolved to cross the Hudson and bring his enemy to battle, when, in case of a victory, the road to Albany would lie open, and supplies be more easy to be obtained. We cannot avoid regarding this as a military blunder. By advancing along the eastern shore of the Hudson, Burgoyne would have kept that river between him and the Americans, or, in case they attempted to cross it, he could have utterly routed them in the endeavor. By crossing to the western bank he lost these advantages. But his fate was upon him. An inevitable destiny led him forward. Accordingly, towards the middle of September, he threw a bridge of boats over the Hudson, and passing his army across, encamped on the heights of Saratoga, the Americans being at Stillwater, about three miles below.

In the approaching trial of strength between the two armies, the Americans were as confident as the British were dispirited: in this respect the two sides had changed situations since the battle of Bennington. Every day saw new accessions of strength to the Americans, for the harvest being ended, the militia began to pour into camp: and to add to the popular enthusiasm, General Gates had just been appointed to succeed General Schuyler, and his name alone, especially with the New England soldiers, was considered a sure presage of success. Gates arrived in camp on the 21st of August. Though Schuyler felt keenly his own removal, and complained of it eloquently in his letters to Washington, he still had too much patriotism to suffer it to cool his ardor, but nobly seconded his more fortunate rival with all his powers.

On the 19th of September, Burgoyne advanced to offer battle to the Americans. His right wing, commanded by himself, rested on the high grounds that rise from the river; the left wing, under Generals Phillips and Reidesel, occupied the great road and meadows by the river side. The American army drew up in the same order from the river to the hills, Gates taking command of the right, and giving the left to Arnold. Between the two armies, and in front of the British right, Burgoyne had thrown forward his Indians. Colonel Morgan, with the American light horse, supported by the American light infantry, charged the savages, who fell back, but being supported, they rallied, and with hideous yells drove Morgan back to his original position. Burgoyne now extended his right wing, in order to overlap Arnold, and reach that General's flank and rear. But by one of those coincidences which sometimes happen amid the turmoil and smoke of battle, Arnold, at this very moment was engaged in a like manœuvre against Burgoyne. The intervening woods hid the hostile troops from sight, until they came suddenly on each other at a turn in the road. Surprise for a moment checked both parties, when, the charge sounded, and they rushed madly on each other. The Americans, after a desperate conflict gave ground. Arnold, finding the right flank of the enemy too strong for him, now made a rapid movement, and threw himself on the left flank of the same wing. His onset was terrible. The British line wavered before it. Encouraging his men with voice and example, he raged in their front, the hero of the day. His intention was to pierce the enemy's line, and cut off the right wing from the rest of the British army. To prevent this, successive reinforcements were poured on the threatened point; but in vain: Gates hurried up new regiments to back Arnold; and the whole interest of the struggle was concen-

trated in this one place, where victory seemed about to declare for the Americans. For four hours the contest raged with unexampled fury. At last, night put an end to the combat. The royalists slept on their arms on the field of battle; their opponents fell back. Both parties claimed the victory, the English, for having kept possession of the scene of strife, the Americans, for having checked the advance of the foe. All the moral results of a victory pertained to the latter however, and to them, therefore, we must award it. The army of Gates lost three hundred and thirteen in killed and wounded; that of Burgoyne, at least six hundred, some writers say a thousand. Immediately after this battle, the Indian allies of Burgoyne, becoming dissatisfied, abandoned him, and their example was followed by most of the Canadians and Tories.

The day after the battle of Stillwater, the English General advanced, and took a position within cannon shot of Gates. Both armies now occupied themselves in fortifying their respective camps. On the 21st of September, two days after the battle, Burgoyne received a letter from General Clinton, dated on the 10th, stating that he intended ascending the Hudson, and attacking Fort Montgomery, but that he could do no more. Burgoyne had hoped that Clinton would advance to Albany, and could not conceal his despondency on receipt of this news. He instantly despatched emissaries to his brother General, with a full account of his difficulties, urging a speedy execution of the proposed diversion, and saying that he had provisions with which to hold out until the 12th of October. He waited until the 7th of October for a reply, but received none. Had prudence, indeed, controlled him, he would have retreated immediately after receiving Clinton's letter; but hope lured him on, while he shrank from the disgrace of a retrograde movement. Thus was he hurried forward to his melancholy destiny.

Not hearing from Clinton, Burgoyne resolved to attack the American left, hoping to force a passage, which might be made available either for an advance or retreat, as circumstances should afterwards recommend. The battle that ensued is known in popular language as the battle of Behmus Heights. At the head of fifteen hundred men, led by himself in person, Burgoyne advanced to execute his movement; but Gates instantly penetrating his design, despatched a strong corps to cut him off from the main army. The American detachment soon became engaged with the left of Burgoyne's, the contest extending along to the right. Gates now attempted to throw a body of troops into the enemy's rear, so as to prevent his

retreat to camp. Burgoyne perceiving this, sent his light infantry to form a second line, and cover him as he fell back. He then began a retrograde movement. Arnold, with three regiments, instantly gave pursuit. A terrible trial of skill and strength now ensued: the English struggling to reach their entrenchments, the Americans to cut them off. Arnold was never greater than on that day. Galloping fiercely to and fro, between his own troops and those of the enemy, he stimulated them, by his voice, and by his heroic courage, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. For a while, Burgoyne regarded the day as lost. General Frazer, his friend and counsellor, had fallen mortally wounded, while endeavoring to check the onset of Arnold. The entrenchments were still at some distance: the Americans threatened to reach them first. At last, Burgoyne abandoned his artillery, and leaving a frightful array of killed and wounded, shewing the path by which he had retreated, made a last, and successful effort to gain the desired entrenchments. But even here he was not safe. Arnold still thundered in pursuit. The American General, fired with the resistless fury and courage of another Achilles, came raging to the front of the lines, and without pause, and amid a tempest of grape drifting into his face, dashed up to the assault Everything yielded before him. He had almost carried the works by storm, when a shot struck him in the leg, and he was forced to retire from the field. His men, however, still possessed with the fury to which he had excited them, continued the attack. Night at last fell, and checked the sanguinary struggle.

In another quarter the enemy was even more unfortunate. While Arnold had been driving the British in terror and haste before him, Colonel Brooks, with a corps of Americans, had turned the extreme right of Burgoyne's encampment, and carried the works there by storm, notwithstanding a desperate resistance made by Colonel Breyman, who occupied them with the German reserve. Breyman, himself, was mortally wounded. The tents, artillery, and baggage fell into the hands of the Americans, who established themselves in the entrenchment, and there spent the night. And as the guards went their rounds in their new possession, they saw, near at hand, the dark shadows of the English host, and eagerly longed for the dawn to renew the fray.

But Burgoyne feared to tempt fortune again. He had suffered terribly, and lost immense stores. His troops were disheartened. His position was no longer tenable. Accordingly, in the night, he changed his ground to the heights in his rear. In this strong post Gates refused to attack him, for he now thought himself certain to

reduce his enemy by starvation: he accordingly confined himself on the 8th to a distant cannonade, which the enemy warmly returned. It was during this fire, that General Lincoln was wounded in the leg. Several skirmishes took place in the course of the day. Towards evening, the British proceeded, with melancholy hearts, to the obsequies of General Frazer. With slow steps and sad countenances, his late associates followed him to the grave: their regret for the deceased being combined with anxious solicitude for their own

BURGOYNE'S RETREAT TO SARATOGA.

future. To add to the terrors of the scene, the American batteries, during the whole evening, filled the darkness with their blaze and roar; while at every moment the balls fell around, and spattered earth in the faces of the chaplain and spectators.

Gates now made preparations for throwing a strong corps into Burgoyne's rear. The latter, perceiving this, abandoned his hospital to the mercy of the victor, and retreated to Saratoga, nine miles distant, where he arrived on the 10th. A drenching rain pursued him nearly the whole way. Gloom and despondency, from this hour,

made a prey of the British army. The men had lost all confidence in themselves: they were half-starved, wet through, wounded and sore. Their leaders saw no gleam of hope, and met each other with melancholy looks. There was no word of Clinton. The Americans already had seized the fords in the rear, so that escape was impossible. The net had been drawn closer and closer, until now the victim scarcely found room to turn; every avenue blocked up, every hope of succor gone, Burgoyne was a subject of pity, rather than of hate. With secret tears, his proud soul saw all his visions of glory vanished; and no resource left but a step only less bitter than death itself. This was a surrender, now inevitable. Accordingly, on the 13th, a communication was opened with Gates, and on the 16th, terms of capitulation were signed. The English, to the number of nearly six thousand, surrendered themselves prisoners of war. By the stipulations of the articles the British were to march out of their encampment with the honors of war: to stack their arms by command of their own officers, who were to retain their side-arms: the men not to serve against the United States until exchanged, though to be permitted to embark for England or Germany.

These were more favorable terms than would have been granted, had not Gates heard of the advance of Clinton to Fort Montgomery, and the fall of that place, which had taken place a few days before. In fact, the British General had reduced all the forts on the lower Hudson, and was now opening the way to Albany: but on hearing of Burgoyne's surrender, he retired again to New York. Thus ended the expedition from Canada, on which the British ministry had placed such reliance. On the day of the capitulation, the American army numbered fifteen thousand men, of whom nearly ten thousand were regulars: the English five thousand, seven hundred and ninety-one, the remains of the splendid army of nine thousand, with which Burgoyne had left Ticonderoga. Even of these, but three thousand five hundred, were capable fighting men.

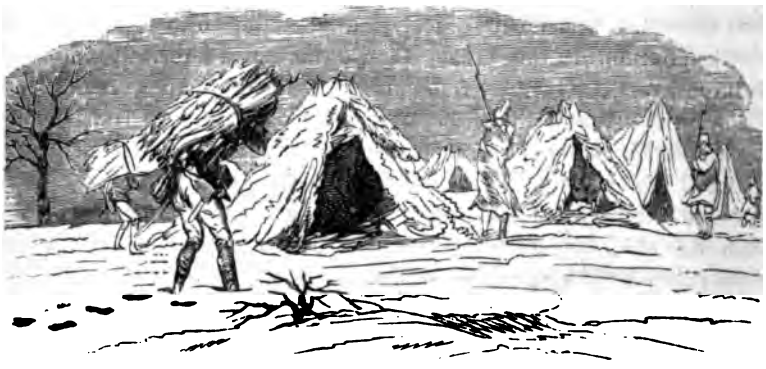
The fall of Burgoyne was received with a burst of enthusiastic applause from one end of the confederacy to the other. The popular mind, overlooking the true causes of his defeat, attributed all to the genius and courage of Gates, who was immediately lauded as the first of living Generals. No reward was considered too great for him. Congress voted him immediately a gold medal. Gates suffered himself to be carried away by this extravagant popularity. Of unequal mind, he became too exhilirated by success, as in defeat he was too depressed: he began now to form the loftiest ideas of his own

capacity and merits, grew over-confident, trusted too much to the terror of his name, and despising prudence and foresight, brought on himself at no distant day, defeat, humiliation and ruin.

With far different sentiments was the news of Burgoyne's defeat received in England. Consternation seized even the warmest advocates of the war; all foresaw that France would now ally herself to the colonies. The middle ranks, heretofore almost unanimous in support of the ministers, became alarmed at the prospect of a protracted war and an increase of taxes. The minister himself saw that the cause was virtually lost, and hastening to the king tendered his resignation. In that crisis, George the Third had it in his power to have averted the further horrors of war, the increase of his people's burdens, and the execrations with which impartial history must load his name. But instead of listening to the remonstrances of Lord North, he laid his commands on that nobleman to remain in office and prosecute the war. Never was a more obstinate man than the then sovereign of Great Britain: never one possessing higher notions of kingly prerogative, or more at heart a tyrant. The minister to his own disgrace, consented. For a period of four more years, blood and havoc devastated America; of all which the awful responsibility rests on the head of the monarch. Is it going too far to assert that in the miseries of his future life: in the ingratitude of his heir, in the commotions arising from the French revolution, and in his own subsequent blindness and insanity, a retributive Providence worked out, in part, his punishment?

The close of the year 1777, found the British army comfortably quartered in Philadelphia, while the Americans lay at Valley Forge enduring every inclemency of the season. To this latter place Washington had retired from White Marsh, his troops frequently tracking the ground with blood from their bare feet. At Valley Forge they constructed rude log huts, in which they braved one of the most icy winters on record; sleeping usually without beds, blankets, or even straw. But few of the men had a whole garment: half a shirt was more frequent than a whole one: overcoats were almost entirely wanting. To add to their sufferings provisions became scarce. The neighboring farmers, attracted by the gold given in exchange for their products by the British, while the Americans had nothing to offer but continental money, constantly depreciating in price, flocked to Philadelphia; and the army at Valley Forge might have starved but for the energy of Washington, who, exercising the dictatorial powers conferred on him by Congress, seized the necessary provisions by force, and continued thus to supply his camp until, through

the exertions of the commissary department, succors were brought from Connecticut and other places at a distance. The horrors of the winter were increased by a contagious fever, which, arising originally from scarcity of food and clothing, broke out in the camp and daily swept numbers to the grave. It is computed that of seventeen thousand men, the numerical force of the army, there were at no time during this awful winter, more than five thousand fit for duty.



ENCAMPMENT AT VALLEY FORGE.

So alarming a condition of things, if known to its full extent by Howe, would infallibly have brought him out from his quarters at Philadelphia to attack Washington. But the latter, by keeping parties actively employed in harassing the outposts of the British, and by circulating exaggerated stories of his strength, continued to alarm the prudence of the English commander and ensure repose for his own harassed troops.

But Washington had not only to combat distress in camp, and keep a wary eye on a powerful foe without: domestic intrigue in his own army, and even in his military family, was busying herself to ruin him in the estimation of the people. From the beginning of the war there had been a party in Congress, chiefly New Englanders, who viewed with jealousy the elevation of a Virginian to the supreme command; and to these were now added a knot of discontented military spirits, who complained loudly of what they called the criminal inactivity of Washington, and, under the guise of seeking to advance the interests of the country by the substitution of a more able chief, intrigued in reality to advance themselves. Among the most prominent of these men were Generals Conway

and Mifflin, the former a foreigner, the latter a Pennsylvanian. Gates was the person they aimed to place in the office of commander in chief. The latter was secretly a friend to the intrigue; and hoped that his late victory would smooth the road to his elevation. Among other base plots of this faction, was one intended to separate La Fayette from Washington; and for this purpose they procured Congress to project, without consulting the General, another expedition against Canada, the command of which was to be given to the Marquis. The plot failed, however, and the enterprise was abandoned. The machinations of these bad spirits coming to light, the popular voice broke out into such loud expressions of indignation, and the esteem of Washington among the best citizens, was found so much to exceed their belief, that the conspirators abandoned their scheme in chagrin. Happy for the cause of independence was this failure, as the subsequent incompetency of Gates proved. There is no part of Washington's career which exhibits his character in a nobler aspect than his manly and high minded conduct during this crisis: though conscious of the injustice of Congress, he was too elevated in soul to allow irritation or anger to affect his conduct; but serene and high, he bore himself above the petty weaknesses of our frail human nature, continuing in all things to exercise his duties as if nothing base or ungrateful had been plotted against him.

On the contrary, it was during this very period, that he exposed himself to the animadversions of Congress, by beseiging their doors with letters and remonstrances in favor of awarding half pay for life to the officers who should serve during the war. He was actuated to this course by a sincere conviction of its justice. Many of the best officers had no income but their pay, and as this was received in depreciated continental bills, they did not enjoy enough to support themselves, much less their absent families. Civilians, in the meantime, were making a comfortable subsistence in comparative ease. These considerations induced many to resign, the best and ablest being invariably the first disgusted. The evil threatened to disband the army. In this emergency Washington recommended the system of half pay for life, as a premium on continuing in the army to the end of the contest. This advice, though at first received with coldness, was finally adopted in part, and half pay for seven years was voted to the officers, to count from the close of the war.

The spring of 1778 opened with the resignation of Howe, and his return to England, where, in consequence of current rumors against his incapacity, he demanded an enquiry into his conduct in Parliament. The investigation ended in nothing. Howe's chief

complaint against the ministry was that they refused to comply with his requisitions for troops, but persisted in the error, which he early warned them against, of believing that large numbers of loyalists could be recruited in America. The truth was, that ignorance, obstinacy and incapacity were, throughout this whole conflict, characteristics of the English Cabinet. Howe was right in his strictures: he never had enough men for his purposes. That he was not a great military genius; that he frequently erred on the side of prudence; are facts not to be denied. But the opinion of his merits rises when we consider that he effected more than any of his successors. In reality, America, from the stubbornness of the patriots, and the impracticable character of the country, was unconquerable: it was not in human intellect to overcome her: hence the failures of the English Generals, and hence, too, the recriminations between the ministry and the disgusted leaders.

On the 6th of February, 1778, treaties of amity and commerce, and of alliance with the United States, were entered into by the king of France. This event, long procrastinated, had been determined finally by the capture of Burgoyne. Hitherto France had held back, secretly aiding the Americans, but refusing openly to espouse their cause: her wish being to strengthen herself for a war if it should occur, and to avoid one unless a compromise between England and her colonies became impossible. On the 2nd of May Silas Deane arrived in Philadelphia with copies of the treaties. Congress immediately ratified them, amid the universal joy of the country. In the treaty of alliance it was declared that if war should break out between England and France, during the continuance of the one now existing with the United States, it should be made common cause: and that neither of the contracting parties should conclude either truce or peace with great Britain, without the formal consent of the other. Moreover, they mutually engaged not to lay down their arms, until the independence of the United States should have been formally, or tacitly, assured, by the treaty or treaties that should terminate the war. A separate and secret article reserved to the King of Spain the right to become a party to the treaty of amity and commerce, and to that of alliance, at such time as he should think proper.

Not, however, to abandon all hope of accommodation, or rather as a blind to the country members, Lord North proposed in Parliament new terms of conciliation with America. He moved a resolution that in future England would abandon the right to lay any tax or duty on the colonies, except such as was beneficial to commerce,

SIGNING THE TREATY OF ALLIANCE AT PARIS.

and it only to be collected under the authority of the respective provinces, and for their use and advantage. Five commissioners were appointed to treat with the colonies, with powers to suspend all laws passed since the 10th of February, 1763, and to grant armistices and pardons. The departure of these commissioners was hastened in consequence of the alliance with France. They arrived in America late in the spring, and immediately began to circulate copies of the conditions of compromise. Congress answered these papers by a report, which was ordered to be published with them. In this report the people were warned against this new and insidious attempt of England to destroy that union by which alone the liberties of America could be achieved. A resolution of Congress was appended, declaring that the withdrawal of the British forces, or the acknowledgment of the independence of the states, were indispensable preliminaries to any treaty. This report and resolution were received with general applause. The alliance with France had convinced the most timid that success must eventually crown the efforts of the confederation. The loyalists began to waver: some

even came forward and took the oaths to the new government. The storm was already breaking away: the clouds rolled westward: and through the broken gaps, which momentarily increased, gleamed in the distance the star of peace.

The French, almost immediately after entering into their treaty of alliance, resolved to send a fleet to America; and accordingly, on the 13th of April, the Count d'Estaing, with a large squadron, departed from France. The English ministry suspecting such a movement, and fearing that the French might embarrass Clinton by obtaining command of the Delaware, sent out instructions to him to evacuate Philadelphia and fall back upon New York. In consequence, on the 18th of June, the royal General abandoned forever the capital whose possession had cost so much blood. Expecting to find the population of New Jersey hostile, he took with him sufficient provisions for the whole retreat: this encumbered him with a long train of wagons, which rendered his progress necessarily slow. Washington, on receiving certain intelligence of this movement, broke up his camp at Valley Forge and began a pursuit. He was exceedingly anxious to attack the enemy, but his opinion in favor of a battle was over-ruled in a council of officers; Lee, who had just been exchanged for Prescott, taking a prominent lead in opposition, and contending that the want of discipline among the Americans rendered the experiment too hazardous. Washington, however, followed the enemy cautiously, holding the power to give or refuse battle, as he chose. At last, on the 27th of June, the British army encamped at Monmouth. The heights of Middletown were but a few miles distant, and if Clinton once reached there, it would be impossible to attack him. In this crisis Washington resolved to give battle, notwithstanding the adverse opinion of his officers.

The advanced division of the Americans had been confided to La Fayette, Lee having refused it; but subsequently he changed his mind, and desired the command, which was generously yielded to him. Washington, on the evening of the 27th, gave him orders to attack the enemy on the ensuing day, unless there were powerful reasons to the contrary. Accordingly, on the 28th, Lee put his columns into motion to obey this command. The van of the British, led by Knyphausen, had started at day-break, but Clinton, with the rear, remained until eight o'clock on the heights where they had encamped the preceding night. In the meantime, Knyphausen had advanced some miles, and Clinton could just see his dark columns in the distance, the intermediate space being occupied by long trains of wagons toiling through the sandy plains. Clouds of dust hung over

the prospect, for the day was already intolerably hot, with scarcely the slightest breeze stirring. The design of Washington was to let Lee assail Clinton in the rear, while Morgan and Dickenson should attack his right and left flanks, in the hope to cut him off from his baggage. But Clinton, penetrating this design, resolved to face on Lee, and make so vigorous an assault, that it would be necessary for the Americans to recall Morgan and Dickenson. The plan was well conceived, and executed with boldness. Wheeling on Lee, the British General advanced impetuously to the charge, his artillery and dragoons moving gallantly before him. Lee little expected to find Clinton so ready for the combat, or in such force; nevertheless, he began to form his line in order to receive the enemy. But at this moment, through a mistake, one of his subordinates, fell back with a portion of the troops, across a morass in their rear; and Lee, already doubtful whether it was prudent to engage, suffered this incident to decide him, and began a retreat. His way lay along a valley, about three miles long and one wide, broken by woods, hillocks, and patches of swampy ground. He had already retired some distance, the British pursuing with animation, and yet he saw no position where he thought it advisable to make a stand. In fact, having been opposed to a battle from the first, he scarcely regretted that events had happened to justify his opinion. He still, therefore, continued retreating.

Washington, however, was in a situation exactly the reverse. He had recommended a battle: he had even brought one on against the opinions of his officers. His good name, in a measure, depended on success. Yet he had arranged his plans so skilfully, that he scarcely entertained a doubt of victory. On the first sound of firing, he hastened forward, at the head of the rear-guard, so eager to join the fray that he directed the soldiers to cast away their knapsacks. Suddenly, a horseman, covered with dust, his animal white with foam, dashed up, and announced that Lee was in full retreat. Astonishment and indignation flashed across Washington's countenance: for a moment, perhaps, he suspected treachery: plunging his spurs into his horse's sides, he galloped furiously forward. It was not long before he met Lee. Addressing that officer with anger, he demanded the cause of the flight. But instantly reflecting that the occasion was one for action, not for words, he proceeded to use his voice and example to check the retreat. It was necessary, first of all, to arrest the impetuous career of the British, and for this purpose, two battalions were placed on the left, behind a clump of woods, to receive the first shock of the enemy. Washington, after this, directing Lee

to make good his position at all hazards, hurried back to bring up the rear-guard. Lee, stung by the reproaches of the General, now made the most desperate efforts to rally his troops. He succeeded in part. For a while the English were checked. But the splendid grenadiers of Cornwallis, inflamed at this unexpected rebuff, now advanced to the charge, their polished muskets gleaming out, at broken intervals, through the dust and smoke of that sultry battle-field, like lightning playing in a thunder-cloud. Their loud huzzas rent the air as they charged at quick pace: and the Americans, overpowered, once more began to retreat.

The contest had now raged along an extent of three miles or more. The day had progressed to noon, and the air was hot and suffocating. Many of the men in both armies, had fallen dead from the heat. It was the Sabbath day, and all nature was quiet. The leaves hung motionless on the trees; no laborers disturbed the fields with rural sounds: far away, along the line of the hills, the atmosphere seemed to boil in the sun's vertical rays. Yet Washington, haunted by the thought of impending disaster, saw nothing of these things; all was uproar and tumult in his soul, as on the battle-field; strange contrast with the peacefulness of nature! Riding at the head, he hurried the rear-guard forward with impetuous haste, and speedily met Lee, now unavoidably retreating. Instantly room was made for the fugitives to pass to the rear, while the fresh troops were brought promptly and skilfully into action. One detachment was placed in a neighboring wood; another, on a hill to the left; and the remaining, and largest, in the centre, boldly facing the enemy. Lord Stirling, with a battery of guns, was sent to support the first, on the hill to the left. These dispositions had scarcely been made, before Greene arrived at the scene. He enjoyed the command of the right wing on that day, and had at first advanced considerably, but on hearing of Lee's retreat, had thought it prudent to fall back. Coming up opportunely at this crisis, he took a strong position on an elevation to Lord Stirling's right, and having with him Knox's battery of artillery, he speedily unlimbered the guns, and began to open with vigor and accuracy on the foe. Lord Stirling's pieces seconded him from the other part of the field: and soon the ground shook with incessant explosions.

The British had been checked in front by the very first of these dispositions. But, unwilling to yield the victory, they changed their point of attack, and attempted to turn the left flank of the Americans: repulsed here, they wheeled like a lion baffled in the ring, and essayed to surround the right of the foe; but this was the period of

SIR HENRY CLINTON.

time when Knox had just planted his battery, and the well served pieces opened whole lanes through the masses of the foe. The dust and smoke combined, at this point of the strife, for a moment concealed the enemy from the Americans. All at once the canopy lifted and the British were beheld falling back. Washington saw it: his heart thrilled with anticipated victory: the moment had come when a vigorous stroke would turn the scales of battle. He ordered up Wayne, with his tried veterans, to charge the confused ranks of the enemy. Launching his infantry like a thunderbolt on the foe, that headlong officer carried dismay and terror every where before him. The story of the battle was reversed. The British were in full retreat

Clinton, however, still desperately disputing the fray, rallied his men on the same ground where Lee had made his first halt. Here his flanks were covered by woods and deep morasses: while his front was defended by a ravine, crossed only by a single narrow pass. Washington followed him up, and the action began anew. But the day had been consumed in this succession of terrible struggles, and night now approaching, the firing on both sides gradually ceased. In fact, the troops of either army were completely exhausted. At the welcome order to desist, the men flung themselves on the ground panting for breath, or eagerly sought water to allay their burning thirst. The night continued intensely hot. Scarcely a breath of air arose to cool the fevered Americans, and for hours they tossed on the ground courting sleep in vain. Slowly the dust settled once more on the plain. The moon, now in her fourth quarter, soon set, and for a while there was comparative darkness. Then the stars came out on a sky, again blue and unshrouded; the dew, beginning to fall, rendered the atmosphere more refreshing; and the soldiers, worn out by excitement, finally sunk one by one to slumber, Washington reposing in their midst, extended on the uncovered ground.

Thus ended the most memorable battle of the revolution. It was fought within a few days of the summer solstice, and with the thermometer at ninety; the only strife of a like character recorded in history. Its result was a virtual defeat of Clinton. At the first, victory had inclined decidedly for the British; but the skill and resolution of Washington changed the fortunes of the day. The Americans, in this battle, lost sixty-nine killed, and one hundred and forty wounded: the British had nearly three hundred killed, besides an equal number wounded. But their principal diminution of numbers occurred after the battle, when hundreds deserted to settle peaceably among the people they had come to conquer.

On the morning succeeding the strife, Washington had resolved to renew the battle, but Clinton silently decamped in the night and gained the heights of Middletown. The American General thought nothing was to be gained now by a pursuit, and accordingly the English embarked in safety at Sandy Hook. On the 1st of July, Washington advanced to the Hudson, and took up a favorable position to watch the enemy now in force in New York.

General Lee, of an irascible and revengeful mind, could ill-brook the expressions Washington had used towards him during the battle. He brooded over what he thought his injuries, and finally wrote

two improper letters to his superior. The consequence was a court martial, which suspended him for one year.

The remaining events of 1778, may be told in a few words. The Count d'Estaing arrived off Virginia early in July, when, being informed that Lord Howe had left the Delaware, he pursued that officer to New York. Here, however, he could not get his ships over the bar, owing to the want of water. He now, at Washington's suggestion, proceeded to Rhode Island, to unite with General Sullivan in the reduction of the British army, six thousand strong, which was stationed at Newport. Sullivan was at the head of a force of ten thousand men, chiefly militia, and was exceedingly anxious to succeed in the enterprise, for though a laborious, he had been an unfortunate officer, and he now fancied he had a chance to achieve something brilliant at last. The 9th of August was selected for a combined attack on the British lines. But on that day, Howe appearing off the harbor, d'Estaing put to sea to give him chase. Sullivan waited in vain for his ally's return until the 14th, when he laid siege alone to Newport. On the 19th d'Estaing made his appearance, in a shattered condition, the two fleets having been separated by a storm. He refused to assist further in the siege, and announced his design of going to Boston to re-fit. In vain La Fayette and Greene besought him to remain. He replied, that he was controlled by orders from home. He set sail on the 22nd. Sullivan now found himself forced to abandon the siege, which he did in mortification, anger, and despair. He was pursued by the British, who met a repulse: after which he was suffered to retire unmolested. He still, however, kept possession of the north end of the island. But, receiving intelligence from Washington that Lord Howe had sailed from New York with a large body of troops, intended to cut off his retreat, he abandoned his works on the night of the 30th of September, and retired to the mainland. It was a fortunate movement, and not too early effected; for on the 31st, Clinton arrived with four thousand men.

During this summer, occurred those devastations and massacres on the western border which will be ever memorable for their horrors. The Indians, excited by the English, made simultaneous incursions on the defenceless settlements, along the whole line of frontier from the boundery of New York to the confines of Georgia. In the south, their successes were partial: but from Virginia they were repelled by Colonel George Rogers Clarke. Their most terrible blow, however, fell on the beautiful and peaceful valley of Wyoming, situated on the north branch of the Susquehannah, in the upper part

of Pennsylvania. A body of savages and tories, the latter said to be the most numerous, headed by Colonel Butler, a Connecticut loyalist, descended suddenly on this settlement in the beginning of July, and laid waste the district with fire and sword. Unheard of cruelties were perpetrated on the miserable inhabitants. The heart sickens in reading the horrible details of that massacre. Harmless women were scalped and left to die in lingering agonies: children were inhumanly put to death in sport: a fort was fired and its

RUINS OF WYOMING.

unhappy inmates burnt alive. Brothers refused brothers mercy, but murdered them while suppliant. It is computed that of a population of three thousand souls very few escaped. When the relatives of the hapless victims visited the valley with reinforcements, they found only desolate ruins where once had been smiling houses, while for miles, before reaching the fort, the road was strewn with bleached and mouldering human bones.

For this horrible massacre a terrible retribution was taken the succeeding year. An expedition, commanded by General Sullivan, proceeded up the Susquehannah, in the summer of 1779, as far as Wyoming, where it was joined by General James Clinton, from the Mohawk, with further reinforcements. The two Generals advanced up the Susquehannah, penetrating the territory of the Six Nations, until they reached a village called Newtown. Here the Indians had made a stand, assisted by some loyalists. Their position was defended by palisades and a rude redoubt, but the Americans charged with such fury, that the savages, after two hours fighting, fled on all sides. No further resistance was made by the Indians,

who, abandoning their corn-fields and villages, hid themselves in inaccessible swamps, or retreated to the frontiers of Canada. Sullivan's orders were to lay waste their country with fire and sword, which he proceeded to do. Forty villages, and one hundred and sixty thousand bushels of corn were destroyed: the whole of that fertile district, with its orchards and farm-houses, was reduced to a smoking ruin: and the savages, late its possessors, and who had there gathered around themselves all the appliances of civilization, were driven forth outcasts, to herd again with wild beasts, and to perish of want, exposure, and disease, during the ensuing winter. Thus do the miseries and cruelties of war re-produce themselves.

During the year 1779, the same in which this terrible retaliation occurred, the armies of Washington and Clinton, though watching each other closely, engaged in no enterprise of magnitude. On the side of the American General, this apparent indolence was the result of the comparatively small force under his command, for the terms of a large portion of his troops were expiring, and enlistments progressed slowly. He was especially unwilling to hazard the loss of a battle with his insufficient forces, because he considered the cause gained already, unless, by his receiving some severe check, the drooping spirits of the enemy should be raised. On the side of Sir Henry Clinton, this inactivity was in part the result of a want of reinforcements, in part the remembrance of Monmouth, and in part a consequence of a design then forming to operate in the southern colonies.

Meantime, however, the British General set on foot several predatory excursions, the principal of which was directed against the exposed coast of Connecticut. The command of this enterprise was bestowed on the notorious Governor Tryon. He took with him twenty-six hundred troops, and was absent about ten days, during which period he plundered and burnt East Haven, Fairfield, and Norwalk: and New Haven, which he pillaged, would also have been given to the flames, but for the gallantry of a party of students, headed by Captain James Fairfield. Another expedition was despatched against Porstmouth, in Virginia. That town was plundered, and partially destroyed, as well as Suffolk, Kemp's Landing, Gosport, and other places in the vicinity. About one hundred and fifty American vessels fell into the hands of the British, during the fortnight's stay made by their fleet on the coast. After being absent less than a month, this Vandal expedition returned to New York.

Early in the spring the Americans had busied themselves with fortifying Stony Point and Verplank's Hill, commanding King's

Ferry, on the Hudson. The English resolved to attempt the seizure of these two posts, as in that case the Americans would have no way of communication between the middle and eastern colonies, unless by making a circuit of ninety miles up the Hudson. The enterprise was successful. Clinton now hastened to complete the works at both these places; and had, before the end of June, rendered them, as he hoped, impregnable. Washington, however, resolved to attempt their surprize. The delicate and perilous undertaking of storming Stony Point, the most difficult of the two, was entrusted to General Wayne. On the 15th of July, 1779, that officer, at the head of a detachment of picked veterans, cautiously approached the place, and, unperceived by the enemy, advanced to the assault about half-past eleven o'clock at night. The Americans marched in two columns, with fixed bayonets. The enemy soon discovered them through the gloom, and immediately opened a tremendous fire of musketry and grape; yet nothing could daunt the impetuosity of the assailants: opening their way with the bayonet, they scaled the works, and the two columns met in the centre of the fort. The fury of the defence is shewn by the fact, that out of the forlorn hope of twenty, seventeen fell. General Wayne himself was slightly wounded in the head at the beginning of the assault, but bravely continued to advance with his men. The English lost six hundred in killed and prisoners. The American loss was sixty-three killed, and forty wounded. The fortifications were now demolished, and the place abandoned. The attack meditated against Fort Verplanks, on the opposite side of the river, had not the same success, insurmountable obstacles having been encountered.

This campaign was also distinguished by the surprise of Pawles Hook. With less than five hundred men, Major Lee, on the 18th of July, took this post with the loss of but half a dozen men, killed and wounded. About thirty of the enemy were killed, besides one hundred and sixty-one taken prisoners. The post being near the main body of the enemy, was immediately abandoned: but the brilliant success of the enterprise exhilarated the spirit of the whole American army. About the same time, General Putnam, at the Horse Neck, in Connecticut, came near falling into the enemy's hands, and only succeeded in escaping by galloping his horse headlong down an almost precipitous descent of one hundred steps. In August of this year, an expedition, fitted out at Boston, to reduce the British post at Penobscot, failed in consequence of unnecessary delays, which afforded time for an English squadron to sail to the relief of the

post. Thus the year passed. No important enterprises were undertaken: no permanent advantages gained on either side.

We must now turn from the north, where comparative inactivity marked both armies, and devote ourselves for a while to the south, where war, revisiting that section of the country, in the summer of 1779, continued to rage there until the declaration of peace, with a violence and horror to which the north had been a stranger, and which gave to it, in the language of General Greene, the character of a strife between fiends rather than men.

GENERAL GREENE.

# BOOK IV.

## THE WAR IN THE SOUTH.

HE commissioners sent out with Lord Howe, in the spring of 1778, had continued in the country after Congress rejected their proposals, one of their number occupying himself in endeavors to seduce various prominent members of the patriot party. Governor Johnstone was the personage who made himself active in these overtures. He addressed letters to Robert Morris, to Joseph Reed, and to Francis Dana: and secretly offered, through a lady, a bribe of ten thousand pounds to General Reed. These intrigues coming to light, induced Congress to declare that it could

hold no correspondence with Johnstone, who made a sharp rejoinder, while his colleagues disclaimed all knowledge of any bribery and corruption, and bore testimony to his honesty and high mindedness. The conduct of Reed was one of the noblest instances of patriotism in our revolutionary history.

The winter spent at Valley Forge had not been without one good effect: it had tended materially to increase the discipline of the army. In May, 1778, the Baron Steuben, who had served with distinction under the great Frederick, was appointed Inspector General of the army, into which he speedily introduced the exact and perfect practice of the then celebrated Prussian discipline. The benefit of his instructions was perceptible even at so early a period as the battle of Monmouth, as may be seen by comparing the conduct of the soldiers there and at Long Island; but was more especially remarkable in the storming of Stony Point, where not a musket was discharged, but the bayonet did every thing, a feat worthy of the Prussian veterans themselves.

The British, after three active campaigns, now found themselves no further advanced than in the first. It had been remarked in Europe, on hearing of the battle of Bunker Hill, that the royal troops had conquered, on that day, only so much of America as was covered by the dead and dying. After the lapse of four years, they had done no more. At no period, not even in the disastrous autumn of 1776, had they reduced to submission more of the country than they occupied. As long as their armies were present in overwhelming force, the inhabitants were quiet through terror; but the instant the royal troops departed, the country rose in their rear. The temporary ascendancy of the loyalists, always in a minority, was cast down: the patriots once more assumed the reins of government; the disaffected were banished, imprisoned, or silenced by fines: and a traveller, ignorant of this sudden change, would have supposed that the colonists had never succumbed to the British, since the war first broke out.

From the conquest of such a people, the royal generals began to turn in despair. At first, they had attempted the reduction of New England. A year's experience had convinced them that this was impossible. Then they had essayed the middle states; this endeavor, also, after a more stubborn trial, they had virtually abandoned. The south, however, remained to them: and they resolved to make there a last effort. They were stimulated to this final enterprise by the servile character of a portion of her population, opening a door for domestic treason and warfare; by the fact that a larger com-

parative number of the free population were loyalists, than at the north; and by the richness of portions of the soil, which furnished large supplies to Washington, as well as to the French fleet in the West Indies. It was hoped that if the south was overrun and conquered, it could be retained for the King, even if it became necessary to acknowledge the independence of the middle and eastern provinces. The Carolinas and Georgia were too rich a prize to be lightly abandoned: the stake was worth playing for, at least. Moved by these considerations, the English Generals resolved to transfer the war to those provinces. A sufficient force was to be reserved at the north to keep Washington in check: the remainder was to be embarked for a new and more dazzling field of enterprise. Was it blind destiny, or an overruling Providence that lured them on?

As an experiment, Lieutenant Colonel Campbell had been despatched from New York, towards the close of the year 1778, with twenty-five hundred men, to invest Savannah: while at the same time, General Prevost, who commanded the British troops in the Floridas, was ordered to march with all his force, and invade Georgia from the south. Colonel Campbell appeared in the Savannah river on the 23rd of December, 1778; and six days after effected a landing, under cover of the fleet. General Robert Howe, of the American Army, had hastily collected a force of about nine hundred regulars and militia, and with these he took a strong position, surrounded, except in front, by the river, and by morasses. A negro, however, betrayed a secret pass in his rear to the enemy, and being attacked on both sides at once, Howe was defeated, though not until after a desperate resistance. Nearly two-thirds of his little force were either killed or made prisoners. The town, the fort, the shipping in the river, and all the provisions, fell into the hands of the British. With what remained of his little army, Howe retreated into South Carolina.

In the meantime, General Prevost had begun his march from East Florida, pursuant to the orders of General Clinton. After having conquered innumerable obstacles, he arrived at Fort Sunbury, which he proceeded to invest. The fort soon surrendered. About this time, Colonel Campbell, who had set out also to reduce the fort, came up, and the two English corps effected a junction with mutual felicitations. General Prevost now proceeded to Savannah, where he assumed the chief command. Shortly after, he sent a detachment to occupy Augusta. The loyalists in the upper part of South Carolina, animated by the appearance of the British at Augusta, collected, and began to march to join the royal standard,

having first chosen for their leader Colonel Boyd. Their route was everywhere marked by pillage and flame. They had already crossed the Savannah, and were near the British posts, when Colonel Pickens, with a party of Carolinians, in pursuit, came up with them. The tories were routed with great slaughter. In consequence, the English abandoned Augusta, and fell back to Savannah.

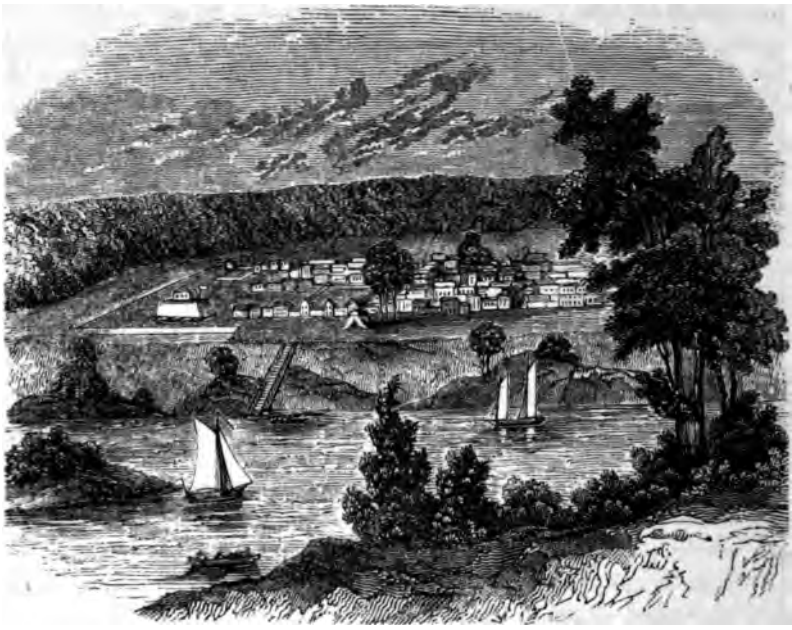
This retreat was the more advisable, because General Lincoln, whom congress had just appointed to the command of the southern army, had arrived in the vicinity of Augusta, and encamped at Black Swamp. He had been selected at the recommendation of the Carolinians, on the first intimation of Clinton's designs against the south. The people now rose and took arms with alacrity to second him. He soon found himself at the head of about twenty-five hundred men. Sixteen hundred of these he despatched to the upper country, under the command of General Ashe. Prevost, gaining intelligence of this separation, resolved to attempt the destruction of the weaker corps, and accordingly, by a forced march, he came up with General Ashe, at the head of nine hundred regulars, and speedily defeated that officer. Most of those who escaped, disbanded, so that but four hundred, out of the whole detachment, returned to Lincoln. This affair, in which the militia behaved shamefully, has been called the rout of Briar Creek. It occurred on the 3rd of March, 1779.

Lincoln and Prevost, after this, remained watching each other until the beginning of May, when Lincoln, in order to overawe the loyalists in the upper country, advanced towards Augusta. Instantly Prevost formed the design of carrying the war into the heart of Carolina. He accordingly crossed the Savannah, and began to forage extensively, General Moultrie, whom Lincoln had left to watch the British, retiring before him. Astonished at his own success, bolder views now broke upon him, and he conceived the daring project of capturing Charleston itself. In a few days, accordingly, after a forced march, he arrived within cannon-shot of that rich capital, which he instantly summoned to surrender. On this, all was consternation among the citizens: some were for an instant compliance, others wished to hold out against a storm. At last, amid these conflicting counsels, it was resolved to temporise for the present, trusting to the speedy arrival of Lincoln to raise the seige. This scheme succeeded. Prevost was still listening to discussions of the terms of the capitulation, when he received intelligence that Lincoln was approaching. It was now his own turn to be alarmed. He determined to retreat. This he effected by crossing to the

neighboring islands of St. John and St. James. A succession of like fertile islands, contiguous to each other, but separated from the main, stretch along the sea-coast from Charleston to Savannah, and by availing himself of these, Prevost extricated himself from a dilemma, into which it is almost impossible to tell whether he was led more by boldness, than by rashness. Lincoln made no attempt to assail the retiring British, except by attacking the pass at Stono Ferry; where, however, he met with a repulse. The royal army now retired to Savannah.

Thus, in a single campaign, had the British conquered the whole province of Georgia, besides devastating some of the richest parts of South Carolina and almost possessing themselves of its capital. It is true that the excesses committed by the royal troops, in the end inflamed the inhabitants against them; but, at present, nothing was seen, nothing was talked of, but the supremacy of the English. The British officers continually remarked on the ease of conquering the south, compared with the more stubborn north. Miserable delusion! But when Prevost wrote to Sir Henry Clinton that he had reduced the whole province of Georgia to abject submission, and that in Carolina he had destroyed innumerable splendid dwellings and freed four thousand negroes, the British General, inflamed by the magnitude of the prize and the comparative ease with which it might be appropriated, determined to follow up in earnest the conquest of that splendid section of the country. In the meanwhile, in order to divert the public mind, he despatched that ruthless expedition against Portsmouth, in Virginia, of which we have already given an account.

Before, however, Sir Henry Clinton could prepare to enter in person on a southern campaign, the Count d'Estaing arrived off Savannah, anxious to perform something showy and brilliant before he returned to Europe. We left him re-fitting at Boston in 1778. After he had laid in his stores there, he sailed for the West Indies, where he was occupied, with various success, for nearly a year. About the first of September, 1779, he made his appearance on the coast of Georgia. The news of his arrival caused a delirium of exultation at Charleston. Lincoln immediately marched for Savannah. D'Estaing now landed his troops, and on the 15th of September the allies appeared under the walls of the town. Prevost was summoned to surrender. He asked twenty-four hours delay, during which time he was joined by a reinforcement of eight hundred men. He now expressed his determination to defend himself to the last extremity. On this d'Estaing began the siege in form. The allies numbered nearly eight thousand; the British three thou-



SAVANNAH IN THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND, SEVEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-EIGHT.

sand. But the latter were defended by fortifications, which daily strengthened beneath their assiduous labors. At length, on the 3rd of October, the besiegers mounted their first battery, and for the five succeeding days the bombardment was maintained with extraordinary vigor: fifty-three heavy cannon and nine mortars shook the earth with constant explosions; carcasses were launched into the town, imparting flames wherever they struck; women and children were killed by the falling roofs, or what is worse, were miserably crippled. Yet still the garrison betrayed no signs of surrender. The few breaches in their works they repaired, defying their enemy gallantly to the last.

The season was now approaching when storms, so frequent and terrible in the autumn on that coast, rendered the situation of the French fleet extremely precarious. D'Estaing had been pursuaded, day after day, by the growing excitement of the siege, to postpone his departure; but now he declared that the safety of the fleet precluded a longer delay. Before abandoning the expedition, however, it was resolved to attempt the British works by assault: an enterprise in

which d'Estaing was sanguine of success, although no considerable breach had been yet opened. Accordingly, on the 9th, before day, the allies advanced to the storm in two columns, d'Estaing leading one, and Lincoln the other. It is said the English had received notice of the impending attack; and the assertion is rendered probable by the state of preparation in which they were found. For an hour the strife raged with terrific fury. A redoubt on the Ebenezer Road became the principal scene of the conflict. A French and an American standard were at last planted on the ramparts, but soon hurled down, with their brave defenders, by the soldiers in the place. In the end, the allies were forced to retreat, leaving, of the French, six hundred and thirty-seven, of the Americans, two hundred and forty-one, killed and wounded. In the height of the assault, Count Pulaski, charging at the head of his men, received a mortal wound, of which he died a few days after. The loss of the British, as they fought behind ramparts, was inconsiderable. On the 18th the siege was raised. Lincoln passed to the left bank of the Savannah, into South Carolina: d'Estaing embarked, and immediately left the coasts of America. Of this fatal affair, impartial history is forced to record that the assault either took place too soon, or was put off too long. Had it occurred before Prevost was reinforced it would probably have been successful: had it been delayed until the trenches were further advanced, and practicable breaches made, the fortress must have fallen. Thus ended d'Estaing's career in America. In all his enterprises undertaken in conjunction with his allies he was unfortunate, partly from his own rashness, partly because restricted by instructions from home: in consequence his name has been regarded here with peculiar unpopularity and disfavor. He effected little, yet was not wholly useless. His presence restrained the British and made them avoid hazardous enterprises. Owing to his expected return from the West Indies the royal troops were withdrawn from Rhode Island and concentrated at New York; while Clinton, from the same cause, postponed his long contemplated southern expedition, until d'Estaing had left America.

No sooner, however, did the British General receive certain intelligence of d'Estaing's departure, than he set sail from New York, with between seven and eight thousand men, under convoy of Admiral Arbuthnot, who had arrived some weeks before with reinforcements. The fleet was at first separated by a tempest, but the ships finally arrived in Georgia about the end of January, 1780. Thence the re-united forces proceeded towards Charleston, and on the 11th of February landed on St. John's Island, about thirty miles south of

that town. Proceeding with celerity, Clinton, by the end of March, was fully prepared for the siege. On the 21st, Admiral Arbuthnot, with the fleet, forced the passage defended by Fort Moultrie. On the 29th, Clinton crossed the Ashley, twelve miles above the town, and marching down, took post across the isthmus, a mile and a half distant behind the city. On the 1st of April ground was broken, and in a week afterwards batteries raised. On the 9th, Admiral Arbuthnot, taking advantage of a favorable wind, sailed up the harbor, and took a position within cannon shot of the town. Everything being now ready on the part of the British, and the city being hemmed effectually in, a summons was sent to Lincoln to surrender. That General answered with spirit that he was determined to defend himself to the last. On this the English opened their fire.

From the hour in which he had received the intimation of Clinton's approach, Lincoln had been busily engaged in putting Charleston in a state of defence. The old works were repaired: new fortifications erected. A chain of redoubts, lines and batteries was constructed, extending from the Ashley to the Cooper river, thus completely defending the peninsula on which Charleston stood. Eighty pieces of artillery guarded this line. On either side of the town, wherever a landing could be effected, batteries were erected, which bristled with cannon. On these various works six thousand slaves had been actively employed. Meantime, the Governor, Mr. Rutledge, seconded Lincoln with all the powers of civil government, increased in this emergency, by a vote of the Assembly, to those of a dictatorship. The inhabitants were called out *en masse*, and confiscation threatened to those who refused. Nevertheless, there was among many a disposition to hold back: already they feared that the colonists would prove the weaker; and, in consequence, the utmost exertions of the Governor and General could not raise the effective force of the garrison above six thousand. Of these, but two thousand, who were regulars, could be depended on. But there were strong hopes that reinforcements, which had been promised from North Carolina, would speedily arrive: indulging this expectation, Lincoln returned a defiance to the summons of Clinton. Had it been certain that no succor would reach him, the American General might have acted differently, and either made an honorable capitulation, or effected a retreat over the Cooper River, which as yet remained open to him.

In a few days, however, this outlet was also closed. A party of cavalry and militia, who virtually guarded it, were attacked and uttterly routed, at Monk's Corner. The English now swarmed

over the whole country on the side of Cooper River opposite Charleston; and thus were the Americans finally enclosed. By this time the second parallel had been opened, and the town began to crumble under the fire of the British batteries. Receiving an accession of reinforcements amounting to three thousand men, Clinton resolved to attack Fort Moultrie, which place, despairing of relief, and being too weak to resist an assault, surrendered on the 7th of May. The third parallel had now been reached. Clinton seized this occasion to summon Lincoln anew. But the Americans would not consent to the terms of capitulation offered, and accordingly the conflict began again. The English batteries thundered incessantly: the fortifications sunk under repeated blows; many of the guns were dismounted, and officers and soldiers were picked off if they showed themselves above the works. The town, all this while, suffered terribly. Bombs fell continually among the houses, whence flames almost hourly broke forth, and were with difficulty extinguished: no roof was safe, no place of refuge remained. The citizens began to clamor. The garrison lost heart. At last the inflexibility of Lincoln gave way, and on the 12th of May, articles of capitulation were signed. By these the garrison was allowed some of the honors of war: it was to march out of the town and deposit its arms in front of the works, but the drums were not to beat a British march, nor the colors to be uncased. The seamen and continentals were to be prisoners of war until exchanged: the militia were allowed to return to their homes as prisoners on parole: the citizens were also to be prisoners on parole, and, as well as the militia, were not to be molested in person or property. The officers were to retain their arms, baggage and servants. By this capitulation seven general officers; ten continental regiments, much reduced; three battalions of artillery; four frigates; and an immense quantity of bombs, balls and powder came into the hands of the English. It is computed that four hundred cannon, and six thousand troops, in all, were captured at the fall of Charleston. The blow was the severest one the cause of independence had yet received.

Lincoln was almost universally blamed. One half the nation censured him for attempting to defend the town at all, and the other half found fault with him for not abandoning it before the rout at Monk's Corner. His best defence, perhaps, is in this very difference of opinion; for if it was difficult, after the affair, to tell what he should have done: how much more difficult must it have been during the progress of events. Besides, he had been promised reinforcements, which he depended on, but which never arrived.

In popular communities an unfortunate General is too frequently punished as an incompetent one, at least, by public opinion; and such was the fate of Lincoln: but it is the province of history to correct these erroneous judgments, and declare the truth, however counter it may run to preconceived opinions.

Clinton had no sooner taken possession of Charleston than he proceeded to follow up his success by the conquest of the state. He sent out expeditions to various quarters, all of which were successful. One, composed of about seven hundred horse and foot, commanded by Colonel Tarleton, overtook and defeated, after a forced march, a body of continental infantry and a few horsemen, led by Colonel Benford, at the Waxhaws. A horrible scene of butchery ensued. The Americans, imploring quarter, were ruthlessly cut

TARLETON'S QUARTERS.

down, until nearly every man was killed, or so severely wounded as to be unable to move. This massacre gave a tone of savageness to the future warfare in the south on both sides; and, long after, when the colonists would express the cruelties of a barbarous foe, they called them Tarleton's quarters.

These reverses struck terror far and wide through Carolina. The fall of Charleston, and the successive blows dealt throughout the state, paralyzed all resistance: even the patriots began to regard the

south as irretrievably conquered. Clinton resolved to seize this favorable crisis in the public sentiment, by the proclamation of a general amnesty and pardon, ending with an invitation to all citizens to renew their allegiance. By a sort of trick he strove to enroll the inhabitants in the army of the King. He freed all persons taken at Charleston, except the regulars, from their parole; but immediately enjoined on them, as being now royal citizens, to take up arms for his Majesty. All persons who would not do this were to be treated as rebels. Regarding the colony as completely conquered, he soon after sailed for New York, leaving Cornwallis in command at the south.

But the clause, in which it was sought to force every citizen to fight for the King, soon began to re-act with terrible force against the British. Men, who had but lately borne arms for the Congress, were not prepared to take the field against it: they would have been willing to remain neutral; but they were not to be drilled into instruments of oppression. A change in the public sentiment immediately began. Despair gave courage: a deadly animosity was nursed in secret. Many openly avowed their sentiments and fled: others dissembled for a time. But the great majority, so frail is human nature, were driven by their fears to swear allegiance to the royal government; only the women were frank and heroic, for these, with a courage above that of the other sex, openly expressed their sentiments, and loaded with smiles of approval the few of their countrymen who dared to be sincere.

A portion of those who preferred abandoning their homes to acknowledging the royal authority, met in North Carolina, and chose for their leader, General Sumpter, a man of enterprise, skill and chivalrous courage. He immediately began, on the state authority, a partizan warfare. On the 10th of July, at the head of but one hundred and thirty-three men, he routed a detachment of royal forces and militia at Williamson's plantation. His force gradually swelled to six hundred men. He now made an unsuccessful attack on Rocky Mount, where a strong party of the enemy was posted; but immediately afterwards met and almost utterly annihilated, at Hanging Rock, the Prince of Wales' regiment and large body of tories. These slight checks, however, did not intimidate Cornwallis, who was actively engaged in preparations to invade North Carolina. But meantime Congress and Washington had not been idle, and at that very moment an army was advancing from the north to oppose him, headed by the man who had subdued Burgoyne, the conquering Gates.

As soon as Washington had been apprised of the siege of Charleston, he had despatched the Baron de Kalb to the succor of that place, with fourteen hundred regulars. That officer made every effort, but in vain, to reach his destination in time. In passing through Virginia and North Carolina he was joined by the militia of those provinces, by which reinforcements his army was raised very considerably. So large a force, in the eyes of Congress, favored the hope of a successful struggle for the recovery of the south: and to give as much confidence as possible to the army, Gates was appointed to the chief command, the prestige of whose name, it was thought, would ensure victory. Accordingly, on the 25th of July, that officer joined the camp at Deep River. He immediately reviewed the troops, and without loss of time advanced to the Pedee. On entering South Carolina, he issued a proclamation, calling on all patriotic citizens to resort to his standard. So great was the confidence in his name, that numbers flocked to him, and on every side, the most unequivocal signs of a rising alarmed Cornwallis. That officer was at Camden, where he found that he must either retreat to Charleston, or give battle to his foe. His forces were but two thousand, of whom only fifteen hundred were regulars: while the army of Gates amounted to three thousand, six hundred and sixty-three, of whom about a thousand were regulars. Nevertheless, he chose the bolder resolution, and determined to give battle. On the night of the 15th of August, accordingly, he moved from his position, intending to assault the Americans in their camp; but, by a singular coincidence, he met Gates half-way, coming, in like manner, to surprise him. A smart skirmish ensued in the darkness, which unfortunately destroyed the confidence of the American militia; but eventually both armies drew off, resolving to await daylight before they engaged in the deadly strife. Profound silence now fell over the landscape, no sound being heard except the occasional neigh of a horse, the cry of the sentinel, or the wind moaning among the lofty pines.

The morning rose still and hazy. Cornwallis found himself, fortunately, in an excellent position. His army covered a piece of firm ground, bounded on the right and left by morasses, parallel to which a highway ran through the centre of his position. He accordingly drew up his army in two divisions: the right, commanded by Colonel Webster, reached from one morass to the highway; the left, led by Lord Rawdon, extended from the highway, to the other morass: the artillery was placed in front of the highway, as it were, between the two divisions. Tarleton, with his cavalry, was on the right of the road, in readiness to charge or receive the enemy, as

occasion might require. Gates divided his van-guard into three columns; the right, the centre, and the left, commanded respectively by Generals Gist, Caswell, and Stevens. Behind the left column, which was composed of the Virginia militia, were posted the light infantry of Porterfield and Armstrong. Colonel Armand, with his cavalry, faced the legion of Tarleton. The continental troops of Delaware and Maryland formed the reserve. Unfortunately, just as the action was about to begin, Gates, not exactly liking the position of his left and centre columns, undertook to change them. The eagle eye of Cornwallis saw the advantage this error afforded him, and instantly, he hurled the veteran grenadiers of Webster on the still wavering line. The English advanced in splendid order, now pouring in their fire, now charging with the bayonet. For a while, the smoke shrouded the combatants from sight, but the suspense was soon over, for the Virginians, breaking wildly from the vapory canopy, were seen flying in all directions. Their rout exposed the flank of the next column, which in turn gave way. Gates and Caswell made some efforts to check the panic, but in vain; for Tarleton, coming down at a gallop, spread renewed terror and consternation among the fugitives, who plunged themselves, as a last hope, into the woods for safety.

The whole shock of battle now fell on the reserves, the gallant regulars of Delaware and Maryland: and already their left flank was exposed, while, in front, a victorious foe poured down to the attack. Then was shewn the difference between veterans and militia, between discipline and the want of it! Environed by foes, and left alone on that sanguinary field, the little band, not a thousand strong, still made good its ground. Opposing the enemy with a terrible fire, or by the push of the bayonet, they, for a while, withstood all his efforts. The Baron de Kalb led them several times to the charge, and they even regained lost ground, and took some prisoners. A few hundred more of such veterans would have turned the fortunes of that bloody day. But their number was too small to produce a permanent effect; and at last, surrounded on all sides, and penetrated by cavalry, they were forced from the field. The Baron de Kalb fell in this desperate struggle mortally wounded, and was abandoned to the foe. The flight now became general. The British pursued the fugitives for the space of twenty-three miles, hewing mercilessly down all they overtook: and to this day, tradition bears testimony to the terrors of that bloody rout.

The loss in this battle, for the Americans, was excessive, considering the number of troops engaged: it was, according to the account

of Lord Cornwallis, about eight hundred in killed, and one thousand in prisoners. As the rout and dispersion was so total, the American General could never tell what his real loss was; but the English account is probably exaggerated. The British suffered in killed and wounded, three hundred and twenty-five. Gates remained on the field until the total rout of the militia, when, regarding the day lost, he retreated to Charlotte, about eighty miles distant, with only a few friends. The next day, about one hundred and fifty soldiers, the remnant of his army, arrived at the same place. With this slender force, Gates retreated to Salisbury, and finally to Hillsborough.

Another disaster soon followed. Sumpter, a few days before the battle, had asked a reinforcement of four hundred men from Gates, to enable him to intercept a convoy of supplies, destined for Lord Cornwallis. He obtained the men, and succeeded in capturing the convoy. But hearing of the defeat at Camden, he began a hasty retreat up the Wateree, with his prisoners and stores. Tarleton gave pursuit, and owing to the negligence of the sentinels, surprised Sumpter in his camp, dispersing his force with a loss of between three and four hundred, and recovering all the captured stores.

The defeat at Camden depreciated the reputation of Gates, as much as the capture of Burgoyne had exalted it. He passed at once from the extreme of popularity to that of odium. That a General should succeed so signally in the one instance, and fail so disgracefully in the other, is a fact which has been considered inexplicable. But the secret of the paradox lies in the character of Gates. Though an acccomplished gentleman, and a finished officer, he was not a great General, in any sense of the term. He entered on the northern campaign after the net had been spread which afterwards enclosed Burgoyne, and when all that was left for him to perform, was to conduct the drama gracefully to the end: this no man could do better. But when he came to operate in a different region of country, he shewed that want of adaptation to circumstances which is so frequently the ruin of military reputations. He hurried on, when he should have moved slowly: he relied on badly disciplined troops, when he ought to have waited until they were better drilled: he undertook to move militia in the face of a foe, a manœuvre only to be performed by veteran troops. After the battle, his despondency was as excessive as his exhilaration before had been undue. In a word, his was one of those minds which, in ordinary times, like gay pleasure-barks, are safe enough, but which, when different occasions arise, and the horizon darkens with tempests, lose their equipoise

and go down forever. One of the first acts of Congress, on hearing of the disaster of Camden, was to supersede Gates. The choice of a successor was left to Washington, who selected General Greene, a man, as events proved, every way competent for the office.

The victory at Camden left the British once more an undisputed supremacy, which Cornwallis proceeded to assert with terrible, if not impolitic rigor. Under his orders, every militia man who had borne arms with the British, and afterwards joined the Americans, was to be put to death; and numbers of unhappy victims, in consequence, perished on the gallows. Those who had once submitted, but who had subsequently taken up arms, were to be imprisoned, and their property confiscated. The iron hoof of the conquerer was thus made to trample on the breast of the humblest as well as of the most proud. Despair took possession of the miserable inhabitants. Escape from this awful tyranny seemed hopeless. At first, beguiled or terrified into joining the party of the King; then lured to that of Gates by the prospect of a speedy delivery from their oppressors; and now again cast back, disarmed and powerless, into the merciless arms of the conquerer; they saw no hope of relief unless by a miracle from heaven.

The first gleam of success came from a victory won chiefly by militia, a species of force which, in this war, gained some of the most gallant triumphs, as well as caused some of the most disgraceful defeats. Major Ferguson had been sent by Cornwallis, into North Carolina, to raise and embody the tories, a task which he executed with success. He was conducting his new levies to the royal camp, when he learned that General Clarke, of Georgia, after an unsuccessful attempt on Augusta, was retreating. Major Ferguson instantly resolved to cut him off. But a party of mountaineers from North Carolina and Virginia, hastily assuming arms, intercepted Ferguson, himself, near Gilbert-town. Finding escape impossible, he fell back to King's Mountain, where he made a stand. The Americans advanced in three divisions. Ferguson gallantly repulsed the first with the bayonet: but while thus occupied, the second attacked him: this also he drove back. Meantime, the third had come into action, but while engaged with this, the other two rallied and returned to the charge. Ferguson now fell mortally wounded, and his men, struck with dismay, surrendered. In this action, the British lost one hundred and fifty killed, as many wounded, and eight hundred prisoners. The American loss was inconsiderable, except in the death of Colonel Williams. Cruelty begets cruelty, and smarting under the remembrance of Camden, the Americans selected ten of

their prisoners, and hung them on the spot. After this, the victors disbanded and returned home.

The success of this bold enterprise led to the beginning of that partizan warfare, which, from this time forward, was prosecuted with such success by the Americans. The two prominent leaders in this species of warfare, were Generals Sumpter and Marion. Sumpter was impetuous, chivalric, often rash, and brave to a fault: his enemies gave him the coarse but expressive nickname of the "game-cock." Marion was wary, subtle, ever on the watch, quick as lightning to advance or to retreat: the British, affecting to despise his superior caution, called him "the swamp fox." Sumpter, after the dispersion of his corps by Tarleton, raised a body of volunteers, and plunging boldly into the heart of South Carolina, maintained himself there for three months, harassing the enemy continually, and securing his safety by the rapidity of his movements from point to point. At Broad River, Major Wemyss, at the head of a force of infantry and dragoons, came up with him; but was totally defeated, and himself taken prisoner. At Tyger River, his old adversary, Tarleton, attacked him, but was beaten off with loss. When the British army went into winter quarters, Sumpter still kept the field, capturing parties sent out to forage, and dealing a blow wherever possible. Marion's movements, for a time, were less bold. Beginning, at first, with but a few men, his followers gradually increased to a respectable force: and with this he now began to traverse the country, often at night, and always with rapidity. His blows fell in all directions, and where least expected. The British, hearing of him at one place, would hasten to pursue him, but Marion, wheeling on their rear, would strike, perhaps, the very position they had abandoned. Often, at sunrise, he would be sixty miles from the place where he had been seen at sunset the night before. His little army varied continually, the men coming and returning as they found convenient: sometimes he had a hundred followers, sometimes scarcely a dozen: in consequence, many of his best conceived enterprises had to be abandoned for want of troops. His influence, however, continued gradually extending: risking little, he in the end gained much: and when the war closed, perhaps no man, after Greene, stood higher in the estimation of the southern colonists, or was regarded as having contributed more to the success of the struggle.

The victories at King's Mountain and Tyger River, induced Cornwallis, who at first had advanced towards North Carolina, to fall back again on Camden. As he retired, Gates advanced. Another army, though small in number, had gradually gathered itself around

the defeated General. Concluding that active operations would be postponed until spring, Gates retired into winter quarters, at Charlotte. Here he was when, on the 2nd of December, Greene arrived to supercede him. In this delicate affair both Generals acquitted themselves handsomely. Gates yielded up the command with dignified resignation, and Greene paid his predecessor the delicate compliment of confirming his standing orders.

The new commander immediately proceeded to review his troops. He found them to consist of nine hundred and seventy continentals, and one thousand and thirteen militia. Of all these, however, there were but eight hundred properly clad and equipped for service. The artillery consisted of two brass field pieces, besides several of iron. The magazines were empty. The neighboring country was almost a waste, and provisions would have been difficult to procure even with money, but Greene had not a penny. This was a situation to drive a General to despair. But Greene, of all the men of the Revolution, was next to Washington, the man of most equal mind. Misfortune had no power to depress, as success had no capacity to elate him. He began immediately, as Washington had done at Cambridge, to remedy the evils that surrounded him. He reformed the Quartermaster's department; he inspired confidence in the men, yet at the same time tightened the reins of discipline: he made himself aquainted with the country in which he had come to operate; and, as a preliminary measure, appointed Kusciusko to prepare flat-bottomed boats, to have at hand, in which to cross the numerous rivers with which the two Carolinas are intersected.

His first movement was to despatch Morgan west of the Catawba, in order to encourage the inhabitants in that quarter. Morgan's force consisted of three hundred regulars, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Howard, the light dragoons, of Captain Washington, and ten companies of militia from Virginia, composed chiefly of old continentals. Greene, after making this detachment, moved his own camp down the Pedee. He was here about seventy miles north-east from Wynnsborough, where Cornwallis lay awaiting reinforcements; Morgan was on the Pacolet, about fifty miles north-west of Cornwallis. In these relative positions of the three armies, the British General determined to advance on North Carolina, and in his way, to strike at one of the American divisions, while unsupported by the other. He had just been joined by General Leslie, with reinforcements, enabling him thus to assume the offensive. Accordingly he moved north-westward, between the Catawba and Broad Rivers. Meantime he detached Tarleton to attack Morgan.

It will be seen, from the route chosen by Cornwallis, that even if Morgan escaped Tarleton, there was a chance of his being intercepted by Cornwallis himself.

On the 14th of January, 1781, General Morgan, for the first time, learned his danger. Though pursued by a much superior foe, he resolved nevertheless to give battle. For this purpose he halted at a place called the Cowpens. He drew up his best troops, consisting of the regulars and old continentals, in number between four and five hundred men, on an eminence in an open wood. In their rear, on the descent of the hill, he posted Washington's cavalry, and some mounted militia men from Georgia. On these two corps rested his hopes of victory. The militia were posted in front, to receive the first shock of battle, with orders to give a single fire as the enemy approached, and then fall back, firing by regiments, until they had passed the regulars, on whose right they were ordered to form.

Tarleton began the attack with his usual impetuosity, his men shouting as they advanced. The militia fell back, as ordered. The British, pressing their advantage, rushed gallantly on, and with their superior numbers soon outflanked the little line of continentals. Perceiving this, Howard, who commanded them, ordered the company on his right to change its front so as to face the enemy on its flank. The order was misunderstood, and the company fell back: on which, the whole line, adopting the error, began to retreat, but slowly and in good order. At this crisis General Morgan galloped in person to the head of the line, and ordered it to retire over the brow of the hill to where the cavalry was posted. Believing victory theirs, for they looked on this movement as a retreat, the British dashed impetuously forward and in some disorder; but they had scarcely crossed the hill when the Americans suddenly halted, within thirty yards, and gave them a withering volley. At this unexpected check, the royal troops halted in some confusion. A moment would have restored their confidence; but Howard did not give it to them: instantly seeing his advantage, he ordered his men to charge with the bayonet. The solid front of steel bore every thing before it. The British line was broken. At the same moment the enemy's cavalry, who, the instant the militia began to retire, had galloped in pursuit, were charged by Washington, and the rout of the royal troops became general on all sides. Both Howard and Washington pressed their advantage. The latter pursued the flying enemy for some distance and in the eagerness of pursuit, had nearly paid for his temerity by his life. In this action the British lost one hundred

BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

killed, and over five hundred prisoners. Two field pieces, two standards, eight hundred muskets, and numerous baggage wagons and dragoon horses fell into the hands of the Americans. The victors lost but eighty men in killed and wounded. For the number of persons engaged this was one of the most brilliant victories of the war: and in its consequences was of almost incalculable importance. It deprived Cornwallis of one-fifth of his army. Had Greene been in a condition to follow it up, might have led to the total overthrow of the British supremacy in the Carolinas: but the American General had scarcely two thousand men, and most of these were militia, a force with which it would have been madness to have sought the foe. The army that Gates lost at Camden would have been invaluable to his successor in this crisis.

The battle field at Cowpens was about the same distance from the fords of Catawba as was the Camp of Lord Cornwallis; and as it was necessary to cross the Catawba before he could re-unite with Greene, an event now indispensable for the safety of both, Morgan lost no time in pushing for the fords. He arrived there on the 23rd, and immediately crossed. But Cornwallis was close on his rear. That officer had devoted a day to collecting the fugitives from the Cowpens, and had then hurried forward to the Catawba, hoping to overtake Morgan before the latter passed it. Finding the American

General had already crossed, the British commander resolved to follow up the chase; for unless he could prevent the junction of Morgan and Greene, the fruits of Camden were already lost. That he might move with the more celerity he destroyed his baggage. On the morning of the 1st of February, having been detained two days by rains, which had swollen the river, he forced a passage, defeating the militia under Davidson, who had been left to guard the stream. The retreat of the Americans that ensued is one of the most memorable in history.

Greene, on receiving intelligence of the victory at the Cowpens, detached Stevens with his brigade of Virginia militia to escort the prisoners taken in the conflict, to Charlotteville, Virginia. He then bent the whole force of his genius to effect a junction between the two divisions of his army. For this purpose he left General Huger in command of the division which he had hitherto accompanied in person, ordering him to retreat on Salisbury, where he hoped to bring Morgan to join him: and then hurried himself, almost unattended, to the camp of the latter individual, where he arrived just before Cornwallis forced the Catawba. He now retreated with Morgan's little force to the Yadkin, the British General struggling to reach it first. Greene, however, arrived on its banks in advance and immediately crossed; but so close was the enemy behind, that the van of the one army reached the shore as the rear of the other left it. Here chance again interposed in favor of the Americans. The Yadkin was already swollen, but in the night it swelled still more, and being without boats, the British could not keep up the pursuit. Accordingly Greene had a moment's respite, which he employed in effecting a junction with Huger.

Thus foiled in his hope of cutting off the division of Morgan, from that of Huger, Cornwallis, after some hesitation, resolved by throwing himself between Greene and Virginia, to force that officer to a general action before the reinforcements known to be preparing for him in Virginia could arrive. At present, the army of Greene numbered but two thousand; that of Cornwallis, nearly one-third more: consequently the latter, in a pitched battle, was certain to crush the former. The position of Lord Cornwallis favored the design. Unable to cross the Yadkin after Greene, he had marched up that river, and effected a passage near its source. This placed him nearer than his rival to the fords of the Dan River, which still lay between Greene and safety: and as he was informed there were no boats below by which the Americans could cross, he felt sure of his prey.

The nearest ferry to Greene was Dix's, fifty miles off; and it was about equidistant from the two armies. Lower down the Dan, and about seventy miles from Greene, were two other ferries, only four miles apart. By retreating on these lower ferries, a considerable start would be gained on Cornwallis. The only difficulty was in the want of boats, in which to cross. To collect a sufficient number, an express was sent ahead, which succeeded, with infinite labor, in procuring the required quantity. One thing more remained to be done. It was necessary to deceive Cornwallis as long as possible with respect to the route taken by the main body of the Americans; and accordingly a light corps was formed of the cavalry, and a number of picked infantry, the command of the whole being given to Colonel Williams, with orders to form a rear-guard, and take the road to Dix's, while Greene quietly drew off in front towards the lower ferries. The stratagem fully succeeded. Cornwallis pressed on, assured that the main body of his enemy was before him, and certain of being able to cut it to pieces when arrested by the Dan. To increase the deception, Williams hung back close on the rear of his pursuers, his own men and those of Cornwallis frequently being within musket shot. At last, thinking time had been afforded Greene to cross the Dan, Williams abandoned the road to Dix's, and pushed for the lower ferry. Cornwallis, now first perceiving the trick of which he had been a victim, pressed furiously in his rear. It is said that both the British and Americans marched forty miles in the last twenty-four hours; and that the escape of Williams was so narrow, that his rear had scarcely touched the northern bank of the Dan when the enemy reached the southern one. Williams crossed on the 14th of February; Greene had crossed two days before.

By this masterly retreat Greene regained the base of his operations, and threw himself in the way of reinforcements; while Cornwallis was drawn away from his communications, and lured into a hostile country. The merit of this achievement is increased when we consider that it was executed in winter, through deep and frozen roads, and that the Americans were almost naked, and but scantily supplied with provisions. On the other hand, the British troops were well clothed and well fed. The disastrous consequences of the retreat, to Cornwallis, soon began to be seen. That officer at first had advanced to Hillsborough, and issuing a proclamation, in which he asserted he had driven Greene out of North Carolina, called on the inhabitants to acknowledge the royal authority. But the American General, having been reinforced by six hundred

militia, resolved to turn on his foe, and on the 18th of February, re-crossed the Dan. He did not take this step a moment too soon. There had always been a large number of loyalists in North Carolina, and these, now animated by the presence of Cornwallis, began to show symptoms of taking arms. To favor their rising, and conduct them afterwards to Camp, the British General despatched Tarleton to Haw River, where the greatest numbers of these tories dwelt; but Lieutenant Colonel Lee and General Pickens having been sent by Greene to frustrate this movement, and arriving first, surprised and totally cut to pieces the royalists already up, and by the terrible example prevented others from rising. Tarleton himself narrowly escaped being intercepted, and was only saved by an express sent, by Cornwallis, to give him warning.

A fortnight was now spent by the two armies in manœuvreing in face of each other: the object of one being to approach more nearly the district occupied by the loyalists, and the aim of the other being to frustrate this. In the course of this fortnight Greene, fearing a surprise, changed his camp every night. His light troops, during the same period, signalized themselves by the most daring conduct, and were of incalculable value. At last, having received a portion of the reinforcements he had been waiting for, the American General resolved to gratify his adversary, whose great object, from the hour when he crossed the Catawba had been to bring General Greene to battle. On the 14th of March, accordingly, the American army advanced to Guildford Court-House, and there awaited the British, who were but eight miles off.

The ensuing day broke clear and calm. Early in the morning, the approach of Cornwallis was made known, and Greene proceeded to draw up his men in order of battle. The hill on which Guildford Court-House stands, slopes downwards with an undulating sweep, for nearly half a mile to a little valley, through which runs a rivulet. Near the foot of this hill, and behind a fence, Greene posted his first line, consisting of two brigades of North Carolina militia. About three hundred yards in the rear of these, in a wood, half way up the hill, the second line, consisting of two brigades of Virginia troops, was drawn up. The third line was at the top of the hill, three hundred yards behind the second line, and was composed of the regulars, the Virginia brigade on the right, and the Maryland brigade on the left. Washington's cavalry guarded the extremities of the right flank: Lee's legion, with Campbell's riflemen, were on the left flank. These three able officers were stationed in the woods at the ends of the first line. The artillery, except two pieces, under Captain Sin-

gleton, which were pushed forward in front of the first line, was with the regulars, at the top of the hill.

About one o'clock the British came in sight, and shortly after, the artillery of the two armies began the action. Cornwallis, relying on the discipline and tried courage of his troops, resolved to trust the struggle to a single impetuous charge, and accordingly, having formed his line of battle, pushed his columns across the brook, and the different corps, deploying to right and left, were soon formed in line. The instant this was done, they began to advance. Greene had hoped that the militia, protected by the fence, would at least be able to give the enemy two or three fires before they fled; but the imposing front and the loud huzzas of the approaching foe, struck a panic to their hearts: and when the grenadiers, throwing in a deadly volley, levelled their bayonets and rushed on, the militia, without waiting for the shock, fled, throwing away their still loaded guns. In vain Lee spurred among them, and endeavored to allay their terror; in vain other officers exhorted and threatened: the fugitives could not be stopped, but flung themselves, mad with fear, into the woods. Cheering as they advanced, the British now poured onwards, and soon came up with the second line. But here they met a momentary check. Undismayed by the flight of the North Carolinians, the gallant Virginians, sheltered, in part, behind the trees, kept up a galling and incessant fire. In numerical force, however, their assailants were far superior, and at last, the right flank began to give ground. It did not, however, fall back directly, but swung around, as on a pivot, on its other extremity. There, on the left, the retiring forces of Lee and Campbell, assisting the militia, maintained the battle with stubborn resolution, and as yet did not yield an inch.

By the retreat of the right of the second line, however, a portion of the third and last line, consisting of Gunby's first Maryland regiment, was exposed to the British, who now came dashing up the hill, assured of victory. But here, for the first time, they met veterans, like themselves. A shattering volley made them recoil, and before they could recover themselves, the bayonet was upon them. They broke and fled. Could Gunby have been now sustained, the rout would have been complete. But his presence was wanted to arrest ruin and disaster in another quarter: for while he had been sustaining his position, the left of the second line, after a gallant resistance, had finally given way, like the right, and fallen back on the second Maryland regiment, forming the left of the third line. This gave way shamefully at the first onset. But, at this crisis, Gunby

wheeled his little band through a belt of saplings to his left, and came unexpectedly on the victorious British. A desperate struggle ensued. At last, Washington galloped to the rescue with his cavalry, and the enemy began to waver, on which Gunby's regiment threw in the bayonet. The shock was irresistible. The British fled, pursued by the Americans, and the day would have been irretrievably lost, if Cornwallis, desperate at approaching defeat, had not opened his artillery on the driving mass of fugitives and pursuers, and by the sacrifice of foe and friend alike, arrested the torrent.

That part of the British force first repulsed by Gunby, had now rallied: the wreck of the battalion, defeated on the left, was being gathered and re-formed, and soon nearly the whole British force was again in the field, though shattered and disheartened. Cornwallis, resolute to conquer, prepared to renew the attack. With disciplined troops, Greene would not have feared for the result. But the conduct of more than half his men had been so digraceful that he thought it best not to hazard the day further; and accordingly drew off, retiring in good order beyond Reedy Fork, where he halted three miles from the field of battle. Waiting here, until he had collected his stragglers, he then retreated to his camp at Troublesome Creek. The last to leave the field of battle were Lee and Campbell, who continued skirmishing long after all others had retired.

In this battle, the loss of the Americans was two hundred and seventy, of which the principal part fell on the regulars. The British lost nearly six hundred, a fourth of their number. The victory was unquestionably with Cornwallis, though the Americans suffered rather a repulse than a defeat. In its effects, however, the battle of Guildford Court-House answered very nearly the purposes of a triumph for the Americans. "Another such victory," said Fox, in the House of Commons, "would ruin the British army." Immediately after the battle, Cornwallis began retreating, and when Greene, a few days subsequently, pushed forward Lee to harass his rear, this retreat became a virtual flight. Abandoning his wounded, Cornwallis retired with such precipitation, that the American General, notwithstanding he urged the chase with all his speed, could not overtake the fugitive.

After a painful march, Lord Cornwallis reached Wilmington, on the 7th of April. Here he called a council of officers, to decide whether to advance on Virginia, or retreat towards South Carolina. Considerable diversity of opinion prevailed, but on the whole, a

majority favored the advance on Virginia. Accordingly, after resting his troops for about three weeks, the British General directed his march on Petersburg. In this emergency, Greene hesitated for a while what course to take. If he followed Cornwallis into Virginia, he abandoned the Carolinas to their fate: if he returned to the Carolinas, he left Virginia an easy prey to Cornwallis. He reflected that the line of posts which the English had established from Ninety-Six to Charleston, was the real base of their operations, and that if, by returning to South Carolina, he could wrest them from the enemy, their loss would be a greater evil to Cornwallis, than any conquests elsewhere could compensate. Besides, the militia positively refused to follow Cornwallis into Virginia, and thus abandon their own homes to destruction. Moreover there was in a return to South Carolina a boldness which might lead the enemy to believe Greene was acting from secret reasons, which they could not comprehend. Actuated by these reasons, the American General abandoned the pursuit of Cornwallis, and retracing his steps, shifted the seat of war from North to South Carolina.

The wisdom of this decision was vindicated by the result. Cornwallis, after ravaging a portion of Virginia, found himself, at last, assailed by a new army, at a vast distance from his base, and being equally unable to retreat or advance, was compelled to shut himself up in Yorktown, where he fell a comparatively easy prey to the Americans. Greene, on the contrary, by his return to the south, inspired the patriots there with renewed courage; while the royal forces, and the loyalists were correspondingly depressed. Leaving Cornwallis for the present, we shall follow the fortunes of Greene.

On the 5th of April, 1781, the American General began his march to Camden, his intention being to force Lord Rawdon, the successor of Cornwallis, to abandon that post. Lee, with his legion, was sent in advance, with orders to join Marion. These two officers had acted together the preceding year in the attack on Georgetown; and they now united to reduce Fort Watson, one of the chain of British posts to which we have just alluded. On the 22nd of April, after eight days siege, the place surrendered. On the 12th of the succeeding month, these two leaders reduced another of these posts, Fort Motte; and three days after, Fort Granby capitulated to Lee. That active officer now proceeded to the neighborhood of Augusta, where, joining his legion to the forces of Pickens, who commanded a body of militia there, the two leaders succeeded in compelling the British garrison at the place to capitulate on the 5th of June. Marion, in the meantime, had marched on Georgetown, which was

evacuated by the enemy, on his approach. In this manner, the chain of forts forming the base of the English army's operations, was gradually broken up.

Immediately after detaching Lee, Greene, with his army reduced to about eleven hundred men, made his appearance at Hobkirk Hill, a mile from Camden. On the 25th of April, Lord Rawdon, who, bold and able, was no despicable successor of Cornwallis, sallied out to attack him. Greene had taken a strong position, which he had partly entrenched; but Rawdon, making a circuit, came down on his left flank, which was exposed. The English marching com pact in single column, Greene resolved to redeem the day by assailing them on both flanks, while Washington should turn their right and assault them in the rear. The charge of the Americans was so fierce that the British gave way at first, and a terrific fire of grape-shot on their rear, from an American battery, increased their disorder. Rawdon, as a last resort, called up his reserves, who, nothing intimidated, advanced with tumultuous huzzas; this restored the spirits of the others, and for a while the two armies, meeting in mutual shock, swayed alternately to and fro. At last a Maryland regiment gave way. The panic spread infectiously through the whole line. Several attempts were made by the officers to rally, but in vain: the English bayonet allowed no respite: the retreat became general. Washington, who had gained the British rear, finding his companions retiring, was forced in turn to abandon the day, though not until he had secured several prisoners. Greene, after his repulse, retired on Gum Swamp, about five miles from the field; Rawdon fell back to Camden, in which place he shut himself up. In this affair the British lost two hundred and fifty-eight, in killed, wounded and missing; the Americans about an equal number.

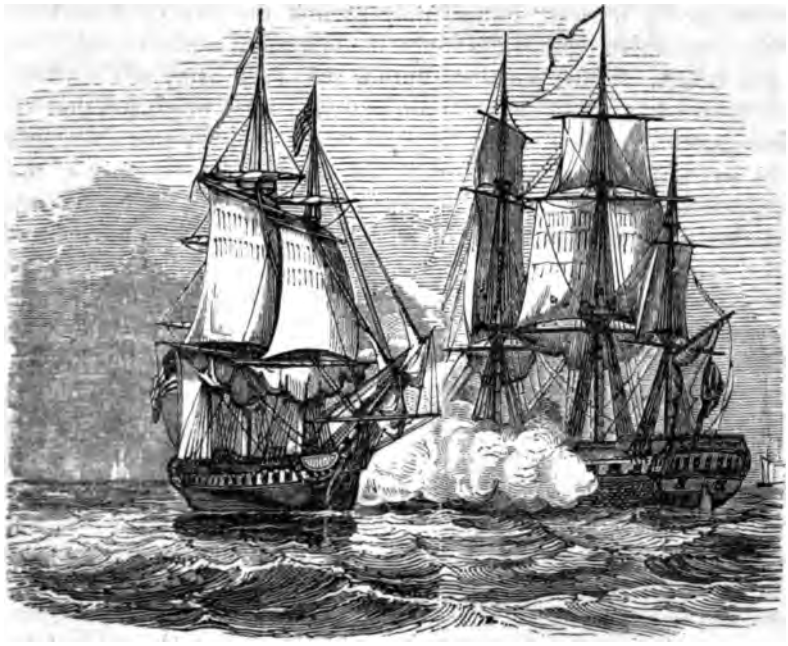
It was Rawdon's desire to retain Camden as the centre of his operations; but the capitulation of Fort Watson, together with the threatened loss of Forts Motte, Granby and Orangeburg, all posts situated in his rear, made it necessary to retire on Charleston. Accordingly, on the 9th of May, he rased the fortifications, and abandoned the place. Receiving intelligence on his retreat of the capture of the three forts mentioned above, he continued his retrograde movement to Eutaw Springs. In the meantime Greene, perceiving that his adversary had abandoned the upper country, marched on Ninety-Six, intending first to reduce that post, the only one left to the King, and then follow up the fugitives. But the fort being unusually strong, could only be taken by regular approaches, and in the inter-

val Rawdon, having been reinforced with three regiments from Ireland, felt himself sufficiently able to advance to its relief. Greene, hearing of his approach with a superior force, resolved to hazard an assault, in hopes to carry the place thus; but he was repulsed with loss; and now, no other resource being left, he broke up his camp and retreated. Rawdon, on his arrival at Ninety-Six, finding the place not tenable against a long continued siege, abandoned it, and thus the British became dispossessed of their last post in the upper country. The royal leader now retired to Orangeburg, and Greene took possession of the heights of the Santee. In these positions the two hostile armies continued during the hot and sickly season that ensued, the usual attendant of a Carolina summer. It was during this momentary respite that Colonel Hayne was executed at Charleston, on the 10th of August, 1781, for having borne arms on the side of the Americans, after signing the deceitful declaration of Sir Henry Clinton. The tragic story is familiar to all, and we will not rehearse it here. It lent additional fury to the already savage strife, giving a keener poison to the barbed and envenomed arrows of war.

In the beginning of September, on the first symptoms of relaxation in the excessive heat, Greene, now reinforced by the neighboring militia, left his camp and began to push the enemy back on Charleston. The British retired step by step, forced by the skilful manœuvres of their antagonist, until, on the 7th of September, they made a temporary stand at Eutaw Springs. Here, on the next day, Greene attacked them. The royal commander formed his troops in two lines; the American leader placed his militia first, and supported them behind with regulars. At first the battle was well contested on both sides, but finally the American militia gave way; on this the English left, too eager to pursue, broke the continuity of their line by advancing. Greene saw the favorable crisis, and instantly precipitating his tried veterans on the gap in the line, the whole British army, struck with sudden panic, gave way, corps tumbling over corps, in their haste to reach their entrenchments. Upwards of five hundred of them had already been taken prisoners. Suddenly a portion of the fugitives reached a stone house, into which, with the quickness of thought, they threw themselves, others rallied behind the garden palisades, others in a thick copse wood close by. This happy movement saved the British army from utter ruin. The retreat was checked: the battle began anew. But all the efforts of the Americans to dislodge the enemy from their strong position were unavailing: and in the end they drew off their forces, after having suffered terribly in the contest to gain possession

of the house. The loss of both parties was very severe in this action: the Americans had five hundred killed, wounded and missing; the English, eleven hundred.

This battle may be considered the virtual termination of the war in the south, as the capture of Cornwallis, about the same time, concluded that in the north. Skirmishes continued to occur frequently between the outposts of the two armies; but the British after this were never able to make any considerable stand. The spell of their supremacy was broken; their own confidence deserted them; and the population, in all sections of the state, deeming the royal cause ruined, openly joined the Americans. After the battle, the English retired to the vicinity of Charleston, and for the rest of the war confined themselves to their strong posts. Less than two years had passed since Clinton vauntingly wrote home that the Carolinas were permanently annexed to the crown; and in that time the genius of a single man, aided by the exertions of a portion of the inhabitants, had redeemed the conquered state. The admirable conduct of Greene, throughout the whole of this contest, earns for him in history the first rank after Washington as a military commander. Equal to every emergency, whether of disaster or success, he never lost the even balance of his mind; and by his undismayed front supported the hopes, and re-kindled the confidence of the desolated south. Beginning his career with but the wreck of an army, he closed at the head of a body of the best disciplined troops in America. His forces, in this period of time frequently fluctuated from a General of Division's command to that of a Colonel's; yet he never could be entrapped at odds by his foe. Though often repulsed, he was never ruinously defeated; and even his checks he managed to transmute into virtual victories, by the alembic of his genius. Whether he retreated or advanced, he was in the end the winner.



CAPTURE OF THE GENERAL MONK BY THE HYDER ALLY.

# BOOK V.

## TO THE CLOSE OF THE CONTEST.

THE fourth act of the revolutionary drama had now closed, and, like all the preceding ones, though opening so promisingly for England, had ended in defeat and gloom. The battle of Trenton had first checked the career of her arms, when apparently in the full tide of irresistible conquest. The capture of Burgoyne had next followed, rendering abortive her designs on the eastern states. The battle of Monmouth, in the succeeding year,

had taught Clinton that, in the north, he must confine his acquisitions to the territory immediately around the city of New York. The expedition against the south, the last resort of the ministry, had also failed. It now remained but for the proud army of Cornwallis to be annihilated, to convince all, even the most obstinate, that the conquest of America was a hopeless task. Already this event cast its weird shadow ahead. But, before we enter on the story of that transaction, so glorious for the Americans, and so decisive in terminating the war that it may be regarded as the final catastrophe of the drama, it is necessary to go back a period in our history, and resuming the course of events in the north, bring them down to the present time, in order that the stream of narrative hereafter may flow clear and unchecked.

For two years subsequent to the battle of Monmouth, the military operations in the north were comparatively tame and unproductive. In part, this was the result of the want of troops, money and provisions on the American side, the causes for which we shall explain more at length during the course of this chapter. But in part also it was owing to a general disposition to await the course of events in the south. The rival armies, in fact, during these two years, may be said to have stood at gaze, like opposite factions in an amphitheatre, watching the result of a combat between two formidable champions on the stage. As one side triumphed its friends took new hope: as success crowned the other they desponded. For a portion of this period, moreover, Sir Henry Clinton was actively engaged in person in the south, and those he left in command at New York thought the number of their troops insufficient for offensive operations. For most of this time, therefore, the war was but a war of skirmishes. It is owing to this that we can consider the action of the revolutionary struggle as forming a complete dramatic whole, of which each period naturally grows out of the preceding, the story advancing with accelerated interest and increasing in importance until the climax is reached in the capture of Cornwallis.

The stand taken by France in favor of the colonies resulted eventually, as the English Cabinet had feared, in drawing Spain and Holland into the contest against Great Britain. All these powers consulted rather their own passions and interests than those of America in thus embarking in her cause; and more than once it was to be feared that they would, on gaining their ends, desert her and retire from the conflict. For the first two years of the alliance, France occupied herself in contending with England for supremacy in the West Indies and on the European seas, the abortive expedi-

tion of d'Estaing being the only one she sent to the aid of her republican ally. It is foreign to our present purpose to narrate the different encounters between the English and French fleets, or to describe the siege of Gibraltar, these being events more properly belonging to European history. The rise and history of the armed neutrality we shall, in like manner, pass over.

COMMODORE JOHN PAUL JONES

A subject more germain to our theme is the story of our own naval successes during most of the war. From the first collision between the colonies and mother country, innumerable privateers had swarmed the ocean; the damage done to British commerce by which has been computed at a hundred millions. One of the first acts of Congress had been to establish a few national armed ships. This force, though small, had proved very efficient, and lost nothing in comparison even with the vaunted English navy. The various encounters between the American and British vessels would be too numerous to mention in detail. A few will suffice to show the spirit with which the strife was carried on at sea. On the 7th of March, 1778, Captain Biddle, in a thirty-six gun frigate, accompanied by four smaller armed ships, fell in with a royal man-of-war of sixty-four guns and engaged her. The other American vessels could not come

into action, and hence Captain Biddle's flag ship had to bear the brunt of the fight. Nobly did she maintain her part. Firing three broadsides where her adversary did one, she showed no signs of succumbing, when, about twenty minutes after the battle began, she suddenly blew up. Only four of her crew were saved, and these could never explain the cause of the disaster. Her gallant and chivalrous commander perished in her; but the country, even after the lapse of seventy years, has not ceased to regret his fate. Another naval conflict, even more remarkable, was fought on the 22nd of September, 1779, between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis. In this conflict, Paul Jones, in command of the former ship, after two hours hard fighting, during which his own vessel was reduced to a sinking condition, forced his antagonist, though superior in weight of metal, to surrender. This action occurred in sight of the English coast, and is universally regarded, on account of the obstinacy with which it was fought, as one of the most memorable in history. Another celebrated action was the one between the Hyder Ali and General Monk in Delaware Bay, April the 8th, 1782. The Monk had been ravaging the commerce of the bay for some time, when Lieutenant Barney in the Hyder Ali, left Philadelphia to chastise the insolent foe. The Monk struck, with a loss of twenty killed and thirty-six wounded. The Hyder Ali had four killed and eleven wounded. The naval successes of America filled Europeans with astonishment; accustomed to see English ships nearly always triumph over those of equal force belonging to other nations, they could not understand why a handful of rude colonists, settled at the other end of the world, should suddenly attain such a superiority at sea. But they did not examine the subject, or their wonder would have ceased. The American mercantile marine had long nourished a hardy, brave and daring set of seamen, who, on finding their peaceful vocation destroyed by the war, naturally crowded the privateers and national armed ships as their only remaining source of livelihood. Other and richer nations might build ships, but they were sure to want men afterwards: the Americans had the men, and only required the ships. In this single fact lies the whole secret of our naval superiority then and since.

The alliance with France had as yet not only proved of little service to America, but on the contrary, in one respect at least, had injured her prospects. We allude to the fatal indifference towards the carrying on the war which pervaded the country as soon as the alliance became known. Regarding victory as now certain in the end, the citizens began to intermit their exertions and sacrifices; and it was no common occurrence even to hear leading patriots say that

France hereafter would bear the whole burden of the war. Added to this the continental money continued depreciating. The army thought itself neglected by Congress, and indeed was; but Congress was less to blame than the states, to whom it appealed in vain. The enthusiasm which had distinguished the first years of the contest had entirely disappeared; and all classes, with the exception of a few leading men in each, were become mercenary, selfish and even criminally indifferent. Hence it was that during the whole of the years 1779 and 1780, Washington was unable to undertake any enterprise of importance; for with an army decreasing continually by the expiration of enlistments, and impossible to be recruited to any extent, in consequence of the apathy of the public mind, it would have been madness to have engaged in a war of offence. The American General, therefore, contented himself with maintaining his lines on the Hudson, West Point being the key to his position. He often experienced the greatest difficulty in victualling his troops, but his skill and perseverance finally overcame every obstacle. The manner in which he triumphed in this emergency, and held his army together, is, perhaps, a higher proof of his ability than gaining a pitched battle would have been, in the ordinary course of European warfare.

The winter of 1779–80, was particularly severe. The pay of an officer was now scarcely sufficient to buy him a pair of shoes: that of a private had depreciated, of course, in an equal ratio. Few persons were willing to make contracts to the government for supplies of any kind; and of the few entered into, by far the larger portion was unfulfilled. At length a mutiny broke out among the Connecticut troops: two regiments paraded under arms, declaring their fixed resolution to return home, or procure food by force. The intelligence of these disorders reaching New York, Knyphausen, who commanded there during Clinton's absence in the south, caused a number of printed declarations to be circulated in the American Camp, inviting the disaffected to join the royal standard. But though justly exasperated against their country for her neglect, the mutineers were not prepared to betray her, or desert the principles they had sworn to assert. Not a man, it is believed, went over to the enemy in consequence of this invitation. The mutiny itself was finally quelled by the exhortations of the officers. In the meantime, however, Knyphausen, not to lose what he thought so favorable a chance, had made a descent into New Jersey, with five thousand men: but instead of being joined, as he had expected, by a large number of malcontents, he found the soldiers marching with zeal to oppose him, and the inhabitants

taking arms on all sides. He soon found it advisable to retreat to Elizabethtown Point, opposite Staten Island. While he was at this place, Clinton returned from his victorious career at the south, and immediately despatched a reinforcement to Knyphausen, who now advanced to Springfield. Here a sharp skirmish occurred between him and an inferior body of Americans, under General Greene. The latter were repulsed, on which Knyphausen burned the town. But the resistance he had met, convincing him that the hopes he had formed were illusive, he retired the next day for New York. The error into which he fell on the occasion of this mutiny, had been a common one with the royal Generals during the war, who persisted in judging of America as they would of Europe: and hence were continually expecting that the depreciation of the currency, the increasing discontent among the army, and the inevitable subsidence of the popular enthusiasm, would give them eventually an easy conquest.

The intelligence of the fall of Charleston, which reached the north before the end of May, spread gloom and terror through camp and Congress. Fortunately, however, an event soon occurred which partially restored confidence. This was the return of the Marquis La Fayette from France, with the intelligence that a French land and naval force was on its way to America. Accordingly, in July, a fleet of ten armed ships accompanied by thirty-six transports, and six thousand soldiers, arrived at Rhode Island. They brought information that a second fleet, with more troops, was expected soon to sail from the harbor of Brest. The fleet was commanded by the Chevalier de Terney: the army by the Count de Rochambeau. A general enthusiasm succeeded their arrival, and a vigorous campaign against the British posts was projected. To compliment the French, Washington recommended to his officers to place a white relief on the American cockade. In the midst of these sanguine hopes, however, the news arrived, that the transports, with the second portion of the French army, was blockaded in Brest: and in an instant all the visions of a brilliant campaign vanished, the forces of Rochambeau and Washington being too small to begin offensive operations with any prospect of success. In the meantime, however, the American General lost no opportunity of propitiating his allies. Conferences were also held as to the best plan of conducting the war. Washington had met Terney and Rochambeau at Hartford, in Connecticut, for this purpose, on the 21st of September, 1780, when, during his absence, a conspiracy for betraying West Point to the enemy was discovered, and fortunately frustrated. The plot

came so near success, however, that its failure almost appears the result of a direct interposition of Providence.

West Point was the key to the Highlands, and considered impregnable. It guarded the communication between the eastern and middle states, and hence, as well as on account of its convenience as a central depot, had been chosen as the depository of immense stores. Its possession, in more than one respect, therefore, would be advantageous to the British: and might even be the cause of total ruin to the American arms. The traitor who proposed to surrender it to Clinton, was the same Arnold, of whose headlong bravery at Quebec and Saratoga we have already spoken. This General had, like many others, scarcely received his deserts from Congress; but instead of emulating the patriotism of Schuyler, he resolved on a plan of revenge. Accordingly, a year before, and while in command of Philadelphia, he had opened, under an assumed name, a correspondence with Clinton. In Philadelphia, he married a Miss Shippen, a young, gay, and beautiful woman, of habits even more extravagant than his own, and of political principles directly opposed to those which the wife of an American Major General would be presumed to possess. Indulging in an expensive style of living, he soon began to want means: to obtain these, he engaged in privateering, which proved unsuccessful. At last, harassed by his debts, he resorted to fraud and peculation, to conceal which he exhibited false accounts against the government. The result was, a refusal to allow his demands. This excited him to some very reprehensible acts and words against the public and Congress. These produced a court-martial on charges preferred by the Governor of Pennsylvania. By this body he was sentenced to be reprimanded by the Commander-in-chief, and the sentence was carried into execution.

The proud soul of Arnold burned at this indignity, and he resolved on a signal vengeance; but, concealing his base designs, he applied for the command of West Point. After some solicitation Washington, who had always considered him an efficient officer, yielded to his request. Arnold now immediately resumed his correspondence with Clinton, and proceeded so vigorously in his treasonable purposes, that a price was soon agreed on between him and the British General for the surrender of the post. The absence of Washington, at Hartford, was chosen as a suitable time for the infamous act. It being necessary, however, to arrange some preliminaries, Major Andre, Adjutant General of the British army, a young, amiable and accomplished officer, was despatched by Clinton to hold a private

interview with Arnold, without the American lines. Andre ascended the Hudson in the Vulture sloop of war, and the parties met, at the house of a Mr. Smith, on the 21st of September, 1780, but daybreak surprising them, in the midst of their conversation, it became necessary for Andre to remain until the evening; and during the interval he was concealed, of necessity, within the American lines. At night the boatman who had brought him off, refused to carry him back to the Vulture, that vessel having dropped down the river during the

CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRE.

preceding day, to avoid an American battery on shore. Andre now attempted to make his way to New York by land, to facilitate which purpose, Arnold furnished him with a pass, under the assumed name of John Anderson. Andre passed the American lines in safety, but was stopped on the second day of his journey, almost within sight of the British posts, by three militia men. It is probable that ordinary tact would have sufficed to quiet their suspicions, and prevent further molestation; but, losing his presence of mind, he suffered himself to reveal his rank and nation, before learning that of his interrogators; and then, on discovering his mistake, he offered such extravagant remuneration for his release, that the suspicions of his captors were still more fully excited. On searching Andre's person, his papers were found in his boot. These were in Arnold's hand writing, and contained a description of the defences at West

Point, with an estimate of the number of men required to man them. On detecting these documents, the militia men conducted him to Colonel Jameson, their commandant, the superior officer of all the scouting parties of militia employed on the lines. Here Andre asked leave to write a note to Arnold, in which, under his assumed name of Anderson, he informed the traitor of his own arrest; intelligence so timely to Arnold, that, on receiving it, he called his barge, and rowed at once to the Vulture. Having despatched this note to his confederate, Andre wrote and forwarded a letter to Washington. He signed this with his real name, enclosing the papers captured on his person, and endeavoring to prove that he had not come as a spy within the American lines. Meantime Washington, little suspecting this foul treason, had returned from Hartford and crossed to West Point. Not finding Arnold there, he re-crossed to head-quarters, and here received Andre's letter. The cause of Arnold's disappearance was now explained. But forty-eight hours had elapsed since the arrest of Andre, and it was now too late to overtake the traitor, who, by this time, was on his way, safely in the Vulture, to New York.

At first Washington was confounded by the intelligence of Arnold's treason, not knowing to what extent its ramifications spread. A board of officers was immediately appointed to try Andre as a spy. Among the members of this board were Steuben and La Fayette, both chosen because foreigners, to give a greater apparent impartiality abroad to the decision of the court. Andre was found guilty on his own confession, disdaining, like a gallant soldier, to make use of any quibble. The judges compassionated the unfortunate young man, and shed tears while they awarded the doom required by the laws of war. He was sentenced to be hung as a spy. Clinton, who loved Andre almost as a brother, made the most strenuous exertions to save his friend's life: he wrote to Washington; he solicited a conference; he threatened retaliations of the most wholesale character in Carolina. But all was in vain. The unhappy victim was told to prepare for his death. In this awful crisis, he deported himself with the courage of a soldier, and reproved his servant for the emotion he betrayed. His only request was that he might be shot. To this Washington could not consent, consistently with his duty to his country: and, out of delicacy, declined to answer the request: though he wept at his inability to spare Andre this ignominious pain. On beholding the terrible machinery provided for his execution, the hapless young man, who had indulged a hope that his petition would be granted, shrank back, and exclaimed,

"must I die in this manner?" But immediately recovering himself, he added, "it will be but a momentary pang," and marched firmly forwards. Just before he suffered, he requested all to witness that he died like a brave man, and then, stepping lightly into the cart, endured his sentence, amid the tears and sobs of the spectators. Friend and foe have since united to deplore his untimely, though necessary fate. Yet, by a strange fallacy, the similar catastrophe that befel Captain Hale, of the American army, has been almost overlooked, and the sympathy that should have been divided among both, been exhausted on Andre. The one sleeps in a humble grave, almost forgotten by his countrymen; the other long since was disinterred and placed with martial pomp in the sacred gloom of Westminster Abbey.

The subsequent career of Arnold forms an appropriate conclusion to this melancholy tale. He received the wages of his treason, and was given a command in the British army; but honorable men shrank from his society, and wherever he went he was regarded as the murderer of Andre. He had the assurance to appear at court, but was insulted in the very presence of the King. At last he threw up his commission in disgust, and coming to Nova Scotia, resumed his old profession of a merchant. He died universally execrated, as well by the nation he had served, as by the one he had betrayed.

In October, 1780, Clinton despatched three thousand troops under General Leslie, to Virginia, where he was ordered to co-operate with Cornwallis, who was expected there by this period. He remained in Virginia but a short time, having received orders from Cornwallis to join him at Charleston. Here he arrived in time to unite with that officer in the pursuit of Greene through North Carolina, as we have before narrated. In the meantime, and while Greene was engaged in his masterly retreat, the American army at the north lay at Morristown, enduring all the rigors of the season, ill-fed and scantily clothed. Though there had been a plentiful harvest, the want of money in camp, rendered it almost impossible for Washington to supply the soldiers with food: and recourse was had again to forced contributions. At this crisis, a mutiny broke out in the Pennsylvania line, the soldiers of which declared that they were retained after their terms of enlistment expired. Thirteen hundred of these men paraded under arms, on the night of the 1st of January, 1781, and declared their intention to march on Philadelphia, and demand justice from Congress, at the point of the bayonet. Their officers attempted to quell the insubordination, but failed: and in the effort, one officer was killed and several wounded. As Gene

ral Wayne possessed great popularity among the mutineers, he was sent by Washington to exhort them to return to duty. But he, too, was unsuccessful. He even threatened to shoot the ringleaders, but they earnestly besought him not to force them to harm him: solemnly declaring their resolution to be unalterable to have their wrongs redresssed. They selected temporary officers, accordingly, and marched to Princeton, on their way to the capital. But here they were met by a deputation from Congress, who finally effected a compromise with them. Much as we may deplore the mutiny of these men, we cannot but own that, like the mutineers of the Connecticut line, the year before, they had great cause for complaint. Nor were they less firm than the former mutineers in their patriotism, for when Clinton, hearing of their revolt, sent emissaries to seduce them to his ranks, they delivered the spies to Wayne to be hung. They appear to have been goaded by the neglect and injustice of Congress to turn their arms against that body; but never to have swerved in their devotion to the country. Their misguided conduct, however, might have led to the total ruin of the cause of independence. The nation felt this, and when, shortly after, a part of the Jersey line, infected by their pernicious example, broke out into revolt, stringent measures were adopted, and the mutiny being put down, the ringleaders were executed.

As these disturbances were owing chiefly to the neglect of pay, this is the proper place to enter on the subject of the continental money, the depreciation of which had led to the inability of the federal government to liquidate its obligations to the army. Years had now passed since many of the soldiers had received a cent from Congress, and those who were paid, obtained their dues only in a depreciated currency. The financial condition of the country had been indeed on the verge of ruin for more than two campaigns. The cause for this was, that Congress had never provided any real fund for the expenses of the war. At the beginning of the contest, some of the bolder spirits had proposed raising a revenue by taxation; but as this was the very difficulty about which the colonists were quarrelling with Great Britain, it was thought wisest to waive this subject for the present. A loan was the next available resource: but who would lend to revolted colonies? As a last resort, Congress issued bills of credit, for the payment of which, the faith of the confederated states was pledged. The first emission was to the amount of two millions, and took place in June, 1775: this was followed, in the succeeding month, by the issue of another million. At this period of the war, it was generally supposed that an accommodation

UNITED STATES
No 45541
SIX DOLLARS.
THIS Bill entitles the Bearer to receive SIX SPANISH MILLED DOLLARS, or the Value thereof in GOLD or SILVER, according to a Resolution of CONGRESS published at Philadelphia Nov. 2. 1776.
W Gibson
J Franklin
PERSEVERANDO
SIX DOLLARS
Continental Currency
SIX DOLLARS
Sixty-five Dollars
JUSTITIA

CONTINENTAL MONEY.

would speedily be arranged, and accordingly the bills circulated at par, and were readily taken. But when, in consequence of the contract entered into by England with Germany, to procure foreign mercenaries, it was thought necessary by Congress to extend the plan of defence, more and more bills were emitted, the issue extending through the months of February, May, and July, 1776. By the close of this year there were twenty millions in circulation. Up to this period, the bills had suffered no depreciation, but the successes of the British began to alarm prudent traders, as well as large capitalists, and though the victory at Trenton re-animated the hopes of the patriots, yet it did not preserve the credit of the paper currency. A long war was seen to be inevitable, and in consequence, the bills fell. The depreciation at first was gradual, but as the contest grew protracted, and more bills were thrown on the market, the depreciation progressed at an alarming ratio. This depreciation began at different periods in different states, and extended not only to the continental paper, but to the bills of a like character issued by the different states. The decline commenced early in the year 1777; and before the close of the year had reached two or three for one. In 1778, the depreciation rose to five or six for one: in 1779, twenty-seven or twenty-eight for one: in the early part of 1780, fifty or sixty for one, and towards its close, one hundred and fifty for one.

By this time many would not take the paper on any terms. In 1781, the depreciation reached several hundreds for one, and the circulation, even at this rate, was so partial that, from this period, the bills may be said to have disappeared from active use.

A terrible crisis had now come in the financial affairs of the country. In the neighborhood of the American army there was no circulating medium of either paper or money, a real want of necessaries ensued, and in consequence, as we have seen, the Connecticut, and subsequently, the Pennsylvania troops, broke out into mutiny. Congress did not know what remedy to apply for this evil. A legislative body may make paper loans, but cannot create a currency without credit. There was little gold or silver in the country, and what there was, private citizens hoarded. In vain various expedients were resorted to in order to establish a currency, and to check the accelerated depreciation of the continental bills. Unjust and absurd laws had been recommended to the states by Congress, for regulating the prices of labor, manufactures, and all sorts of commodities: for confiscating and selling the estates of tories: and for making legal money a tender in payment of debts. All these laws were, of course, found to be impracticable. Manufacturers ceased to work, when they found that the depreciation of the currency, to which the law affixed a nominal value, far above its real one, no longer remunerated them. The large number of tory estates thrown on the market necessarily lessened their value. And the law which made the paper money a legal tender, was found in practice only to enable a dishonest debtor to pay his creditor a pound, which was not really worth a pound; while it reduced to beggary all that large class of annuitants, such as widows, orphans, and aged persons, who had money out at interest and who received only worthless paper instead of their just dues.

Fortunately for the country a very beneficial trade sprung up in the year 1780, with the French and Spanish West India islands, which continued through the war, and was the means of introducing much gold and silver into the states. The French army at Newport also disbursed large sums in specie. But these resources were still inadequate to the wants of the community. The army especially suffered. Taxation was resorted to in order to obtain relief, and the different states were called on for quotas of provisions and forage; but there was a very general prejudice existing against this system of raising a revenue, and many of the quotas were never completely filled. Loans from private individuals were now endeavored to be negotiated; but Congress met with but little success in

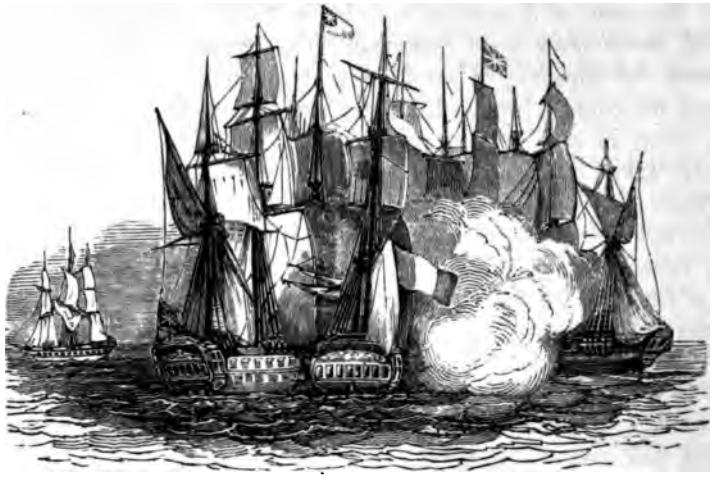
ROBERT MORRIS.

this attempt: the patriotism of the few large capitalists being less than their confidence in the government, and the body of the people wanting means. A few, however, of the wealthy merchants came forward to the assistance of Congress, and among the most active of these was Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, who had been placed at the head of the bank, established at his suggestion, the year before. The finances of the confederacy were given into his control, and the public engagements hereafter met in gold and silver. A subsidy of six millions of livres was obtained from the King of France, and that monarch became security for ten millions more borrowed in the Netherlands. On the whole, the financial condition of the country, under the skilful measures now adopted, began to improve; but there was more than one crisis yet before the end of the war: and one of these came so near rendering the expedition against Cornwal

lis abortive, that but for the timely arrival of the specie remitted from the court of France, it is probable the triumphs of Yorktown would never have been achieved. The British ministry had long foreseen the approach of this financial tempest, and had indeed protracted the contest, hoping to avail themselves of its aid. It appears little short of a direct interposition of Providence to behold the country saved in this extremity. But to return to the thread of our narrative.

The beginning of the year 1781, which witnessed Greene's masterly retreat through North Carolina, found Washington apparently idle at his posts on the Hudson. But he was secretly busy nevertheless; and was straining every nerve to be able soon to strike a decisive blow. Meantime Clinton, finding himself censured for inactivity, projected an attempt on Virginia, and as a preliminary, despatched Arnold thither. That recreant General, in the execution of the task now allotted him, seemed desirous to add the title of bandit to that of traitor: and accordingly began to ravage the province with a ferocity unparalleled, respecting neither private nor public property, but plundering all alike. With twelve hundred men he landed at Westown, whence he proceeded to Richmond, where he destroyed immense quantities of rum, salt, tobacco, and other stores: and finally establishing himself at Portsmouth, he sent out parties on all sides to commit havoc and destruction, as the foul dragon in the German story reduced, with his breath alone, the surrounding districts to a blighted desert.

When Washington heard of this rapine he conceived the project of capturing the traitor, and making him expiate on the gallows his offences against his country. Accordingly La Fayette, who had been detailed with twelve hundred men to reinforce Greene, was ordered to remain in Virginia and hem in Arnold from escape by land; while, at the same time, a proposition was made to the French Admiral at Newport to send his fleet and a thousand land troops to cut off Arnold's return by sea. Destouches, however, had already made up his mind that one line of battle ship and two frigates would be sufficient for the purpose. These accordingly were despatched on the 5th of February, but Arnold was so well posted as to defy attack. The squadron accordingly returned to Newport. It was now resolved, in a personal conference between Washington, Destouches and Rochambeau, to embark eleven hundred French troops, and escort them with the whole fleet. This was accordingly done on the 8th of March. But on the 16th, the English fleet under Arbuthnot, which had given chase, came up with the French off Cape



ACTION OFF CAPE HENRY.

Henry: and, after an hour's combat, Destouches bore up and abandoned the enterprise, returning the next day to Rhode Island. In this manner the traitor made his escape.

It was well known to Clinton that the conquest of Virginia had become a favorite measure with the ministry at home. That rich and populous province had hitherto suffered but little from the war. It was intersected with large and navigable rivers; and in other respects afforded facilities for fleets. The plan of the ministry was to seize and fortify some point on its coast, both for the sake of a convenient depot for shipping and to hold the province in check. It was determined if the colony could not be conquered that it should be ravaged. Clinton was well aware of these views, and prepared to second them. He had in consequence already despatched first Leslie, and after his removal, Arnold, to Virginia; and now he proceeded to send General Phillips, with a force of two thousand men to reinforce Arnold. On the 26th of March he arrived in the Chesapeake, and soon forming a junction with Arnold, ravaged the country along the bay, burning four thousand hogsheads of tobacco in Petersburg alone. On the 9th of May the two Generals established themselves at this town, where shortly after General Phillips died. On the 20th of the same month, Lord Cornwallis arrived from Wilmington where we left him, after the battle of Guildford, in order that we might follow the fortunes of Greene. Being here joined by the forces

lately commanded by Phillips, and a reinforcement of fifteen hundred men just arrived from New York, he was at the head of a very imposing force, and deeming the province at his mercy, began to trample it under the hoofs of military conquest.

Virginia indeed was, at this period, in a pitiable condition, from which it seemed almost impossible to rescue her. The army of Cornwallis was about five thousand, all disciplined troops, many of them veterans. To oppose these, La Fayette had scarcely four thousand men, of whom three-fourths were militia. Besides these, however, there were six hundred men under Baron Steuben, who had been marching to the aid of Greene, but had been recalled, and were now on the south side of James River. Fortunately, also, Wayne had been despatched to reinforce La Fayette, and it now became the object of the latter, after having, by a forced march on Richmond, saved the stores there, to effect a junction with his brother General. Meantime Cornwallis, who was very effective in cavalry, having mounted his troops without scruple from the stables of the Virginia gentlemen, despatched two expeditions, one under Tarleton, to Charlotteville, the other under Simcoe, to Point of Fork. Tarleton had nearly captured the Assembly, which was in session at the former place; but the members fortunately were warned in time, and chiefly escaped, only seven being made prisoners. He destroyed, however, a large quantity of stores. Simcoe was less successful, the Americans having removed most of their stores from Point of Fork. All this time La Fayette had been engaged in effecting his junction with Wayne. Cornwallis, desirous of securing his opponent's stores, which had been removed from Richmond to Albemarle Old Court-House, took post between La Fayette and that place; but the Marquis, by opening a road which had long been disused, and was regarded by the English as impassable, escaped from the snare. Cornwallis, on the next day, the 18th of June, fell back on Richmond. In a few days Steuben arrived to reinforce La Fayette, who had now nearly two thousand regulars. The British General, astonished to find so large a force concentrated with such rapidity against him, and indeed believing the troops of his enemy to be more numerous than they were, thought it prudent to retire to Williamsburgh, whither the Marquis cautiously followed him. Already the proud British leader had found "the boy," as he contemptuously called La Fayette, almost his match.

As he entered Williamsburgh the rear of Cornwallis became engaged with the American van; but he had no desire to fight a battle, as he had just received orders from Clinton to send part of

his troops to New York, where his superior was in daily expectation of a combined attack on the part of the Americans and French. Accordingly, on the 4th of July, Cornwallis marched to a ford on the James River, and sent over part of his army to the opposite banks, in what is called the island of Jamestown. By the 7th, the wheel carriages and baggage had also crossed. At this crisis, La Fayette, supposing that the whole British army had passed over except the rear-guard, determined to assault them. This determination Cornwallis had suspected, and indeed laid the snare for his enemy. Wayne, who had been sent forward to begin the attack, soon found himself opposed by overwhelming numbers; but with his accustomed courage, he advanced, though with only eight hundred men, to the charge. The British stood amazed at this gallant daring. Fortunately La Fayette had, in the meantime, perceived his error, and sent a message to Wayne to retire, the light infantry forming his cover as he did so. Cornwallis feared to pursue, lest he should be drawn into an ambush. In this action the Americans lost one hundred and eighteen in killed and wounded: the English seventy-five. In the night the English General followed his baggage across to Jamestown, and shortly after proceeded to Portsmouth, where he embarked the troops required for New York. The transports had not yet sailed, however, when he received a countermand from Clinton, who wrote that he had no longer any fear of an attack on New York. That General also ordered Cornwallis to establish himself firmly in Virginia; and for this purpose, to occupy a suitable defensive post, capable of protecting ships of the line. Old Point Comfort and Yorktown were suggested; but the former was found unsuitable, and the latter accordingly selected. Here, Cornwallis established himself in the latter part of the month of July, 1781, and began leisurely to fortify the place. Little did he think it was the net which would entangle him, and from which he should come out only with ruined fortunes.

While these events were passing in Virginia, Washington, at the north, had been planning a combined attack on New York. At first he was sanguine of bringing over the French allies to the enterprise; but the receipt of large reinforcements by Clinton soon rendered the affair extremely hazardous. Moreover, the assistance of Admiral de Grasse, from the West Indies, was necessary, and as that officer declared his instructions forbade him to remain on the American coast after the middle of October, a period too short to permit the siege of New York, the undertaking was of necessity, though with great reluctance, abandoned. But Washington did not yield to

despondency. If he could not strike in one place, he was resolved to do so in another. All the energies of his mind were now devoted to secretly preparing an expedition against Cornwallis, with which to crush that General forever. His arrangements were soon perfected, but in order to ensure success, it was necessary to deceive Clinton, else that General would have flown to the succor of Yorktown. Accordingly, Rochambeau marched with five thousand troops from Newport to the eastern bank of the Hudson, where Washington effected a junction with him, and the two daily insulted the British lines, as if a siege was already preparing. Meantime letters were written, intended to be intercepted, full of hints as to the approaching investment. Engineers were also sent to reconnoitre the island of New York from the opposite shores. Reports of de Grasse's speedy arrival off Sandy Hook were circulated. Pretended preparations were made to establish a camp opposite Staten Island. Sir Henry Clinton was completely deceived. Even when Washington had advanced to Trenton, the British General, thinking his adversary was only manœuvreing to draw him from his lines, refused to stir from New York. At last the American leader received intelligence that de Grasse was off the coast. Instantly the army was put in motion, and advanced with great rapidity through Pennsylvania to the head of Elk. On the same day, the 28th of August, 1781, de Grasse entered the Chesapeake. The snare was closing around Cornwallis. His star already waned low and lurid in the setting horizon.

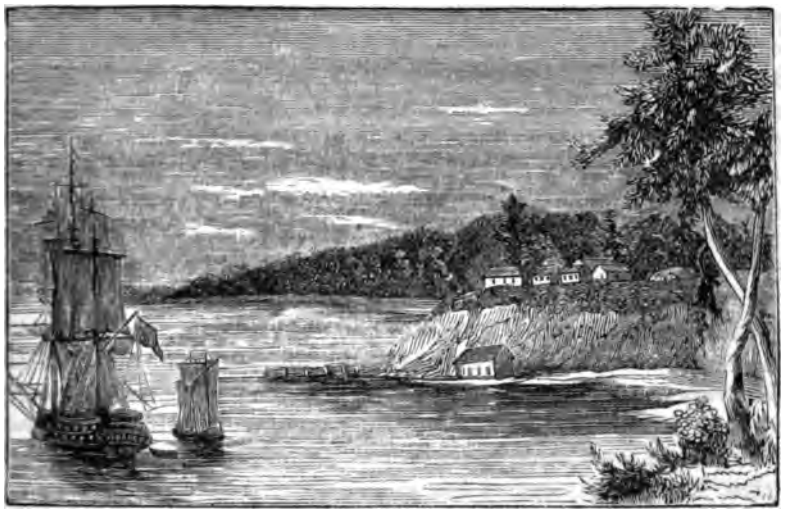
De Grasse immediately proceeded to blockade York River with a part of his force. Thirty-two hundred troops were then landed, under the Marquis St. Simon, which speedily effected a junction with La Fayette. This had scarcely been done, when Admiral Greaves, with the English fleet from the West Indies, of fourteen sail of the line, and his own squadron from New York, of five sail of the line, appeared off the Capes of Virginia, on which de Grasse put to sea, with his whole force, amounting to twenty-four sail of the line, in order to give him battle. After a partial engagement, however, night separated the combatants. The hostile squadrons manœuvred in sight of each other for five days, at the end of which time, de Grasse returned to his former anchorage within the Capes. Here he found de Barras, who had left Newport on the 25th of August, with the military stores, and heavy artillery, suitable for carrying on the siege; and had, in consequence of de Grasse's demonstration, successfully eluded the British. Admiral Greaves, on approaching the Chesapeake, found himself in presence of so

superior a force, that he thought it advisable to bear away for New York. Long before his arrival there, however, Clinton had discovered the stratagem by which Washington had lulled his apprehensions respecting the south. To save Cornwallis, he determined on an expedition against New London, which was accordingly executed with signal atrocity, under the command of Arnold, but without effecting the recall of the American army. Meantime, the French Admiral, after seeing the siege artillery and stores landed, despatched the light transports to bring Washington's army down from the Head of Elk to Annapolis. The allied forces, now twenty thousand strong, of which but a fifth part was militia, after this advanced to the vicinity of Williamsburgh, and closely invested Cornwallis, who, with an army of seven thousand, found himself beset on the land side by this invincible force, and on the sea by nearly thirty sail of the line.

How different were the feelings of the combatants on either side. The continentals now trod with the elation of anticipated triumph, over the ground which they had, but a few years before, tracked with their fugitive blood. The British, lately so haughty and assured of conquest, gnashed their teeth with rage and despair, to find themselves hopelessly enclosed. But, before we proceed further, let us describe the real nature of their position.

The town of York lies on the southern shore of the river of that name, at a spot where the banks are bold and high. On the opposite side, at the distance of a mile, is Gloucester Point, a strip of land projecting far into the stream. Both the town and point were occupied by Cornwallis, the communication being preserved by his batteries; while several British men-of-war lay under his guns, for the river was here deep enough for the largest ship of the line.

By referring to the map a clear idea may be gained of the strength of Cornwallis's position. It will be seen that Yorktown is situated at the narrowest part of the peninsula formed by the York and James rivers, where the distance across is but eight miles. By placing his troops, therefore, around the village, and drawing about them a range of outer redoubts and field works calculated to command this peninsula, Cornwallis had established himself in a position of great strength; while, by fortifying Gloucester Point and maintaining the communication between it and Yorktown, he opened a door for the reception of supplies, and provided a way of escape in the last emergency. Yet still, when he considered the force of the Americans, and his own comparatively scanty numbers, dark seasons of doubt affected even his composed soul.



YORKTOWN.

Having formed a junction with La Fayette, the allied army, commanded by Washington in person, moved down from Williamsburg to Yorktown; and on the 30th of September occupied the outer lines of Cornwallis, which that General had abandoned without a struggle. Two thousand men were detailed to the Gloucester side to blockade that post. The investment was now complete.

It was not, however, until the night of the 6th of October that the Americans broke ground, within six hundred yards of the enemy's lines, the intermediate time having been employed in bringing up the stores and heavy artillery. By daybreak the trenches were sufficiently advanced to cover the men. In less than four days a sufficient number of batteries and redoubts had been erected to silence the fire of the enemy. On the 10th, (the day on which the British withdrew their cannon from the embrasures,) the red-hot balls of the allied batteries set fire to an English frigate and three large transports lying in the harbor. Cornwallis now began to despond. No succor had arrived from New York, and the allies were pushing the siege with extraordinary vigor. On the night of the 11th, the second parallel was opened within three hundred yards of the British lines. These new trenches were flanked by two redoubts in possession of the enemy, who, taking advantage of the circumstance, opened several new embrasures, and kept up an incessant and

destructive fire. It became necessary to carry these batteries by storm; and the evening of the fourteenth was fixed for the purpose, one redoubt being assigned to the Americans and the other to the French. A noble emulation fired the soldiers of the respective nations as they advanced across the plain. La Fayette led the continentals: the Baron de Viominel commanded his countrymen. The redoubt entrusted to the Americans was carried at the bayonet's point, the assailants rushing on with such impetuosity that the sappers had not time to remove the abattis and palisades. The French were equally courageous and successful, though, as their redoubt was defended by a larger force, the conquest was not so speedy, and their loss was greater. It was, at one time, currently believed that La Fayette, with the concurrence of Washington, had issued orders for every man to be put to the sword, in retaliation for the massacre at New London, a few weeks before; but Colonel Hamilton, who took part in the assault, and who had ample means of knowing the truth, has publicly denied the statement. The redoubts were the same night included in the second parallel, and their guns, the next day, made ready to be turned against the foe.

Cornwallis was now reduced to extremities. His works were crumbling under the shot of the first parallel, and in another day new trenches would open their fire at half the distance. In this emergency he resolved on a sortie, hoping thus to retard the completion of the batteries in the second parallel. The enterprise was, at first successful, and the two batteries, which were now nearly completed, fell into the hands of the foe; but the guards from the trenches immediatetly hastening to the assistance of their fellow soldiers, the enemy was dislodged and driven back into his works. The same day the second parallel opened several of its batteries. It was hoped that by morning every gun might be brought to bear.

Having failed in his sortie, and knowing that his position was now untenable, the British General took the desperate resolution of crossing over to Gloucester Point in the night, and cutting his way through the blockading force there: then mounting his men on whatever horses he could seize, to make a rapid march northward and join Sir Henry Clinton. By this movement he would abandon his sick and baggage; but he would save himself the disgrace of a surrender. Boats were secretly procured, and the first embarkation reached the point safely and unperceived; but, at this juncture, a violent storm arose, which drove the boats down the river. The tempest continued until daylight, when the enterprise was unavoid-

ably given up, and the troops that had passed over re-crossed to the southern side.

Thus foiled in his last hope, the usually buoyant soul of Cornwallis gave way to despair. He had continued to flatter himself that Clinton, knowing the strait he was in, would hurry from New York to his aid. As early as the twenty-ninth of September he had received a despatch stating that succor would sail on the 5th of October, but the 5th had long come and gone, and still, though the besieged watched with hourly increasing intensity, the welcome sails of the British fleet did not whiten the distant waters of the bay. More than two weeks had elapsed since the despatch was received. Where could Clinton be? We may imagine the anxiety with which Cornwallis daily swept the horizon with his glass; and the disappointment with which he beheld the green waste stretching unbroken to the sea-board. He had now played his last card. His works were like moth-eaten wood around him, and might be expected to tumble at any moment to the earth. His chances of escape were gone. It is said, that in the mortification and anguish of his soul, he shed tears, and expressed his preference for death rather than the ignominy of a surrender.

But there was no resource. At ten on the morning of the 17th, accordingly, Cornwallis beat a parley, and proposed a cessation of hostilities for one day, in order to agree on terms for the surrender of Yorktown and Gloucester. Washington granted two hours for Cornwallis to prepare his proposals; and, that no time might be lost, sent in his own. The answer of the British General rendering it probable that but little difficulty would occur in adjusting the terms, Washington consented to the cessation of hostilities. On the 18th the commissioners from the two armies met; but evening arrived before they could agree except on a rough draft of the terms of surrender. These, however, Washington caused to be copied, and sent them early next morning to Cornwallis, determined not to lose the slightest advantage by delay. He further informed the British General that a definitive answer was expected by eleven o'clock; and that in case of a surrender, the garrison must march out by two in the afternoon. No resource being left, Cornwallis signed.

It was a proud day for the war-worn troops of America, when the richly appointed soldiery of Britain marched out with dejected faces from their works, and in profound silence stacked their arms on the plain, in presence of the conquerors. By this capitulation more than seven thousand prisoners, exclusive of seamen, fell into the hands of the allies. Among the captives were two Generals, and thirty-one

SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

field officers. The army, artillery, arms, military chest, and public stores were surrendered to Washington; while the ships and seamen were assigned to Count de Grasse, the French Admiral. In addition to those made prisoners at the capitulation, the loss of the garrison, during the siege, was five hundred and fifty-two. The allied army lost about three hundred. The siege occupied eleven days to the opening of the treaty, and thirteen to the signing of the capitulation. There was a large body of Americans in Yorktown who had joined the British army, and Cornwallis endeavored to provide for their safety in the capitulation. But as the subject belonged to the civil department, Washington rejected the article. The escape of these men was, however, humanely connived at; for a sloop of war was allowed to proceed to New York with despatches unsearched, and in her they embarked. On the very day when the capitulation was signed at Yorktown, Sir Henry Clinton sailed from Sandy Hook with seven thousand men to relieve Cornwallis; but on the 24th, when off the capes of Virginia, having received intelligence of the surrender, he altered his course for New York.

Before the siege began, a circumstance occurred which came near destroying the success of the campaign. Immediately after the arrival of Washington at Williamsburg, the Count de Grasse, then lying in the Chesapeake, received intelligence that the British fleet, having been reinforced, was preparing to attack him again; and considering his position unfavorable for a naval combat, he determined to put to sea for the purpose of meeting the enemy, leaving only a few frigates to continue the blockade of Yorktown. This resolution alarmed the Commander-in-chief; for, if the Count should be blown off the coast, the enemy might attain a temporary superiority on those waters, and Cornwallis be either succored or removed. La Fayette was called in at this emergency, and by his representations, seconded by the earnest remonstrances of Washington, the design was abandoned. Too much credit cannot be given to de Grasse for thus sacrificing his personal glory to the success of the expedition. La Fayette, a few days before, had resisted a similar temptation to win renown. De Grasse, impatient of the delay of Washington, had urged his young countryman to storm the then unfinished works of Cornwallis, declaring that it was impossible for him longer to await the arrival of the Commander-in-chief. But, with the true spirit of a patriot, La Fayette refused to sacrifice the lives of his soldiers, when the capture of the enemy might be secured, without bloodshed, by the delay of a few days.

The reduction of Yorktown filled the country with exultation. Addresses poured in on the Commander-in-chief from every quarter; from state governments, cities, corporations and learned bodies. Congress returned thanks to Washington, to Rochambeau, and to de Grasse, as well as to the officers generally, and to the corps of artillery, especially to the engineers. They also ordered a monument to be erected on the scene of the surrender, commemorating the glorious event. Two stand of colors, of those yielded in the capitulation, were presented to Washington; two pieces of field ordnance to Rochambeau, and the permission of his monarch was solicited to bestow a similar gift on de Grasse. The whole body went in solemn procession to church, in order to return thanks to Almighty God for the success of the allied arms; and a proclamation was issued, enjoining the observance of the 13th of December as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

This final catastrophe for the British arms may be regarded as the close of the revolutionary drama. From that hour England lost all heart for the contest. Seven years she had been occupied in the attempt to reduce her colonies; and she was now further from her

purpose than before she drew her sword. The loss of Cornwallis paralyzed her forever. The war, though protracted for a year or more, was confined to a few predatory excursions in the vicinity of New York, and to the expiring struggles of the English in South Carolina. On their part also the Americans regarded the fall of Yorktown as decisive; and calculating on a speedy and honorable peace, were content to rest on their arms. The remainder of the story, therefore, may be narrated in few words.

After their signal victory, Washington would have persuaded de Grasse to further attempts on the continent of America, and proposed an expedition against Charleston as feasible and full of glory: but the French Admiral pleaded the instructions of his government not to remain on the coast later than the middle of October, and accordingly set sail for the West Indies. Rochambeau, however, with the troops de Grasse had landed under St. Simon, as also with those he had himself brought from Rhode Island, was left behind, and took up his quarters at Williamsburg. The American troops belonging eastward of Pennsylvania, were transported by water to the head of Elk, and thence marched to cantonments in New Jersey near the Hudson, where they remained very generally until the conclusion of peace.

The news of the capture of Cornwallis reached London on the 25th of November, 1781, and caused general despair, although the ministry, at the instigation of the King, still declared their resolution to carry on the war. But the sense of the country was now against them. The struggle had already cost England one hundred thousand men, and seventy millions of money; and the mercantile classes and country gentlemen began to regard it as a gulf which would swallow up their means interminably. The whigs in Parliament took courage, and renewed their assaults on the Cabinet with such vigor, that the ministerial majorities, constantly decreasing, diminished at last, on the 22nd of February, to a single vote. At last the King consented that Lord North should resign, in order to make room for a Cabinet more favorable to peace. Thus the English monarch found himself forced to submit to the alternative which his own minister had recommended four years before. But, in the meantime, what countless lives and treasures had been squandered to gratify the obstinacy or whim of that one man!

Peace, however, was not yet secured. The new ministry was made up of discordant materials, and before it could be brought to act on the subject, its head, the Marquis of Rockingham, died, and the Cabinet fell to pieces. A new ministry was finally arranged,

and the prospect of a termination of the war began to look more favorable, when suddenly an incident occurred which once more endangered everything. This was an intrigue, on the part of the French government, to prevent the recognition of American independence. The main purpose of that government, in becoming the ally of the colonies, had been to annoy her old rival; and she deemed this would be best effected now, by leaving the question of independence an open one, and arranging a hollow truce, instead of a permanent peace, between Great Britain and America. She had nearly succeeded in this subtle scheme. Franklin even fell into the plot, and a treaty would probably have been prepared without any formal recognition of the independence of the colonies, had not Jay, arriving from Madrid to assist in the conferences, seen through the intrigue, and by a single bold resolution, cut the web of diplomacy, and disconcerted France. He wrote to the English ministry, exposing the trick of the Court of Versailles, and arguing that it was the interest of Great Britain to come out frankly and acknowledge the independence of the United States, as a preliminary to the treaty. The English Cabinet followed his suggestion, and the treaty now went on rapidly.

Holland, in the meantime, had followed the example of France in recognizing the independence of America; and on the 8th of October, 1782, concluded a treaty of amity and commerce with John Adams, the minister of the United States. He also obtained a loan of money from her about the same time. Spain retarded the negotiations for a season, by her abortive efforts to secure the cession of Gibraltar; but finding this impossible, she finally consented to accede to terms less favorable to herself. Some difficulty was experienced, on the part of America, in obtaining a share of the Newfoundland fisheries, in which France took little interest. All these things, however, were eventually arranged: and on the 20th of January, 1783, preliminaries were signed by France, Spain and Great Britain. Articles between Great Britain and her colonies had already been signed on the 30th of the preceding November. These treaties were proclaimed by Washington to his army on the 19th of April, the eighth anniversary of the battle of Lexington.

In February, 1783, Sweden and Denmark acknowledged the independence of the United States; in March, Spain; and in July, Russia. At last, on the 3rd of September, 1783, the final treaty of peace was signed at Paris. This treaty recognized the independence of the revolted colonies; gave them the right of fishery as of old

on the banks of Newfoundland; secured to creditors the payment of debts heretofore contracted; prohibited future confiscations, and recommended to Congress the restoration of former ones; established the navigation of the Mississippi for both English and Americans; and ordered all conquests made after the treaty to be restored. Thus the war, after more than eight years of blood, was formally concluded, as it had virtually been for nearly two years.

The army still remained together, however, and as Congress had no money to pay the soldiers before disbanding, it was feared that some difficulties would arise. It was indeed melancholy, that gallant men, who had fought the battles of their country for so many years, and who had endured privations almost incredible, should now be turned off without a penny, many to beg their way home. The officers were in a not less pitiable condition. In 1780, Congress had bestowed on them half pay for life, but nine states had neglected or refused to ratify the grant, and the law was regarded virtually a dead letter. In this emergency, in December, 1782, the officers petitioned Congress to repeal this law, and instead of half pay for life, to give full pay for five years, liquidating in the meantime all arrearages. Congress hesitated at this act of bare justice. The officers, excited by the prospect of approaching want, began to threaten. A letter, full of inflammatory appeals, was privately circulated in the camp at Newburgh. All was tumult and recrimination. Fortunately for the country, Washington was at head-quarters at this crisis, and interposing to allay the storm, he called the officers together and expostulated dispassionately with them. At his persuasions they agreed to wait. He then addressed a letter to Congress, in which he so energetically advocated the justice of the claim that the pay for five years was bestowed.

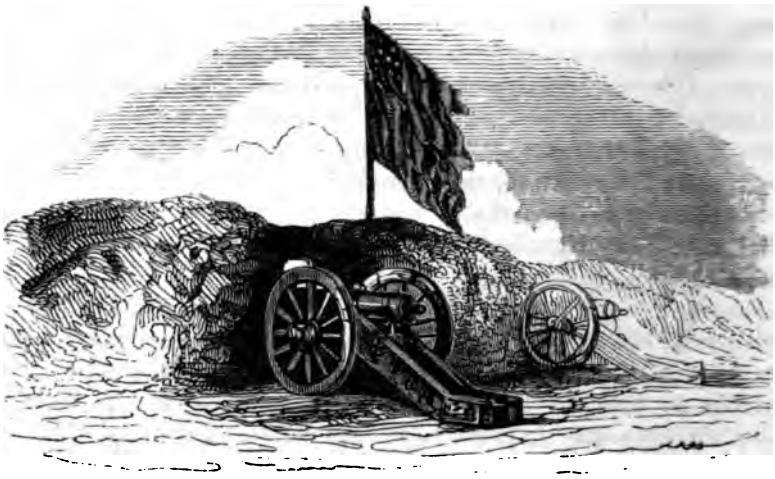
A like difficulty occurred with the soldiers. In October, 1783, Congress issued a proclamation that all persons who had enlisted for the war, were to be discharged on the 3rd of December. Large arrearages were due these veterans, but there was no money to discharge the debt. The prospect before them was gloomy in the extreme, and was heightened by what seemed ingratitude: accordingly the excitement and indignation grew, until a party of eighty marched from Lancaster on Philadelphia, and being joined by others, surrounded the Hall of Congress with fixed bayonets, and demanded that their just claims should be provided for in twenty minutes. For three hours Congress was thus imprisoned. At last the members separated in safety to re-assemble at Princeton. Washington, hear-

ing of the tumult, despatched a strong force to check the insurgents; but before its arrival the disorder had subsided. The future history of the private soldiers of the Revolution is soon told; but the story is a painful one, and we would willingly have excused ourselves the task. On the day appointed the men were disbanded, and many of them started to return home, without a penny in their pockets or decent clothing to their backs. Some had to travel long distances, and were frequently on the point of starvation. Others were compelled to obtain their food at the point of the bayonet. A few were received with gratitude, and assisted along their route. They returned home to find their parents dead, or their families scattered, or their patrimonial property ruined by long neglect. Some carried with them the seeds of diseases, contracted by long exposure to inclement skies, which rendered them invalids for the rest of their lives. Others were cripples already, and had nothing but beggary in prospect. Of all the veterans thus disbanded, a few, comparatively only a few, survived long enough to obtain, in the shape of a pension, some late return for their sacrifices; but the great majority died before this boon came, the victims either of disease, or beggary, or broken spirits. How little do we estimate the price at which our liberties were obtained!

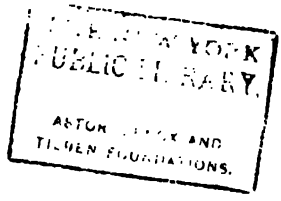
The city of New York was finally evacuated by the British on the 25th of November, 1783; and the same day Washington, attended by Governor Clinton, entered it with his army. On the 4th of December he took leave of his officers. The scene was peculiarly affecting. Many there present had followed him through the whole eight years of the contest: had shared adversity and privation, as well as triumph and security with their beloved leader; and the remembrance of these scenes, united to the consciousness that they should probably never see him again, wrung tears from their eyes and choked their voices with sobs, as they took his hand in farewell. Washington himself could not conceal his emotion. After he had parted from them formally, they followed him to the water-side, where he embarked in a barge for Paulus Hook; and as long as the venerated form was in sight, they continued on the wharf, straining their eyes through the distance.

Washington proceeded to Annapolis, where Congress was in session; and there, in a public audience of that body, resigned his commission. He expressed, with modest dignity, his intention of returning to private life. "Having finished the work assigned me," were his words, "I now retire from the great theatre of action." Memo-

rable language! Would that other successful revolutionary leaders, the Cromwells and Napoleons of history, had imitated his example; then of the various struggles for freedom which the world has seen, ours would not have been the only permanently successful one.



# THE HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.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MOUNT VERNON.

# GEORGE WASHINGTON.

IN pursuing into its detail the story of the Revolution, the obvious course is to study the lives and characters of its most eminent actors. Biography is indeed the best part of history. We can never fully understand any great event in the annals of a nation, until we have made ourselves masters of the private motives of the leaders who participated in it. There are occurrences on every page of the past which would otherwise be inexplicable. History, as usually written, is too dignified and stately to inform us of those little traits which yet go far towards deciding the destinies of nations; but biography, more natural, unfolds to us the private life of the great actors on the world's stage, and makes us, as it were, their familiar companions. History is the dial-plate, on which grand results only are marked: biography lays open the interior, and shows us the secret springs within.

It is impossible to understand the war of independence until after

a long and patient study of the character of Washington. Perhaps no other man could have carried the nation through that crisis. There was more than one period during the war when the cause would have been lost but for his prudence and skill; *he* held the army together, *he* inspired confidence, *he* breathed only resolution when others despaired. The trust reposed in his virtue and ability was the cohesive principle of the struggle. Place any other of the men, originally proposed, in his station, and imagine what would have been the fatal consequences! Lee would have ruined the cause by his rashness, after having alienated the officers by his tyranny: Gates would have been depressed by the first defeat, or exhilarated by victory to a delirium of folly. Some would have quarrelled with Congress before the third year: others would have hazarded too much or too little. Washington alone, of all the earlier military leaders, possessed that union of moderation and daring—of prudence and ability—but above all, that consummate judgment, and that reputation for exalted virtue, which were necessary, with undisciplined troops, and in a nation distracted by party strife as much as by local prejudices, to secure a triumphant result to the contest. The impression became general even before the close of the second campaign, that Washington was the only man capable of carrying the country successfully through the war. All eyes were turned to him instinctively in seasons of peril. Nor did he disappoint these expectations. In studying the war of independence we see Washington ever in the front. August and high he towers at the head, as of old the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night moved in the van of Israel.

Yet the character of Washington would be better appreciated, if it was more irregular. The exact and perfect harmony of all its members, as in a well-proportioned temple, conceals from us its collossal magnitude: nor can we do justice even to the parts singly, so exactly is each adapted to its fellow, and so symmetrically do they all melt into the whole. It is a common remark, that his letters have too much the air of state-papers: that his character, as exhibited there, is cold, impassive, rigid. This is because he is always himself. If he had given way to his passions, like other men: if he had possessed some one quality more prominently than others: if he had been merely a great captain, or a wise statesman, or an incorruptible patriot, his character might have seemed more forcible: but because he was all of these, men scarcely give him the credit of being either. At present, the gigantic career of Napoleon leads captive the popular fancy. But though the memory of his genius will endure forever,

the estimation of his character sinks lower with every generation. The fame of Washington, on the contrary, though it may be occasionally obscured, by more intense, yet less durable luminaries, gleams out afresh when the meteor has passed, calm and steady and undying. It has been well remarked, that in the closing careers of these two men, we may trace a harmony with the rest of their lives. Napoleon, after storming through Europe, destroying and elevating Kings, died, at last, an exile; and the elements without, as if in sympathy with his tempestuous soul, raged in their wildest commotion. Washington, after reaping the reward of his patriotic services, in being elevated by the free gift of the people, to the place of their ruler, closed his career in the bosom of his family, while a nation wept at his grave. Napoleon, after all his conquests, left no permanent dynasty in Europe. Washington, less ambitious, was the chief founder of a mighty republic. The power of Napoleon, won by force of arms, was written in sand; that of Washington, sprung from, and perpetuated by patriotism, will be immortal.

George Washington, the son of a plain farmer, was born at Bridge's Creek, in Westmoreland county, Virginia, the 22nd of February, 1732. He was only ten years old when he lost his father. His education which was derived from a private tutor, was good, though not elegant: a knowledge of the ordinary English branches, to which was afterwards added the mathematics, comprising it all. What he studied, however, he acquired thoroughly. He early imbibed habits of method, especially in the despatch of business, which attended him through life. At the age of fifteen, he procured a midshipman's warrant, and was about to enter a royal ship then stationed on the coast, when, at the entreaties of his mother, he abandoned his design. The mother of Washington appears, at all times, to have exercised a powerful influence over him. Not only did she early implant into his mind those moral and religious principles which guided him in after life; but her advice frequently influenced him, even when he had become the leader of armies, and the head of a mighty people.

Washington for some years, followed the profession of a surveyor. He early displayed a taste for military affairs. At the age of nineteen, he was appointed Adjutant-General of the militia, with the rank of Major. In 1753, when Governor Dinwiddie wished to send a messenger to the French fort on the western frontier, in order to warn the commander against his encroachments on the territory of Virginia, he selected Washington for this delicate and hazardous task. The duty was performed, in less than three months, amid perils, fatigue

WASHINGTON'S INTERVIEW WITH THE COMMANDER OF THE FRENCH FORT.

and difficulties almost innumerable. In 1754, Washington marched, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, as second in command, against the French on the Ohio; and his superior dying, the responsibility of the expedition devolved wholly on himself. He had advanced but part of his way, when he heard of the approach of a superior force, on which he fell back, and entrenched himself at a place called Fort Necessity. A severe action ensued, the result of which was an honorable capitulation, by which the Americans retained their arms and baggage, and were allowed to return unmolested home.

In the meantime, Washington, by the death of his elder brother, had become possessed of the estate of Mount Vernon: and to this place he now retired, and devoted himself to agriculture. An order having been received from England, commanding that officers commissioned by the King should take rank of the provincial officers, Washington indignantly threw up his commission. In the spring of 1755, however, he accepted an invitation from General Braddock to act as his Aid-de-camp; and it is to his exertions, chiefly, that the British army was not totally annihilated on the bloody field of Monongahela. In 1758, Washington commanded the Virginia troops, in the expedition against

Fort du Quesne, but finding the place, on his arival, abandoned, the army returned without a battle. During the whole of the four years, between 1755 and 1759, he was actively engaged, at the head of his regiment, in defending the western frontier. In the latter year he resigned this second commission, and retired again to private life. Soon after, he married Mrs. Custis, a young, beautiful, and wealthy widow: and, for the next twenty years devoted himself to the cultivation of his estates, and the enjoyment of that domestic repose of which he was so fond.

Washington, during this period, frequently served in the legislature of his native state; and early took part with those who resisted the encroachments of Great Britain. His large fortune made his accession to the popular side a matter of importance; and, though too modest to thrust himself forward, he at once acquired great influence. In the various discussions that arose, he rarely spoke, but when he did, his opinion was listened to with avidity, for the accuracy of his judgment had already passed into a proverb. He was a member of the first Congress, in 1774, where his solidity of mind soon distinguished him above the mass. On all military subjects, especially, his opinion was listened to with the greatest deference. In 1775, after the news of the battle of Lexington, Congress proceeded to form a continental army, of which Washington was unanimously elected Commander-in-chief. He proceeded at once to Cambridge, in Massachussetts; and his history, from this period to the close of the contest, becomes the history of the war.

In 1783, when peace was established, he resigned his commission, and once more sought the repose and privacy of Mount Vernon. Here he remained until 1787, when he was persuaded from his retreat, to lend his name and influence to the Convention which framed the present federal Constitution. In 1789, he was unanimously elected the first President of the United States: and in 1793, he was re-elected, though against his private wishes, for a second term. The eight years of his administration form, perhaps, the most important in our civil annals; as, during that period, the constitution, if we may use so homely a phrase, was put into working order. In 1796, notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends, Washington retired from his elevated position, with the determination never again to enter public life. He was shaken from his purpose, in a measure, by the threatened French war of 1798, when he was appointed Commander-in-chief of the army to be raised, with extraordinary privileges. But his days were now drawing to a close. On the 13th of December, 1799, he was caught in a shower

of rain, while riding over his farm; and a violent inflammation of the windpipe ensuing, he died on the following day, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. We have thus hurried over the events of his life, professing to do little more than glance at them in chronological order, because his biography is familiar to all. We pass, as speedily as possible, to a consideration of his character, in its three-fold capacity of the leader, the patriot, and the hero!

As a MILITARY LEADER, Washington possessed one rare and valuable quality—a consummate judgment, which rarely, or never led him wrong. His mind was singularly impartial and comprehensive. No sophistry could deceive him. He took in every bearing of the subject on which he was called to give an opinion. Other men burrowed, amid narrow veins, and saw but one aspect: he soared so high that every side came under his vision at once. Though, like all Generals, he committed occasional errors, they were usually of comparatively little importance. There is no great movement of his, in stratagy or tactics, which can be considered a positive blunder. He early saw that the war, in consequence of the inefficiency of his troops, was to be carried on chiefly with the spade and pick; and accordingly, he changed at once the whole character of his operations, and stood on the defensive. This he continued to do year after year, until he had made an army of veterans, when he suddenly resorted to the aggressive again, and closed his military career with the brilliant affair at Yorktown. Nearly every enterprise of the war, against which his advice was given, terminated disastrously. He recommended all those measures which either resulted favorably, or were rendered abortive only by unforeseen accidents. It was as rare to find Washington's judgment wrong, as it is usual to find that of ordinary men right. Its accuracy has passed into a proverb.

But Washington possessed another quality, of the most signal importance to a General. He had an iron will. Intellect is of little avail, unless the will is resolute. Many persons might have succeeded in great designs, if they had been gifted with the nerve to execute what the brain conceived. An iron will had been Washington's characteristic from boyhood; and in mature life it did not desert him. When his mind was once satisfied of the justice and necessity of an act, he was, of all men, the most inflexible in performing it. This is shown by his conduct in Andre's case, where he signed the death-warrant, although he shed tears in the act. This is exhibited, also, in his behavior in the affair of young Asgill, where he remained immoveable, though at great pain of mind to

himself, until Congress interfered and released the unfortunate youth. This iron will led him, after he had once embarked in a measure, to carry it through at all hazards. During his Presidency, at the period of the Jay treaty, when the House of Representatives refused the necessary appropriation, his memorable message awed down all opposition, and settled a most important precedent forever. His iron will turned the tide of battle at Monmouth, and changed defeat into victory. His iron will led him to write to Congress, when Lord North's conciliatory bills arrived, in 1778,—"Nothing short of independence, it appears to me, can possibly do." It was his iron will which spoke out in the dark crisis of 1776, when, instead of harboring a thought of submission, he proposed, in case Philadelphia fell, to retire to the Alleghanies. It was this iron will, almost as much as his genius or patriotism, which carried America through the war. Men saw his bold front in the storm, and took courage to brave it out!

He was not less remarkable for high daring. This is a characteristic usually denied him, because circumstances forced him to hold it in check. But, from boyhood, Washington was celebrated for a bold and adventurous spirit, which carried him into the midst of dangers and difficulties from which others shrank. In wrestling, leaping, and in all athletic exercises, he would suffer no one to surpass him. His spirit of daring, so judiciously combined with a good judgment, recommended him to Gov. Dinwiddie, as a suitable person to execute the celebrated mission to the French post upon the lake. Twice, when lying before Boston, he wished to assault the town; but was prevented by the council of officers, with which Congress, at that time, fettered him; and his correspondence evinces how much he chafed under the restraint. It is strange into what contradictions men fall! Those who deny him daring are the very ones who complain of his anxiety to assault Boston, prophesying that, if the storm had taken place, it would have been promptly repulsed. Washington want daring! Then have Monmouth, and Princeton, and Trenton told their tales in vain.

If Washington had died immediately after the latter battle, he would have left a very different impression in popular history. The memory of that dashing campaign, alone surviving, would have won for him the name of the Napoleon of America. Men would have prognosticated that, in case he had survived, the meteoric career of the Corsican would have been anticipated on this continent. How imperfect is human reason! It was not possible, in a country like America, to play continuously the same bold game of war. Wash-

ington had not the troops, with which to hazard such enterprises, unless in rare periods of spasmodic excitement, when enthusiasm supplied, for the moment, the confidence of veterans. It was in the acute perception he had of this fact that he showed his genius. We believe that Napoleon, if he had heen in Washington's situation, would have temporized as much as he: and if he had not temporized, we are sure he would have been the worse General. The original bent of Washington's mind was to bold and rapid measures. But, finding that, in consequence of short enlistments, the bulk of his army was destined to be composed of raw recruits, he resolved to adopt a cautious policy, and to this resolution he firmly adhered, sacrificing, in so doing, his natural inclination, and even his personal fame. Abandoning all hope of speedy and dazzling success, he set himself to work to make the best of his miserable army. He had to deal, however, not only with them, but with a careless, often an ignorant, and, on some occasions, even a factious Congress, which continually neglected, if it did not thwart his views. It is the remark of Professor Smith, of Cambridge University, in England, that no General ever contended successfully, for so long a period, with such difficulties as Washington. This is high testimony, from an impartial source.

In personal courage, Washington was pre-eminent. At the battle of Monongahela, after the fall of Braddock, the salvation of the army devolved on his exertions; and in endeavoring to preserve the troops, he galloped incessantly through the thickest of the fight, a conspicuous mark for the enemy. An Indian chief afterwards declared that he had ordered his young men to fire, five times, at Washington. Two horses were shot under him; and four balls passed through his coat. His fellow aids sank beside him. The soldiers, as they stood in their ranks, went down like corn smitten by a whirlwind. Yet he continued, amid this carnage, as coo as on a parade. At Kipp's Bay, after the battle of Long Island, perceiving his men flying before the foe, he rushed in the van, and presented his bosom to the hurricane of balls, in the desperate, but vain effort to shame the troops into courage. At Princeton, on a similar emergency, he seized a standard, and galloping between the enemy and his hesitating soldiers, waved it above his head to cheer them on, his tall form towering indignant above the smoke of battle, like one of the old Homeric gods. At Germantown it was necessary to force him from the field. Washington never remained idly in his tent, like Gates; but was ever present in the actual strife, ready, if occasion required, to flame in the foremost fray!

WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT CAMBRIDGE.

Washington possessed another qualification, which is usually regarded as the peculiar gift of genius, an insight into character bordering on the miraculous. If he wished a task performed, of whatever description, he knew, at once, who was most capable to execute it. He had scarcely been at Cambridge a week, before he had determined the exact value of each of his Generals: and it is astonishing to find how invariably his estimate of each was confirmed by subsequent events. Putnam he pronounced an admirable executive officer: and words could not have described that hero better. He selected Arnold for the enterprise of invading Canada, by the then untrodden route of the Kennebec; and, perhaps, no other man in the whole army could have crossed that wilderness as he did. Of the value of Greene he was aware from the first, as is evident by the reliance he placed in that officer's judgment; although five years were destined to elapse before the country at large, or even the army, could become sensible of the comprehensive intellect of the Rhode Island General. Washington always, in private, acknow-

ledged the inefficiency of Gates, and of numerous others, who, beginning with high reputations, finished in disgrace and retirement.

In strategy his skill is proved by the fear with which he infected the enemy. Howe was always trembling lest he should find himself unexpectedly surrounded or entrapped. The march from the Hudson to Virginia, with the whole series of manœuvres ending in the capture of Cornwallis, was scarcely a less brilliant affair, though on a smaller scale, than the famous advance of Napoleon, from Boulogne up the valley of the Rhine, ending in the capture of Ulm and the battle of Austerlitz. It must not be forgotten that Washington planned, in a great degree, both the northern and southern series of operations, which led respectively to the capture of Burgoyne and the expulsion of the English from South Carolina. In the former campaign it was Washington who called out the New England militia under Lincoln; who despatched Morgan to the camp of Gates; and who advised, in conjunction with Schuyler, the breaking up of the roads, which, by delaying Burgoyne's advance, did more towards effecting his surrender than even the battle of Saratoga. It was Washington, who, in conjunction with Greene, sketched the outline of the southern campaign, which terminated so triumphantly. In fact, the caution of the British Generals throughout the whole war, evinces their opinion of the superior skill of Washington; for, in no other way can we explain their inactivity, with forces often superior to his numerically, and always so in discipline, appointments, and confidence in themselves. Had Washington been a worse strategist—had he even been less of a tactician—he would have had to fight two battles where he fought one, and fight them at a disadvantage; but it is a remarkable fact, that he never, during the whole contest, delivered a pitched battle at the choice of the enemy. Napoleon, during his career, was continually forcing his enemies to fight against their will: the British Generals never could, by any series of manœuvres, compel Washington to this. Cornwallis was, perhaps, the best of the English Generals, and enjoyed a high reputation for strategy and skill; yet he was surrounded at Yorktown by an army coming from a distance of three hundred miles. Why had Washington no Yorktown? Not, certainly, from want of inviting opportunities for the British. After the battle of Long Island; again when crossing the Jerseys in 1776; on the Assunpink; at Valley Forge; and in other emergencies, he was in the most desperate straits, yet he always found, in the resources of his capacious mind, some means of escape. If four Generals in succession, besides several entire armies, failed to conquer America, it was not on account of want of talent

or means on the part of the enemy; but because the genius of Washington proved too gigantic for any, or all of his competitors. Like the victorious challenger in Ivanhoe, he overthrew, in succession, every antagonist that ventured against him, until the enemy being wearied out, and the lists cleared, he remained master of the field.

It has become the fashion, of late years, to depreciate the military genius of Washington. This is the result, perhaps, not so much of malice, as of positive ignorance of his merits in the war of independence! We will not compare him with Napoleon, for such a contrast would be illogical, Washington never having had the means at his command to perform the prodigies of that extraordinary man. The largest army ever led by the American commander was smaller than the smallest that ever fought under the French Emperor. The one strode the stage in every thing colossal: the other moved in a narrower sphere and with fewer means. The popular mind is always more affected by the intelligence of a great battle, in which hundreds of thousands of men combatted, than by the despatch announcing the victory of a comparatively small force, even though greater skill may have been evinced by the latter. There is something in gigantic slaughter impressing the mind with mysterious awe. It is not the wonderful series of battles fought by Napoleon in Champaigne, which has left the most profound impression on the mass; but the terrific contests of Eylau, Austerlitz, Wagram, and that crowning hecatomb of all, Waterloo! In perusing the description of the first battle at Dresden, where five hundred cannon on the allied side alone, cresting the heights around that city, shook the solid mountains with their explosions, the reader is carried away by a sort of wild enthusiasm; and when he follows the story to the last desperate struggle at Leipsig, where three hundred thousand men poured down on little more than half that number, and where the roar and blaze of two thousand pieces of artillery convulsed earth and sky, his feelings become excited to a pitch that is uncontrollable. So, too, when, at Waterloo, he sees wave after wave of French infantry and cavalry sweep up the declivity on which the British stood, and beating vainly against their solid squares, roll back shattered into atoms; when he marks the sun rising to the zenith, then halting, as it were, at noon, and then, resuming his course, declining at last towards the west, yet all this while, the thunder of the cannon and the shock of charging squadrons continuing unabated, while the clatter of sabres rises up like the ringing of ten thousand anvils; when, as night begins to fall, he witnesses that last column of the old guard marshalled for the attack—beholds their silent, steady march as they descend

into the valley and begin to mount the opposite ascent—marks the point where, meeting the concentric fire of the English batteries, their head melts away, like an icicle in a summer sun—and finally, perceives the whole British line suddenly appear over the crest, as if rising at an enchanter's summons, and then, with loud huzzas, advancing on the assailants, push them by main force down the hill, where rout, confusion, dismay and horror ensue, until Napoleon himself exclaiming, in bitter anguish, "*c'est fini*," is dragged from the field:—when he sees all this, he forgets himself, and in the magnitude and splendor of the theme, flings down the book, transported, for the moment, into more than mortal enthusiasm! After such fields as Waterloo, he may be excused for thinking all others tame.

It does not surprise us, therefore, to see the battle-fields of the Revolution neglected, or the military genius of Washington and his Generals depreciated. The mass must always be dazzled before it can bow down and worship. In any comparison, in the popular mind, between Napoleon and Washington as Generals, the one rises to a demi-god, while the other sinks almost below a man. Yet, it is a serious question, whether the difference between the two is as great as even the most ardent admirers of the latter have supposed. Napoleon himself was accustomed to say that the battles of Trenton and Princeton had first suggested to him his own daring system of warfare. If merit is to be measured by the results obtained, Washington was certainly one of the greatest Generals on record. If genius is shown in moulding an army out of the most unpromising materials, the American commander stands without a rival in the page of history. Never had a military chief so many obstacles to encounter. His army, composed at first of wholly undisciplined troops, was continually changing, so that, at no time, had he any considerable number of veterans on whom he could rely: and instead of wielding the whole resources of the country with absolute despotism, he was frequently thwarted in his best schemes by Congress. There is not a battle in Napoleon's history which we can say would have been gained, if his troops had been as ill-accoutred, and of the same material as those of the American commander. Looking only at the disparity of the royal and patriotic armies in mere numbers, without any reference to the superiority of the former in all that constitutes a soldier, it seems a miracle, in a military point of view, that the British Generals did not annihilate Washington in the first year of the contest. It is usual to attribute their failure to the indomitable spirit of the American people. This is, in part, true; but only in part. In examining the revolutionary annals, we find, with

pain, less of this spirit than we had been led to suppose: and far too little, unassisted of other influences, to have achieved our independence. So long as the cause seemed prosperous, there were friends enough to liberty; but when the contest began to look hopeless, the British protections were eagerly accepted. It is useless to disguise the shameful fact. After the retreat of Washington across the Jerseys, in 1776, nearly the whole of that state went over to the royal side;

COPY OF A GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO WASHINGTON BY CONGRESS.

Pennsylvania began also to waver; and but for the unconquerable resolution of the American commander, and that of some other equally indomitable souls in Congress and the army, the whole cause would have gone by the board. The ship had already struck, and it is not too much to say, that Washington, in that crisis, was the main bolt that held her from parting into a thousand pieces. Had he wavered one instant in his public correspondence, or had the battle of Trenton been lost, instead of gained, we have every reason to believe there would have ensued one of the most shameful spectacles of defection recorded in history. There would have been a scramble to desert the patriotic side, each man seeking to be the first to merit the royal clemency and favor. What happened in South Carolina, and in New Jersey, should warn us of what would

have happened in other places. If two of the most patriotic states abandoned, almost to a man, the popular side, what would have been the result if the army of Washington had been crushed at Trenton—if he himself had been made a prisoner or killed—if all organized opposition thereafter, had been put hopelessly at an end?

The battle of Trenton, so often alluded to in these remarks, was the turning point of the contest. The character of Washington cannot be understood without a perfect comprehension of that affair, with all its attendant circumstances. It is because the importance of this battle has never been made sufficiently clear, that Washington is regarded as indecisive; that the title of the American Fabius, and no more, is applied to him; that he is denied the genius for bold and sudden enterprises. Yet there is nowhere in the annals of history, an undertaking of greater daring than the movement on Trenton. Washington was not unaware that, if the attack failed, escape, with the wintry Delaware behind him, would have been impossible: he staked, therefore, not only his own life, but the existence of his army, and with it the question of independence or submission, then and forever. In deciding to march on Trenton, he emphatically put everything "at the hazard of a die." There can be no doubt that, when he landed on the Jersey shore, on that eventful morning, he had made up his mind to conquer or perish. It was no half-way measure. The axe and scaffold were before him in case of capture; ruin to his family and country in the event of death or defeat. He resolved to hazard the stroke. Flinging himself, like Leonidas at Thermopylæ, into the last pass, he determined to hurl back the invader, or immolate himself and his army!

And he was right! The campaign of 1776, up to the surprise at Trenton, had been only a series of disasters. Defeat had followed defeat, and defection defection, until the boldest trembled for life and liberty. The enemy had gained possession of Rhode Island, Long Island, the city of New York, Staten Island, and nearly the whole of the Jerseys: and now, separated only by the Delaware, from Philadelphia, they might be expected, every moment, to seize that city. Congress had already fled to Baltimore. Lee, on whom so much reliance had been placed, was a captive. The army, lately fifteen thousand strong, had dwindled down, by defeats, by desertion, by the expiration of enlistments, and by sickness, to scarcely two thousand men: and these, illy clothed, and so poorly equipped that they scarcely deserved the name of troops, had barely escaped across the Delaware, from the hot pursuit of Cornwallis. The British were pressing on with twenty-five thousand men! A procla-

mation had been published jointly by Lord Howe and his brother, offering pardon in the King's name to all, who, in sixty days, should take the oath of allegiance, and come under his protection: and many persons, among them men of wealth and influence, not only in New Jersey, but in Pennsylvania, had accepted these terms. Hundreds of others hesitated, ready to be decided, the instant the royal army crossed the Delaware. The panic was universal, and spread even to the common people. The hurricane prostrated everything before it.

Washington, almost alone, stood unappalled. From the moment he had crossed the Delaware, and gained thus a respite for his troops, he had been revolving in his mind a plan to change, by one bold act, the scales of war. He was assisted, in his resolution, by the alacrity with which the Pennsylvania militia began to turn out. A large body of these men, under the command of General Cadwalader, had already assembled at Bristol, and further accessions were daily expected from the yeomanry of the eastern counties, now thoroughly aroused. By neither his counsels nor his conduct did Washington betray a thought of yielding. "If Philadelphia falls," he said in public, "we must retreat beyond the Susquehannah, and thence, if necessary, to the Alleghany Mountains." His letters, for a fortnight before the battle, all point to the stroke he was maturing in his mind. No historical fact can be more certain than that the idea of the surprise first originated with himself: though, as he had spoken of the necessity of some such measure frequently before, others came at last to suggest it, or a similar movement. The plan, as finally resolved on, was all his own. The British lay at Trenton, fifteen hundred strong; while smaller detachments occupied Burlington, Bordentown, Black-Horse, and Mount Holly. Washington, in person, proposed to cross the Delaware with the continental troops, above Trenton: while Ewing, with a portion of the Pennsylvania militia, should cross below, and both unite in an attack on that place. Cadwallader, with the rest, was to cross at Bristol. In the end, neither of the two latter were able to effect their part of the plan: hence, for the present we shall leave them and follow Washington.

The night of the 25th of December had been selected for the attack, because it was supposed the enemy, on that festive occasion, would be more or less off his guard. Early in the afternoon, accordingly, the troops were mustered at McConkey's Ferry, on the west side of the Delaware, eight miles above Trenton. The weather had been unusually warm for the season, until within a day or two before, when it had set in cold; and the river was now full of ice,

grinding and rumbling in the tide, with the noise of thunder. In consequence of this obstacle, the army, which it had been calculated would pass over by midnight, was not able to reach the eastern shore until after four o'clock; and at times, it seemed impossible that it could cross at all. During these awful moments of suspense, Wash-

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

ington sat, exposed to all the rigors of the night, eyeing the progress of the boats, which, now jamned in between large masses of ice, and now nearly over-lapped by fragments of the same material, piling one above another,—threatened momentarily to be engulphed. The wind roared among the skeleton trees that lined the shore; the crashing and splitting of the ice filled the wind with images of terror; and occasionally gusts of hail and sleet, premonitory of the coming tempest, dashed fiercely in the face. Yet still he sat, on that rude seat prepared for him near the shore, unmoved, yet filled with intense anxiety, and watching the struggling boats, by the light of the few stars, which broke, here and there, through the stormy rack of heaven.

His force consisted of about twenty-four hundred men, with twenty brass field-pieces. The distance from the landing place to Trenton, by the river road, is eight miles; but, by the more circuitous Pennington road, rather more. Washington's plan was to

divide his forces, allowing Sullivan, with one half, to take the river road, while he, with the remainder, should pursue the longer route, timing their progress in such a way, however, as to enable both to reach the opposite sides of Trenton at the same time, and thus make a simultaneous attack. Accordingly, after proceeding a mile in company, the two divisions parted. Washington watched the troops of Sullivan until they faded in the gloom, and then turned to follow Greene's division, which was already some distance in advance. The night was fast growing darker. The snow, which had hitherto come only in squalls, now began to fall steadily, accompanied occasionally with hail and sleet. The flakes, thick and whirling, obscured the way; the icy particles rattled on the knapsacks; and the wind moaned across the landscape, as if wailing over the approaching ruin of America. Many of the soldiers were scantily clothed: a few had neither stockings nor shoes, but, as they marched, left their bloody footsteps in the snow. The tempest roared louder and fiercer, increasing every moment. Yet still the men toiled on. Some of them noticed that the wet had spoiled their powder, and on this being reported to Washington, he remarked, with resolution, "then we must fight with the bayonet." Every one felt, with their leader, that it was the hour of crisis: and so, though shivering and weary, they toiled resolutely on. They were yet two miles from Trenton when the dawn began to break. Two of their number, exhausted and frozen, dropped from their ranks and died. But the others still pressed on. History, perhaps, presents no parallel to that eventful march. No martial band was there to exhilarate the men; no gilded banner floated on high; no splendid forest of sabres guarded that infantry, toiling on its way, with triple rows of steel. In silence, like the Spartans of old, the Americans pursued their route. The inhabitants of the farm houses they passed, half waking from slumber, fancied, for a moment, there were strange sounds upon the breeze; but imagining what they heard only the intonations of the tempest, they turned and slept again, little thinking that the destiny of their country quivered, that hour, in the balance.

Washington rode beside his scanty band, oppressed with anxious thoughts. Even more taciturn than usual, he scarcely exchanged a syllable with his staff. His mighty bosom, we may well suppose, was oppressed with the awful crisis approaching. Everything hung on the next half hour. The accidental discharge of a musket, the timely warning of a single traitor might ruin all. Never did his anxiety rise to such a pitch as now. At last, word was passed down

the line in a whisper that the outposts of the enemy were close at hand; and now the great hero rode forward to the head of his troops. The moment of destiny had arrived. Washington endeavored, for an instant, to penetrate with his vision, the gloom ahead: then reining up his steed, he turned to his troops, his sword pointed in the advance. The front ranks only were in sound of his voice, but they pressed around him to hear his words. "Soldiers," he said, "now, or never! This is our last chance—march on!"

His voice was husky as he spoke, for all the mighty responsibilities of the crisis had crowded on his mind! But the tone of that voice, the stirring eloquence of those brief words, filled the hearts of his hearers with one common sentiment, which they expressed in their glances, as they looked, with half glistening eyes at each other!—it was to conquer or die! The address was repeated from mouth to mouth, along the line, and thrilled every heart. Involuntarily the men, as they listened, grasped their muskets more firmly, and stepped quicker on. All was now breathless excitement. Suddenly a house loomed up through the fog ahead! The next moment a challenge was heard: answers were rapidly exchanged; and then a hurried discharge of musketry blazed irregularly through the storm. The picquet of the enemy had been surprised. "Forward," rung out in the deep tones of Washington, at that instant; and with the word, the men started like hounds let loose from the leash, poured in a withering fire, and driving the picquet furiously before them, pursued it to the outskirts of the town.

In Trenton, the night had been one of festivity. The soldiers were mostly in the beer-shops carousing: and even the officers had given themselves up to mirth. Col. Rahl had been engaged, all night, at his head-quarters playing cards, and it is a tradition that a note, conveying intelligence of the contemplated attack, had been delivered to him about midnight, but being occupied with the game, he had slipped it into his pocket, and afterwards forgot it. A more authentic story is, that General Grant, at Princeton, forwarded the note, and that Rahl acted on it at once; but an advance party returning from the Jerseys to Pennsylvania, about two hours before the real attack, fell in with the Hessian picquet, and being repulsed, this was supposed to be the intended surprise. In consequence, the Hessians had relapsed into greater security than ever. On the noise of the firing at the outposts, Rahl stopped and listened: the driving sleet pattering against the window panes, for a moment deceived him; but then, loud and distinct, succeeded the rattle of musketry: he dropped his cards, sprang to the door, and looked out. At that

instant some of the Hessian soldiers came running down the street, exclaiming that Washington was upon them. Rahl shouted to arms, and called for his horse. He sprang into the saddle: the drums beat; and in an instant the whole town was in a tumult. The soldiers rushed from their quarters, some with, some without arms; the officers were heard calling to their men, and endeavoring to form the ranks; while the inhabitants, hurrying to their doors and windows, looked out, a moment, at the storm and uproar, and then hastened to conceal themselves in the most secret recesses of their dwellings.

The Hessian outpost, as it fled, kept up a desultory fire, its men dodging from house to house, like Indians in a frontier fight. On approaching the town, Washington saw the enemy already drawn up to receive him: Rahl galloping hither and thither, eager to make up for his want of caution, by energy and boldness. The American commander instantly ordered up the artillery. Quick as lightning, Knox galloped to the front, unlimbered his guns, and swept the solid ranks before him, with a storm of fiery sleet. The infantry, on right and left, meantime poured in their musketry. A dropping fire from the enemy replied. Another round of cannon and small arms followed: and then the Hessians were seen perceptibly to waver. At this instant, the rattle of musketry was heard coming from the opposite end of the town, where Sullivan was expected to enter. The enemy were in the net: escape was impossible. The enthusiasm was now unbounded, and the men, cheering, swept onwards with accelerated pace; while the Hessians, wildly breaking their ranks, drove before them in rapid and tumultuous flight.

The city of Trenton is built in the corner of a right-angled triangle, formed by the junction of the Assunpink creek with the Delaware. The river road follows the course of the Delaware, here nearly east, until, just before reaching the Assunpink, it turns sharp to the northeast, and runs through the lower part of the town, nearly parallel to the Assunpink. The road by which Washington came, enters Trenton at the upper end of the city, and passing nearly due south, intersects the route followed by Sullivan, about the centre of the town. In consequence, as soon as Sullivan reached his position, the Hessians were partially surrounded; and would have been altogether so, if General Ewing could have crossed below Trenton, as arranged, and cut off escape by the bridge over the Assunpink. In the panic of the first alarm, a body of Hessians, five hundred strong, besides a company of light-horse, without waiting to assist their companions, fled across this bridge towards Bordentown, and made

good their escape. The remainder, under Rahl, at the upper end of the town, finding, by the firing to the south, that the enemy had cut off retreat in that direction, broke from the main-street, where they had first been drawn up, and taking a diagonal course across the fields, to the east, sought to escape by the road to Princeton. To prevent this, Washington threw a detachment of Virginia troops between them and the highway. Thus hemmed in, but one course remained for them; which was to fly towards the Assunpink, and endeavor, if possible, to ford it. Thither, accordingly, one portion of them hurried, no longer keeping their ranks however, but huddled wildly together, jostling and treading on each other in their mortal panic.

But fast as they fled, the Americans pursued as fast. Whenever the Hessians turned in their fright, they saw the enemy, nigher than before; while still that fatal rattle of fire-arms was maintained, accompanied by exulting huzzas. At every step, some new victim dropped from the ranks of the fugitives, and was silent forever. In vain the brave Rahl tried to rally his troops. He was shot while thus engaged, and fell mortally wounded. Then the panic became greater than ever. Through the orchard on their left; by the grave-yard of the Presbyterian Church; across the common at the end of the street, by which Sullivan was advancing, the Hessians hurried frantically on, the officers borne resistlessly with them, a wild, confused, terror-struck torrent. At last they reached the Assunpink. Here some threw themselves in, and were frozen to death, in attempting to swim across. But the larger portion, flying to a rock which juts out into the stream, and discovering further escape impossible, grounded their arms, loudly supplicating quarter.

Another portion had cast themselves into a stone house in their way, carrying with them a piece of artillery, which they posted in the hall. Captain Washington immediately unlimbered one of his field pieces, and, for a few minutes, the ground shook with the explosions of the hostile cannon. But the fire growing every minute more sure and deadly, and his men beginning to waver, he suddenly resolved on one of those bold strokes of personal daring, which carry back the imagination to the days of Richard at Ascalon. Dashing from the ranks, he sprang into the house, seized the officer in command of the gun and ordered him to surrender. The Hessians drew back, astonished and uncertain. That single moment of doubt decided their fate. Washington's men, rushing after him, had filled the hall, before the enemy could recover from their amazement; and the whole party accordingly was made prisoners. Washington was

the only one of the assailants wounded, receiving a ball in his hand as he entered the house.

The battle was now over. When those who had been captured by Sullivan were added to those taken prisoners by Washington, the whole number was found to be nine hundred and nine, of whom twenty-three were officers. The Hessians lost seven officers and nearly thirty men killed: only two officers of the Americans, and a few privates were wounded. About a thousand stand of arms fell into the hands of the victors. As Washington rode over the field, after the conflict was at an end, he found Colonel Rahl, in the snow, weltering in his blood. He instantly ordered that his own physician should attend the unfortunate man; but medical assistance was in vain: Rahl had received a mortal wound, and being carried back to his head-quarters, died. It was, perhaps, better that he should thus close his life, than survive to face the obloquy of having, by his carelessness or misfortune, ruined the royal cause.

The Americans, when they found the victory their own, could not conceal the exhilaration of their spirits. It was the first gleam of success after an unbroken series of misfortunes. A load seemed removed from every heart. The men forgot their sufferings, and congratulated each other as on a festival; while the officers, looking forward into the future, foresaw the day when they should be followed by acclamations as they revisited this scene, and the murmur go round, "he, too, fought at Trenton." Washington alone, preserved his equanimity. What the secret emotions of that mighty heart must have been, we can imagine, but not adequately describe. He busied himself, apart, in making preparations to secure his victory; and so successfully, that, before night, the prisoners were all transported to the western shore of the Delaware. His next measure was to march them to Philadelphia, where they were paraded through the streets, while the inhabitants, as they looked on, gazed in speechless amazement, like spectators at some exhibition of magic in Arabian story. The fact that the first rumor of the victory was received with incredulity, and the capture of the Hessians disbelieved up to the very moment of their appearance in the city, proves, more than volumes of reasoning, the general depression of the public mind, and the conviction of the invincibility of the royal troops. The moral consequences of the battle of Trenton were infinitely greater than its mere physical results. It changed, at once, the doubting into friends; it made the hostile neutral; and it convinced the patriot that God was on his side, and that his country would yet be free!

If the original plan of the battle had been carried into effect, it is probable not a British soldier, south of Princeton, would have made his escape. Could Ewing have effected his passage below Trenton, he would have intercepted the detachment that fled over the Assunpink bridge: while, if Cadwalader had been able to cross from Bristol, not only Burlington, but Bordentown, Mount Holly and Black Horse, must have fallen into his hands. Washington, however, was determined not to lose the advantage he had gained. The enemy, yet staggering under his blow, had abandoned all his posts and fallen back on Princeton: it was the design of the American commander, if possible, to throw him back still further, and clear west Jersey of his presence. Accordingly, on the 30th of December, his troops having been recruited, Washington crossed the Delaware again and took post at Trenton. General Cadwalader, with fifteen hundred Pennsylvania militia, and shortly after, General Mifflin, with as many more, succeeded also in passing the river, and formed a junction with Washington. Meantime Cornwallis, who had proceeded to New York to embark for Europe, considered affairs in too critical a state to leave; and suspending his departure, hastened back to Princeton, collecting, on his way, all the regiments he could muster, and concentrating them on that point. Having prepared a force sufficient, as he thought, to annihilate Washington, he left Princeton on the 2nd of January, 1777, and advanced on Trenton. Washington, learning his approach by scouts, sent forward detachments to skirmish and impede his way, which was done with such success, that the royal General could not reach Trenton until four o'clock in the afternoon. By this time the American leader had retired to the eastern shore of the Assunpink, where there is a high bank; and forming his men there, with the artillery to defend the bridge, he awaited the onset.

A furious conflict ensued. The British assailed the Americans at two different points, one attack being directed against the bridge, and the other against a ford lower down. At the latter place, the enemy was repulsed promptly, and with such slaughter, that the stream was choked up with his dead. But the main assault was at the former position. The ground on the eastern shore of the river, here declines from all sides towards the bridge, so that the Americans were able to range themselves on the slopes, rank above rank, like spectators in an amphitheatre. An old mill, frowning over the bank at this spot, afforded a rude fortress to command the passage. A heavy battery of artillery was posted in the road, just beyond, its gaping mouths pointed so as to sweep the bridge. Thus prepared,

the Americans awaited the assault. All eyes, in their crowded ranks, were meanwhile silently directed across that narrow causeway, and up the long street, which, stretching in a straight line on the other side, was now darkened with the threatening masses of the foe. Directly a column was seen to unwind itself from the main body, and with fifers playing gaily, to advance steadily towards the passage. The Americans gazed in silent suspense, as the head of the long extended column approached them, its other extremity continuing to evolve itself from the apparently inexhaustible mass behind. They were still confounded at the endless numbers they displayed, when the front of the enemy, arriving within sixty yards of the bridge, raised a shout, and rushed forward. Instantly the defenders opened their batteries, all uniting in a concentric fire on the bridge. For a few seconds, the roar of artillery and musketry was terrific. Incessant discharges of grape swept the narrow passage, and ploughed up the planks of the foot-path; while the crashing of bullets on the solid masses of the foe, smote the ear like the shattering of glass in a hail-storm. Unappalled, however, by the awful carnage, the British pressed steadily forward; they reached the bridge, they rushed upon it, they even got half way across. The appalled Americans saw, through the smoke, the bayonets of their foes glistening on the hither side of the causeway. At the sight they redoubled their exertions. The earth now quaked under the rapid discharges of the artillery, and the old mill rocked, enveloped in sheets of fire. Drifts of fiery spray hissed over the bridge, gust following gust without the intermission of a second, until the head of the British column melted away in the tempest. Yet still the rear ranks pressed on. And still the front files, as they came within that magic circle, disappeared, like snow-flakes driven into the mouth of a furnace. Soon a pile of almost impassible dead blocked up the passage. Yet those behind continued to urge on those before, till, notwithstanding the immense weight of the mass thus pressing from the rear, the head of the column moved slower and slower, retarded by the bodies of the slain, and by the rushing of that terrible blast. In vain they placed shoulder to shoulder, and stooping their heads, strove to bear down the tempest with their solid masses: tearing and splitting wherever it came, it riddled their ranks through and through, and prostrated them before it. At last human courage could endure it no longer. With a wild cry of horror the British broke and fled.

Not a shout had been heard in the American ranks while the struggle continued; but now a simultaneous cheer arose, and rolling

down the line, which extended for a mile, was echoed back from the extreme left, far out of sight. A few minutes of breathless suspense ensued, at the end of which, the British, having rallied, were seen again advancing. They were met, a second time, by that withering fire; and, a second time, triumphantly repelled. Again that shout rose from the Americans defending the bridge, and was replied to by their companions far along that winding stream. A third time the enemy attempted to carry the passage; a third time they were hurled triumphantly back: a third time that rejoicing huzza traversed the line, till the shores of the distant Delaware trembled in the concussion. The English returned no more to the charge after this; but, drawing off their shattered ranks, reserved their further trials for the morrow. Night soon fell upon the bloody scene, and concealed the heaps of dead and wounded that choked up the bridge. The houses on the opposite bank grew darker and more obscure: the trees, standing leafless and frozen in the twilight, changed to fantastic shapes, and finally disappeared; and the deep gloom of a winter evening threw its mantle of silence around the landscape. Lights, however, flashed up and down in Trenton, and the low hum of the British army rose on the air. On the American side there was, for a while, equal silence and darkness. But, as the twilight deepened, the enemy heard the sound of spades as if busy at entrenching in the rebel camp, while watch-fire after watch-fire started into sight, until the whole line, like some vast electric chain, brightened with the conflagration. Cornwallis gazed with secret exultation at this spectacle, which assured him that the Americans would await him on the morrow; and, confident in his overwhelming forces, for large re-inforcements from Brunswick were expected before morning, he retired to his tent to dream of victory, and of new honors bestowed by the hand of a grateful sovereign.

But it was not Washington's intention to allow his enemy this triumph. Satisfied that he could not hold his present position against the overwhelming masses that, on the morrow, would be precipitated against it, he resolved to abandon his ground. A hasty council of officers was called, at the quarters of St. Clair. No authentic memorial is preserved of the deliberations of this meeting; but tradition assigns to Washington the suggestion of the bold plan which he ultimately adopted, and in which, it is understood, only Greene and Knox at first concurred. This plan was to move boldly on the enemy's rear, by way of Princeton, and cut off his communications. Accordingly, about midnight, the army was put in motion, sentinels being left to keep guard through the night, and a

party sent to the front to work noisily at digging trenches. The day had been comparatively mild, so that the roads had thawed; and it was feared they would now be impassible; but the wind suddenly shifting to the north, the cold soon became intense, and the highway, though rough, was frozen hard. Following the east bank of the Assunpink, Washington silently drew off towards Princeton, resolving to carry the war into the heart of the enemy's position. The

HEAD-QUARTERS AT MORRISTOWN.

remainder of this eventful campaign may be told in few words. At Princeton he met a detachment of the royal army, hastening to join Cornwallis, and a severe action ensued, which terminated victoriously for the Americans. Cornwallis, who had retired to dream of victory, was waked at day-break by the firing. He instantly perceived that he had been duped, and trembling for his communications, hurried back to Princeton in mortification and alarm, hoping yet to overtake Washington before he could wholly escape; but the American General skilfully eluding the pursuit, drew off towards Pluckemain, where, safe from surprise, he halted to refresh his troops, worn down by thirty-six hours of incessant action. Immediately afterwards, he took up his winter-quarters in the hilly region around Morristown. Cornwallis, completely foiled, fell back towards the Raritan, and abandoned all hopes of entrapping his wary antagonist. The result of this splendid series of operations was, that, in a short time, not a single regiment of the enemy remained in the Jerseys,

except at Brunswick and Amboy, between which places and New York was an open communication by water. Thus, when supposed to be annihilated, Washington, like the fabled genii, had suddenly risen up, saved Philadelphia, driven the British from the Delaware, and recovered the whole province of New Jersey. All this, too, he did in ten days. Napoleon's earlier campaigns form the only parallel to it in modern history. As Botta, the eloquent Italian historian of the war remarks: "Achievements so astonishing gained for the American commander a very great reputation, and were regarded with wonder by all nations, as well as by the Americans. Every one applauded the prudence, the firmness, and the daring of Washington. All declared him the saviour of his country: all proclaimed him equal to the most renowned commanders of antiquity."

We now dismiss the military character of Washington. We have thrown it thus prominently into the fore-ground, and examined it in such detail, in consequence of the almost universal misapprehension which exists with regard to it. We have wished to shew that he was a great General as well as a pure patriot: that his intellectual qualities and his moral ones were equally harmonious and high. His consummate judgment; his iron will; his daring; his courage; his discernment of character; and his skill in tactics and strategy, are all ingredients which go to make up the perfect whole of his military character. These we have considered. His love of country, his sense of duty, and his lofty and incorruptible principles are the elements which constitute his moral character. The combination of the first produced the great General: the union of these last resulted in the good man. The one gave him the means, the other afforded the motive to play the part he did in achieving our independence. The military leader we have already described: it only remains for us to paint the patriot and hero.

As a patriot Washington was pure and unselfish. On the one hand, he was not actuated by any ambitious motives of personal distinction, nor on the other, restrained by any fear of obloquy or danger. It is unquestionable that there were many men taking part in the revolutionary struggle, who were guided chiefly by a thirst to lead—an insane longing after notoriety or power. Such a man was Lee. There were others, who, while good patriots in the main, yet suffered unworthy motives of personal advancement to regulate their conduct: men who, when all went prosperously, were valuable auxiliaries; but when disasters thickened, and the scaffold loomed up threateningly close at hand, began to tremble, if not for themselves, at least for their families. Washington had none of this

timorous, half-repenting feeling. He loved his country with no common sentiment, but with that depth and earnestness which characterized him in all things. He had little to gain by the war, and everything to lose. His estate was one of the best in the provinces; his reputation was sufficient for his ambition; with his love of domestic quiet, the command of the army, involving such perplexities and perils, was no temptation. But he believed his country had been wronged, and he had the spirit to resent it. He foresaw the long and bitter war. "Give me leave to add, as my opinion," he wrote in 1774, "that more blood will be spilled on this occasion, if the ministry are determined to push matters to extremity, than history has ever yet furnished in the annals of America." Yet, with this knowledge before him, he did not hesitate. It is a mistake, as some have supposed, that Washington was for conciliation. In the first Congress he asserted the necessity of war. He voted afterwards, in the Virginia Convention, in favor of Patrick Henry's celebrated resolutions, to enrol, arm and discipline the militia; and we can fancy we see his fine form dilating to its loftiest height, as he listened breathlessly to the fervid oratory of the speaker. "We must fight. I repeat it, sir, we must fight," said Henry. "An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us."

It was his high sense of duty, no meaner motive, which led Washington to accept the command of the army. He would have fought in an humbler capacity if necessary. In 1775, he writes, in reference to an independent company, "I shall very cheerfully accept the honor of commanding it, if occasion require it to be drawn out, as it is my full intention to devote my life and fortune in the cause we are engaged in, if needful." When he was chosen generalissimo, if he hesitated at all, it was from a consciousness of the magnitude and responsibility of the office. He wrote home to his wife, "*so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it.*" A few months later, he writes to a friend, "my situation is so irksome to me, at times, that, *if I did not consult the public good more than my sense of tranquillity*, I should long ere this have put everything at the hazard of a die." When, on the evacuation of Boston, the Massachusetts Legislature testified their respect and attachment by an address, he replied that he had only done his duty, "*wishing for no other reward than that arising from a conscientious discharge of his important trust.*" Throughout the whole war, his conduct exhibited him in the same light. It was not merely in words that he sacrificed on the altar of duty: "whatever his hand found to do, that he did with all his might."

His equal mind was especially conspicuous. He seemed to tower above the clouds and storms of the present, and to live only in the loftier and serener atmosphere of the future. The misrepresentations of his character and motives, which at one time obtained even the ear of Congress, did not destroy his equanimity, or seduce him into recrimination. Other men, with but half his wrongs, revenged themselves by deserting or betraying their country. But Washington, though daily slights were put upon him, and even the withdrawal of his rank secretly plotted, never allowed himself to swerve a hair's breadth from the line of duty. Caressed or thwarted, he did his best for his country. Like Luther, he could have said, "this is none of my seeking—the work is upon me, and I must go forward—God help me!"

His conscience was ever his guide. He allowed no sinister motives to actuate him. Never, to attain his ends, would he stoop to unworthy means. So high was his sense of virtue, that he could not forgive subterfuge or dishonesty; but the man whom he detected in such arts, at once, and forever lost his confidence. By some, this trait in his character has been called sternness. It was not, it was justice. Follies and indiscretions, Washington could forgive; but not deliberate and continued acts of moral turpitude. Pity for the criminal has, of late years, supplanted, to a great extent, indignation at the crime; and we see the consequences in the uncertainty of punishment, and in the increasing disorganization of society. To countenance guilt, through a false clemency, is treason to honest men. Washington carried his hatred against subterfuge and dishonesty to such an extent, as to abjure, in the ordinary concerns of life, even the shadow of artifice or dissimulation. No man was more sincere. Hence he reprobated the slightest departure from truth. A lie roused all his indignation: deceit shut his soul against intimacy. He was candid and faithful to his friends; to his enemies cold, but impartial. Never, perhaps, was there an individual more deserving the title of "the just man."

One of his most prominent traits was self-control. This was the more remarkable, because naturally he possessed impetuous passions. Some men, gifted with easy dispositions, find it no hard task to be impartial, because neither right nor wrong can make any lasting impression on them: their charity, in fact, is indifference; their amiability, coldness of heart; and the whole merit of their equanimity, consists in incapacity. Yet few individuals have made a figure in the world, unless originally possessed of high passions. Men of the greatest force of character are those whose temper, naturally

vehement, has been disciplined and brought under control. Washington was of this description. Long and severe training had made him completely the master of himself. He realized the words of the wise man:—"He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." Washington seemed, indeed, to exercise a control over himself to a degree denied to other men. In situations the most trying to the temper, he retained an equanimity almost miraculous. Once or twice only, during the eight years of the war, did he give way to his passions in moments of excitement; but on these occasions his fury was terrible. At the battle of Germantown, and at Kipp's Bay, both times under the same circumstances of mortification at the unexpected flight of his soldiers, he burst forth into a scornful anger, withering to its guilty objects, attended with a recklessness as to his own life, which compelled his friends to force him from the field.

These were the exceptions, however. It is rare to find him, even in private letters to his friends, giving way to irritation at the constant annoyances he had to contend with, chiefly arising from the contentions of his officers, or the folly, neglect, and suspicions of Congress. We have already alluded to his conduct during the Conway cabal, when a powerful party, both military and civil, was plotting his downfall. Ordinary men, under such circumstances, would have thrown up their commission in disgust or spleen: a Cromwell, or a Napoleon would have marched on Congress, and cut the Gordian knot with his sword. But Washington's sense of duty, his lofty and heroic patriotism, made him abhor the remedies, as it exalted him above the passions of common humanity. He wrote a letter, on this occasion, designed for Congress in which he says:—"My chief concern arises from an apprehension of the dangerous consequences, which intestine dissentions may produce to the common cause. As I have no other view than to promote the public good, and am unambitious of honors not founded in the approbation of my country, I would not desire, in the least degree, to suppress a free spirit of inquiry into any part of my conduct, that even faction itself may deem reprehensible." After inviting an examination, he says:—"My enemies take an ungenerous advantage of me. They know the delicacy of my situation, and that motives of policy deprive me of the defence I might otherwise make against their insidious attacks. They know I cannot combat their insinuations, however injurious, without disclosing secrets, which it is of the utmost moment to conceal. But why should I expect to be exempt from censure, the

WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT NEWBURG.

unfailing lot of an elevated situation?" It is some consolation to know that Conway, the busy agent in this intrigue, afterwards, by his own accord, recanted, and that the prominent actors in it nearly all fell into signal disgrace, in consequence of their own follies, before the close of the war.

There is no single fact more illustrative of Washington's character, than his answer to the proposition made to him, in the name of some of his officers, to assume the title of king. It was in the year 1782, and while he was still at the head of his command. The incapacity of Congress had long been apparent: the army, to a man, was dissatisfied with the civil authorities of the country; and even a portion of the citizens, fond of pomp and titles, and thinking a monarchy safer than a republic, secretly favored the measure. Nor would it have been so difficult, as many suppose, for Washington, had he been ambitious, to have obtained the crown. The people were exhausted with war. There was no force, in any part of the states, competent for resistance. A bounty to the troops; the promise of immunity to the tories;

rank proffered to such leading men as were patriots from policy:—these would have been bribes which, if adroitly administered, would have betrayed America, unless her citizens were less selfish than others, or than they had proved themselves to be. It was well for the freedom of this land, that a Washington, not a Cromwell or a Napoleon, was at the head of the army. He refused the boon at once, and refused it with indignation and horror. The act is the more noble because it stands alone in history. His indignant reply, dated Newburg, 22nd May, 1782, is as follows:

"SIR:—With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted for my perusal. Be assured, Sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations, than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army, as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of them shall make a disclosure necessary.

"I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived, in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add, that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do: and, as far as my powers and influence, in a constitutional way, extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be any occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of a like nature.

"I am, Sir, &c.,

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

After the receipt of this letter nothing more was said in relation to the proposition. The effect of the refusal was more potent than it seemed at first. There were many who had secretly looked to a monarchy as the form of government under which they could most easily aggrandize themselves; but not one of these, after the rebuff from

the Commander-in-chief, dared to mention their designs, since, without him, all their plots must fail. It is impossible to doubt that there would have been, at least, a serious struggle, perhaps a protracted civil war, in case Washington had acceded to the proposition. It must not be supposed, because the monarchists kept silence from that hour, that their numbers were few or that their designs were visionary. Who can tell the magnitude of the danger we escaped?

Such was Washington. His unselfish love of country, his stern sense of duty, and his high and incorruptible principles rendered him, as a patriot, even more superior than his great military talents did, as a General. The union of both made him the saviour of his country. It is to his consummate judgment and his stern morality that we owe our success in the war and the subsequent establishment of our liberties. Had he suffered himself to be more brilliant; had he given way to the natural impetuosity of his character; had a false love of fame precipitated him into hasty enterprises, the army might have been annihilated and all effectual resistance put at an end, in the first years of the war. But, contrary to the bent of his genius, he adopted a line of cautious policy, until an army had been organized fit to cope with the veterans of England. Few men would have had the courage to adhere to a resolution like this, at the sacrifice, for years, of his personal fame. Both Congress and the people, dazzled by the capture of Burgoyne, drew, at one time, invidious comparisons between Washington and Gates, and hesitated not to charge the former with inactivity, if not with incompetency: but, firm in consciousness of right, the American commander never wavered, and thus was the salvation of the war. To a certain extent, even yet, he suffers for his wisdom; and is depreciated as a military commander in exact proportion as his virtue is extolled. Let tardy justice be done him! Washington was not less superior as a General than exalted as a patriot. His letters, written during the war, when compared with those of others shew a wonderful contrast, in the absence of that envy and party strife, the presence of which, more or less, characterizes the correspondence of his contemporaries. The singular breadth and comprehensiveness of his views will startle the reader continually; and the conclusion be irresistibly drawn, that no other man could have carried the country through the war. One fact has never been presented in a sufficiently forcible light: we mean, that Congress, whenever refusing the advice of Washington, always went wrong, and had eventually to retrace

its steps. In a word, the whole burden of the war lay on his shoulders. Nobly and triumphantly did he bear it through!

We come last to consider Washington as THE HERO. It has been well said that the great intellect dies with its possessor, but that the great heart survives forever, beckoning kindred natures to deeds of heroic trust and self-sacrifice. The names of Alexander, Cæsar, and of all earth's conquerors, do but dazzle the imagination; but Leonidas, and Tell, and Bruce, are talismanic words that will kindle enthusiasm forever. We can well believe that the thought of these immortal patriots was in many a brave heart that went up to Bunker Hill. The heroes and martyrs of all ages; how the blood leaps at mention of their names! Wallace and Kosciuszko; Latimer and Xavier; those who perished for liberty, and those who died for conscience—will not their services be consecrated, in all true bosoms, until earth shall be no more? Some have sunk on the battle-field; some have watered the scaffold with their blood; some have perished in the agonies of fire; some have drawn their last breath on distant and savage coasts: these have been of one race and language, those of another: this endured all things for one faith, that for a different:—but all, whatever their nation, or sect, or lineage, were the warriors of humanity, and suffered that mankind might be free. The good of all eras form but one great brotherhood. Our hearts yearn towards the martyrs and heroes of the past as towards dear kinsmen, long known and beloved. Thank God, for having thus linked distant ages together by the ties of one common sympathy. The great souls scattered along the highway of history, are connected one to the other by an electric chain, and thus the influence of heroic deeds thrills from century to century, down the long avenue of Time!

Washington, above all others, is the hero of America! In the long catalogue of the great and good no other name, perhaps, will ever rival his. If this confederacy should achieve but half the destinies apparently opening before it, he will descend to future ages as the founder of the mightiest republic the world has seen. What a destiny is that of our country! With great capacity for social and material development; with institutions more free than those of any preceding nation; with a race of people surpassed by no other of the Caucasian tribes; and with a land whose boundless vallies and gigantic rivers reflect a portion of their own immensity upon the national mind, the career of the United States promises, like the eagle it has chosen for an emblem, to be onward and upward, until

the imagination, bewildered, shrinks from following its flight! It is as the hero and founder of this republic that Washington will be reverenced by future times.

"One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

# JOSEPH WARREN.

THERE are three classes of men, who, in revolutions, rise to the surface of affairs. The first is composed of the ordinary military Generals. These are usually persons of great physical courage, more or less impetuous in their characters, capable of bold and sudden enterprises, yet without the far-reaching views that perceive and prepare to avert danger long before the crisis. Such men, even in the army, fill secondary places, requiring to be directed by more comprehensive intellects. Murat is a case in point. Wayne, Putnam, Morgan, and others of our revolutionary heroes, answer to this description.

There is a second class, the members of which possess even greater merit, though, as their career is less dazzling, they rank below mili-

tary leaders in popular estimation. We allude to the men of thought, the distinguished civilians of their day, whose prescient knowledge sees the tempest in the cloud no bigger than a man's hand. The orators, pamphleteers, and legislators, who rouse the people to a sense of their rights, and who hazard in so doing all the penalties of treason, have not less courage, though of a different kind perhaps, than the soldier who charges to the cannon's mouth. To control with a firm hand the ship of state, when she rocks on the edge of the revolutionary whirlpool, requires great nerve, as well as intellectual ability Who will venture to place Adams, Jay and Jefferson in a lower scale than Clinton, Marion, or Stark? The former faced death in his most terrible form, the axe, the gibbet, the grinning crowd: the others defied him on the field of battle, with the enthusiasm of the strife to cheer them on. These had in prospect an ignominious execution in case of failure: those, the immortal glory of the hero dying on the battle-field.

There is still a third class. This is composed of the men who in revolutionary times rise to the supreme direction of affairs, both civil and military. Such individuals combine the qualities which are most prominent in both the other classes, possessing the comprehensive and prescient intellect of the one united to the impetuosity and lightning-like decision of the other. They are prudent as well as daring; wise, but also impetuous. They govern the popular mind, yet at the same time lead armies. They are pre-eminent in all things—now counselling in the Senate, now thundering in the front of war. Of this class were Cromwell, Napoleon and Washington.

Warren, the subject of our present notice, belonged properly to the second of these classes, though he possessed many characteristics which allied him also to the first. He was born at Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1741. His father was chiefly employed in the cultivation of land, and particularly in raising fruit; and came to his death, when his son was still a child, by falling from an apple tree. The subject of our memoir entered Harvard University at fourteen years of age. Here he became remarked as a young man of superior abilities, gentle manners, and a frank, independent and fearless character. Even at this early age he was celebrated for his daring courage. An anecdote, illustrative of this, yet survives. A college frolic was in contemplation, of which it was known Warren did not approve, and fearing the effect of his example and eloquence, the leaders in the disturbance resolved to exclude him from their deliberations. But Warren was not to be frustrated. The assembly was held in a room in an upper story, and the door locked; yet Warren,

ascending to the roof, clambered down the spout, and sprang in at the window. The instant he was safe on the sill, the spout, which was old and decayed, fell, with a crash, to the ground. "It has served my purpose," quietly said Warren, and immediately proceeded to the subject in debate. Such cool self-possession foreshadowed future greatness. Already indeed had he begun to exhibit that rare union of valor and discretion which distinguished him in after life, and which, had he lived, might have elevated him to a position second only to that of Washington.

In 1764, Warren established himself in Boston as a physician. His engaging manners and his amiable character, not less than his talents and his acquirements, opened before him an easy path to eminence and wealth. But troublous times were approaching; the difficulties between the colonies and mother country had begun; and Warren, with all the enthusiasm of his character, entered at once into the exciting struggle. His boldness terrified more timid minds. While many hesitated between old attachments and new acts of oppression, he declared that all kinds of taxation without representation, were tyrannical, and as such ought to be resisted. He publicly asserted his opinion that America was able to withstand any force that could be sent against her. Though one of the youngest, he was soon one of the most influential leaders on the popular side. From 1768, he was a member of the secret council in Boston, which advised most of the earlier measures of resistance. He twice acted as the public orator to deliver the anniversary address commemorative of the massacre in King street. The first address was made in 1772: the last took place three years later. On this occasion, the mutual exasperation between the troops and citizens was such as to render the post of the orator of the day a perilous one; and Warren, finding others shrank from the duty, boldly volunteered to perform it. In executing his task, however, he acted with as much discretion as boldness. Says Everett, who narrates this circumstance, "When the day arrived, the aisles of the church, the pulpit stairs, the pulpit itself, was occupied by the officers and soldiers of the garrison, who were doubtless stationed there to overawe the orator, and, perhaps, prevent him, by force, from proceeding. Warren, to avoid interruptian and confusion, entered from the rear, by the pulpit window; and, unmoved by the hostile military array that surrounded him and pressed upon his person, delivered the bold, stirring address which we have in print. While the oration was in progress, an officer, who was seated on the pulpit stairs, held up one of his hands, in view of the orator, with several pistol bullets on the open palm. Warren

observed the action, and, without discontinuing his discourse, dropped a white handkerchief on the officer's hand. How happy would it have been," continues the biographer, "if this gentle and graceful admonition could have arrested the march of violence."

This little incident furnishes the key to Warren's character. Though in action bold to rashness, in council he was circumspect to a fault. Hence his influence over his fellow laborers. His judgment rarely erred. The wisdom of his counsel was always acknowledged, and has come down to our own times as a tradition of something pre-eminent. On the abolition of the old royal Assembly, and the substitution for it of a provincial Congress in 1774, the estimation in which Warren was held by his fellow citizens became at once apparent. He was elected a delegate to the Congress, and on its organization made President. The executive power of the state, under this new arrangement, was wielded by a committee of thirteen, chosen from the Congress, entitled the Committee of Public Safety. Of this Warren was elected Chairman. Thus, in comparative youth, he became, in reality, the chief magistrate of Massachusetts. He was now, in fact, a sort of popular dictator, uniting in his person the whole civil and military power of the state. Every eye looked to him as to the pilot who should direct them in the approaching storm. Nor was he dismayed. Calm and high, he stood at the helm, watching the coming up of that ominous tempest; and when the hurricane was about to burst, his voice was heard giving the first intimation of the peril. To him must be awarded the merit of setting the ball of revolution in motion. He prepared the people for the event, he originated the rising, he fought in the fray. Warren was the true hero of Lexington.

For many months the popular and the royal parties had been growing more and more exasperated against each other. Men could see that a great crisis was approaching. Not only in New England, but throughout all the colonies, the symptoms of alienation and hatred increased daily. A continental Congress had assembled at Philadelphia, and though, in their public documents, the members still breathed peace and allegiance, their private fears pointed to a war as nearly inevitable. It needed only a spark to set them in a blaze. This was evident from the manner in which a rumor of the bombardment of Boston was received: the members started to their feet, and the cry to arms resounded through the house; nor was it until the report had been proved untrue, that the excitement could be allayed. The whole nation, at this crisis, was in a state of alarm and foreboding scarcely to be comprehended. The thoughts

of men everywhere were unsettled. Wild rumors awoke, no one knew whence, to die as strangely; and without any definite fears, all felt vague presentiments.

Few as yet, even in New England, spoke openly of war. Warren himself said that, on the night preceding the outrage at Lexington, he did not believe fifty men in the whole colony thought there would ever be blood shed in the quarrel. Preparations for a contest, nevertheless, went on. John Adams wrote home from Congress to train the people twice a week. The population was formed into companies, under regularly appointed officers, with orders to be in readiness to march at a moment's warning. The public stores were everywhere seized. But even the few who wished for war and regarded it as inevitable, exhorted to present moderation, hoping, as the end proved, to throw on the British the odium of striking the first blow.

Gage, the royal commander, soon found that he was playing a losing game. The time for conciliation was past. His inactivity only allowed the colonists leisure to perfect their military arrangements. He was, in fact, being check-mated without a move. He determined, accordingly, to change his tactics, and arrest the preparations of the patriots. For this purpose he planned the seizure of some stores, which he learned had been collected at Concord, New Hampshire; but, in order to avoid a collision, he concealed his object even from his own army, resolving to effect his wishes by surprise, rather than by open force. It was not until the day before the battle of Lexington, that Gage, calling together the officers to whom he intended entrusting the expedition, informed them of his purpose. and even after the troops had marched, their destination was concealed from the common soldiers, lest some treacherous voice should betray the contemplated movement to the colonists.

A suspicion of the enterprise had got abroad, however, and the patriots, with Warren at their head, were actively on the watch. A portion of the stores was removed from Concord, and distributed among the neighboring towns. John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who had retired for safety to Lexington, were warned of the approaching crisis: and lest messengers should be prevented leaving the city, it was arranged with the patriots in Charlestown, that if the expedition set out by water, two lights should be displayed on the steeple of the North Church; if it marched over the Neck, through Roxbury, only one. About nine o'clock on the evening of the 18th of April, 1775, the royal troops, about one thousand in number, were embarked, under Colonel Small, at the bottom of the

common. Warren, who had just returned from West Cambridge, where he had met the Committee of Safety, saw the embarkation in person; and immediately despatching Mr. Davies overland to Lexington to raise the country, sent for his friend Colonel Revere, to induce him to proceed through Charlestown on the same errand. Before eleven o'clock, the Colonel, having first displayed two lights on the steeple of the North Church, had rowed across from the upper part of the city to Charlestown, from which, in the dead of night, he pursued his way through West Cambridge to Lexington, running in safety, the gauntlet of the British officers who had been stationed, at different points on the road, to intercept messengers from the town. It was well that he had not delayed, for after the embarkation of the troops, Gage, to prevent an alarm, had ordered that no person should be allowed to leave Boston.

At Lexington, Colonel Revere met Mr. Davies, the other messenger, whom, however, he had anticipated; Hancock and Adams were warned to fly; and together the emissaries galloped on towards Concord, rousing the population as they went. In part, they had been anticipated by the signals on the North Church steeple. Lights were flashing in the houses as they passed; the inhabitants in the villages were seen collecting: everything betokened the excitement and enthusiasm of a first alarm. All through that April night the noise of hasty preparation was heard. In consequence, before morning, the militia along the road were mostly in arms, and rapidly concentrating to resist the approaching invaders. A body of these men had already assembled on Lexington green, when, through the grey of the dawn, the British troops were seen suddenly advancing. For a moment, the surprise was mutual: then Major Pitcairn cried "Disperse, you rebels, lay down your arms and disperse." The Americans still kept their ground, hesitating, when Major Pitcairn ordered the soldiers to fire. Several of the patriots fell. The rest then dispersed, returning a scattering volley as they fled: and the British, exulting in their victory, but not without uneasy forebodings, hurried forward to Concord. Here they found a few colonists, who fled before them. Without loss of time, they proceeded to destroy the public stores. This task being finished, they set out on their return, the more experienced of their leaders knowing well what was in store for them.

For now the whole country was in commotion. What followed was rather a popular tumult than a regular battle. The news of the massacre, as the collision at Lexington was called, had spread through the neighboring country with the speed of lightning. The church bells

clamored from hill to hill. The fife echoed its notes of shrill alarm in once quiet villages. The farmer left his plough in the furrow; the artizan hurried from his forge; and even the invalid forgot his pains, and calling for his father's musket, strove to rise from his couch. Messengers, on fleet horses, scoured the country, carrying the intelligence to the remoter towns. An aged relative of the writer, then in her youth, was standing at her father's door towards noon of that celebrated day. Suddenly a horseman, his steed covered with foam, crossed the crest of the village hill ahead. He came on, and on, and on, waving his hat, amid clouds of rolling dust. The villagers rushed from their doors. All at once, as he drew near, he raised himself in his stirrups, and shouted, "the battle 's begun, the battle 's begun." Every one knew the meaning of those words. A long and continuous shout followed him as he dashed down the street towards the village inn; and when he flung himself exhausted from his steed, a dozen men stepped forward to carry the news to the remoter towns. Thus the intelligence was passed from county to county, until the whole province shook in its length and breadth with the enthusiasm of the hour.

At the summons, the country rose, like a giant rending the green withes that bound him. The vague feeling of loyalty, which had lingered, like a spell, in the bosoms of the people, was cast off, and forever, as they listened indignantly to the news of the massacre. At once, every village and farm house discharged its living contents to swell the tide of popular vengeance that begun to roar after the foe. From hill and valley; from work-shop and closet; from the poor man's cottage and the rich man's hall, the avenging hosts poured forth to the strife, their fifes playing that old Yankee air which has led Americans so often since to victory. They were clad in no flaunting uniforms, but came as the summons found them. They bore no glittering arms, but only the rusty household gun. Yet they burned with indomitable zeal. And when, as they reached the elevated grounds above the Lexington road, the sight of the retreating enemy burst, for the first time, upon them, their excitement became almost uncontrollable, and long and repeated cheers frequently rent the air. The blood kindles even now to hear old men, who fought there, recount that spectacle! The enemy were in the valley below, no longer the proud looking soldiery of the day before, but a crowd of weary and travel soiled fugitives, evidently hurrying desperately on. Clouds of dust, rising around them, continually hid their ranks from sight, though occasionally a sunbeam would penetrate the gloom, and their arms flash out like a golden

ripple. No inspiring sound of fife was heard, except at rare intervals, in those disordered ranks; no glorious roll of drums; no stirring blast of trumpets. The exhilaration of spirit was all on the side of the colonists. Dejected and crest-fallen, the British hurried on; exulting and triumphant, the patriots pursued. It was as if the whole country had risen, with horn and hound, to chase to his lair some long dreaded wolf, who now, sullen and cowed at last, pressed desperately on, glad even to escape with life.

The assaults of the colonists were not conducted after any regular method: indeed, there was no leader in the field to direct and unite their movements. They fought each in his own manner, or in squads, as at Monterey. Now a bold horseman would gallop up within gun-shot of the fugitives, and deliberately taking aim, fire: then, wheeling his horse, would retire to re-load, when he would renew the attack. Now a few provincials would conceal themselves behind some hedge or out-house, on the flank of the foe, and, as the British passed, the whole line, in succession, would blaze on the enemy. To add to the tumult, the royal troops, in revenge for acts like these, began to fire the dwellings on their flank; and frequently the homeless mother, with her babes, was seen flying, through the horrors of the battle, to seek shelter behind the hills. At this, the exasperation of the colonists deepened to fury. The church bells clanged louder and faster. Those, who at first, from age or debility, had looked on in quiet, seized whatever offensive weapon was nearest to hand, and hurried to the strife. Old men came running, their white hairs streaming in the wind: boys, catching the enthusiasm of manhood, loaded the muskets they could scarcely carry. Some galloped along the highway; some over the fields. Every lane that debouched into the main-road, yielded its quota to the battle. As the fugitives saw all this, as they beheld the circle of their foes narrowing around them, their hearts began to fail, and only the stern words of their leaders roused them to hurry on. At times, indeed, stung to savage fury, they turned, gnashing, but vainly, on the foe. The roar of the pursuing multitude grew louder every instant. It was no longer a retreat, it was a flight. Major Pitcairn, conspicuous by his uniform, and alarmed for his life, abandoned his horse, and on foot, hid himself among his men.

The British troops at last reached Lexington, where, fortunately, they met Lord Percy, who had hastened from Boston, with eight hundred men, and two pieces of cannon, to their relief. The united force of the royal troops was sufficiently imposing to check the pursuit for a while: and accordingly a halt was ordered, in order to

refresh the fugitives, and allow them to take dinner. But the colonists continued gathering in such dark and ominous masses on the elevations around, that before two hours had elapsed, Lord Percy thought it advisable to proceed. The moment he set his troops in motion, the assailants, hovering on the rear and flank, resumed their offensive operations. Their superior knowledge of the roads enabled them to annoy the flying enemy at every turn: while, wherever a stone wall, or other covert afforded shelter, they lay in ambush with their deadly rifles. It was at West Cambridge, after the junction between Small and Lord Percy, that Warren first joined the fight. He was at this place, in attendance on the Committee of Safety, but hearing the sound of the approaching battle, he rushed from the Assembly, seized a musket, and, in company with General Heath, dashed into the foremost fray. No one, to have seen him then, would ever have supposed he was so calm and sage in council. Raging in the very front of the fight, his fine face glowing with enthusiasm, he became speedily a mark for the enemy's muskets, and more than one ball narrowly missed him. At last a bullet, more accurate than usual, cut off the long, close curl, which, in the fashion of the day, he wore above his ear; but even this could not intimidate him, or induce him to expose his person less rashly; he continued thundering at the head of the pursuit, until the enemy reached Charlestown Neck. Here the chase was necessarily abandoned. The colonists drew off: and the British, fatigued and famished, threw themselves on the bare ground, on Bunker Hill, where, protected by the guns of a royal frigate, they slept secure. The next day they pursued their march into Boston.

Events now hurried after each other in rapid succession. The Massachussetts Congress, the very next day, resolved that thirty thousand men were wanted for the defence of New England; that, of this number Massachusetts would furnish thirteen thousand six hundred, and that the other colonies be requested to supply the balance. The same body drew up regulations for this army, and voted an issue of paper money. The people rose with alacrity in answer to this call. The old Generals of the French war came forth from their retreats, and hurried to join their younger companions in arms. Putnam left his plough in Connecticut, and within twenty-four hours was at Cambridge. Stark hastened down with his New Hampshire volunteers. Gridley threw up his pension, and joined the patriots. Before the middle of June, an army of fifteen thousand men had assembled around Boston, which they proceeded regularly to invest, establishing a line of redoubts from Cambridge to Roxbury,

a circuit of nearly twelve miles. On the 21st of May, General Ward had been commissioned as Commander-in-chief of the Massachussetts forces. He fixed his head-quarters at Cambridge. Putnam, though really independent of him, tacitly consented to act as his subordinate. He lay, with a portion of the Connecticut troops, at Inman's farm, in advance of the main body, near the Charlestown road. Brigadier-General Thomas commanded at Roxbury. Among the other leading officers in camp, not already mentioned, were General Pomeroy and Colonel Prescott, both heroes of the old French war.

The concentration of the provincial army around the peninsula of Boston, naturally suggested to General Gage the idea of occupying Charlestown Heights. We shall explain the benefit of this more fully, when we come to recur to the subject in the life of Putnam. It was instantly proposed, in the council of war, to anticipate General Gage; and, on this proposition, an animated debate ensued. There was, at that time, only eleven barrels of powder in the camp, and but sixty-seven within the state of Massachussetts: and, as the seizure of Charlestown Heights would probably bring on a battle, many considered this stock of ammunition too small. Among these was Warren. Putnam and Prescott, but especially the former, advised the bolder, not to say more prudent plan: and their arguments backed by the influence of their acknowledged experience, carried the day. It was fortunate that, in this solitary instance, the advice of Warren was disregarded. Had the attempt been postponed, it could never have been made at all; and we should thus have been without one of the most glorious events in our history. Technically speaking, the Americans were defeated at Bunker Hill, but the defeat was of such a character as to answer all the purposes of a victory. In justice to Warren, we must add that the repulse occurred from the want of powder, as he had foretold.

On the 14th of June, three days before this remarkable battle, Warren received a commission as Major-General from the provincial Congress. On the 16th, he was at Watertown, presiding over that august body. The whole of that night, the last he was to live, he spent in transacting public business. At daylight, on the 17th, he rode to Cambridge, where he arrived, suffering under a severe head-ache, which compelled him to retire for repose. He was soon awakened, however, by information that the British were moving to attack Bunker Hill. He rose instantly, declared his head-ache gone, and hastened to the meeting of the Committee of Safety, of which he was Chairman. Here he expressed his determination to join personally in the fight. He was urged not to expose himself thus. "I

know that I may fall," replied Warren, "but where is the man who does not think it glorious and delightful to die for his country." When the Committee adjourned, he called for his horse, sprang into the saddle, and galloped towards Charlestown. Both armies were breathlessly awaiting the signal for attack, when a solitary horseman dashed across Charlestown Neck, regardless of the fire of the shipping directed towards that point, and was seen advancing at full speed upon the American lines. As he crossed Bunker Hill, General Putnam, who was there erecting a redoubt, rode forward. "General Warren," he exclaimed, "can this be you? I rejoice and regret to see you. Your life is too precious to be exposed in this battle; but since you are here, I take your orders." "Not so," replied Warren, "I come only as a volunteer. Tell me where I can be useful." "Go then to the redoubt," said Putnam, "you will there be covered." "I came not to be covered," answered Warren, "tell me where the peril is—where the action will be hottest." "To the redoubt then," cried Putnam, waving his hand. Warren dashed spurs into his horse's sides, and shot like an arrow, on his way. He sped down the slight acclivity of Bunker's Hill, across the intervening depression, and up Breed's Hill, where his person was recognised with long and loud huzzas as he gal[illegible]along the line. At the redoubt he found Colonel Prescott, [illegible]whom he checked his foaming steed. The Colonel hastened forward, and offered to take his orders. "No," said Warren, springing from the saddle, "give me yours: I come as a volunteer; give me a musket. I am here to take a lesson of a veteran soidier in the art of war."

The heroic character of Warren was evinced in all his actions on that day. He had been opposed, as we have seen, to the battle, from motives of prudence: but the moment the conflict became inevitable, he dismissed every consideration except that of participating in it with glory. The time for the exercise of discretion had passed: the moment for valorous action had come. He knew that much depended on the manner in which the leaders behaved; and he was resolved that no one should say he remained at home in safety, while others were bleeding in the fight. Throughout the whole of that day he bore himself among the bravest—his voice and example encouraging the troops. When the retreat was ordered, as if loath to leave, he lingered behind. He had been marked out conspicuously by his conduct, and as he was slowly retiring, at the distance of only a few rods, an English officer snatched a musket from a soldier, and taking deliberate aim, shot him through the head. He fell weltering in blood. General Howe, at this time, was not far off, leaning on the arm of Colonel Small, having been lamed by a spent ball striking

his ankle. Seeing Warren sink to the earth, he said to Colonel Small, "Do you see that elegant young man who has just fallen?" "Good God, sir," replied Small, "I believe it is my friend Warren." "Leave me, then, instantly," said Howe, "run—keep off the troops —save him, if possible." Small flew to the spot. When he arrived, a provincial was supporting Warren's head. "My dear friend," cried Small, kneeling anxiously down, "I hope you are not hurt." The dying hero faintly opened his eyes, looked up into the speaker's face, and smiling, as if in recognition, died.

Thus fell Warren, the first martyr of the Revolution, at the age of thirty-four. His death was regarded as so important that the British General considered the war as virtually at an end in consequence. Some writers have regretted that he died prematurely for his fame; as he was fitted to play a prominent part in the drama just opening. Yet his was a glorious death. His memory is enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and history has placed him among the noble company of patriots and martyrs whose renown is eternal.

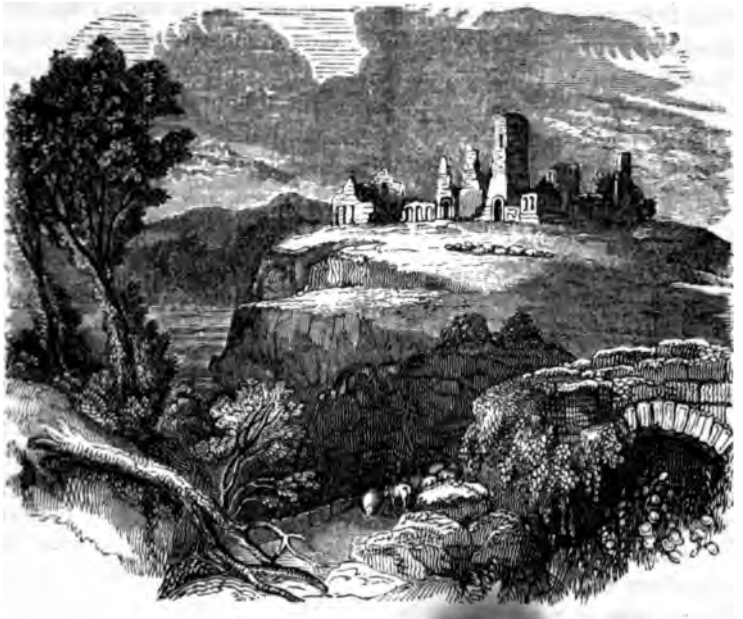
Warren left four children, two sons and two daughters: his wife had already preceded him to the grave. The continental Congress took on itself the education of his eldest son. The other children, were, for a time, [redacted] by Arnold, until Congress provided for them also. The son [redacted] died soon after reaching the age of maturity. The daughters [redacted]; but one of them only has left posterity.

## ISRAEL PUTNAM.

ISRAEL Putnam, a Major-General in the continental army, was one of the most daring spirits of the Revolution. He had not the comprehensive mind required for a great strategist; but in leading a column to the storm, or in any emergency requiring indomitable valor, possessed no rival. He needed some one to plan, but he was a Paladin to execute. His name was almost miraculous. Other military leaders distinguished themselves in battle; Putnam was the battle itself.

Israel Putnam was born at Salem, Massachusetts, on the 7th day of January, 1718. He received but little education, and displayed no peculiar taste for learning. He was chiefly remarkable, as a boy, for boldness, independence and courage. The first time he visited Boston he was jeered for his rusticity by a lad twice his size. Putnam attacked and soundly threshed his insulter. As he grew up he became distinguished for feats of personal skill and strength: and in leaping, running and wrestling had no superiors. In 1739, he married, and shortly after emigrated to Pomfret, Connecticut, where he engaged in farming, at first under many disadvantages, but finally with profit. It was about this period that he pursued and shot, in her cave, the she-wolf which had so long been a terror to the neighborhood: a story familiar to every school boy, and which we only refer to here, in order to shew the adventurous and daring spirit of Putnam. When the French war broke out his ardent genius found vent in a higher sphere. He was appointed to command a company raised in Connecticut in 1755, to operate in the expedition against Crown Point; and in 1757, was elevated to the rank of Major, his services having been considered so important as to deserve this compliment. Numerous anecdotes are told of his presence of mind, and romantic escap[redacted]ng the several campaigns in which he took a part. It was at [redacted]'s side that the lamented Lord Howe fell, on the 6th of July, [redacted]. On one occasion Putnam was captured by the savages, who proceeded, in their inhuman way, to torture him to death. He was already stripped naked and tied to the stake; the fire had been kindled; and the Indians were dancing and yelling around in fiendish delight, when a French officer rushed in, scattered the blazing brands, and unbinding the victim, carried him in safety to his quarters. He was subsequently conducted to Montreal, where he arrived almost without clothes, his body torn by briars, his face gashed by the tomahawk, and his whole appearance miserable and squalid to the last degree. Colonel Peter Schuyler was then at Montreal, a prisoner also. He was indignant at this treatment towards Putnam, clothed him, procured his reception as became his rank, and afterwards obtained his exchange.

In 1759, Putnam, who had been raised to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, accompanied General Amherst in the latter's expedition against Ticonderoga and Crown Point. In this campaign he proved of the greatest service, by his ingenuity no less than by his courage. At one time he proposed to reduce the enemy's squadron on Lake Champlain by attacking each ship in a batteau, and driving a wedge between the rudder and stern, by which to render the vessel unma-



RUINS OF OLD FORT TICONDEROGA

nageable; but, just as the assault was about to begin, the ships surrendered. In 1762, he went to Cuba, at the head of a regiment, to assist in the attack on Havana. Here he was shipwrecked; but, through his presence of mind the troops were saved. In 1764, having been raised to the rank of a Colonel, he marched against the western Indians; but the campaign gave him no opportunity to signalize himself, and on the treaty in the ensuing year, Putnam returned home, after having been engaged in military life nearly ten years.

He carried with him into his retirement, one of the best reputations as an officer in the colonies. He boasted little military knowledge except such as was the result of experience; but he had ingenuity, energy and courage, qualities which education could not give. His bravery was of no common kind. The stormier the battle grew, the more fearless he became: the deadlier the crisis, the cooler his self-possession. It was said of him already, that he "dared to lead where any dared to follow." In no other man, from his section of the provinces, had the soldiers equal confidence in a desperate strife. His towering form was like a banner to them through the cloud and smoke of battle.

When the difficulties between the mother country and the colonies begun, Putnam was looked up to for counsel, and at once, took sides with the provinces. He was one of the foremost actors in the popular demonstration which compelled the collectors of stamps, in Connecticut, to relinquish their offices. Throughout the whole affair, his decision and energy were prominent. Minds like his, always rally the masses around them in threatening times, and each year added to the influence of Putnam. He frequently visited Boston, where he was familiarly known to the royal officers, many of whom had served with him during the French war. On one occasion, he was asked what he would do, if the dispute should end in hostilities. "I will stand by my country," stoutly replied Putnam. An officer happening to say triumphantly, that an army of five thousand veterans might march from one end of the continent to the other. "No doubt," replied Putnam, "if they conducted themselves properly, and paid for what they wanted: but, should they attempt it in a hostile manner, the American women would brain them with their ladles."

Putnam was quietly ploughing in his field, nearly a hundred miles from the field of Lexington, when a horseman, carrying a drum, galloped up and announced the news of the massacre. Instantly the old hero was on fi[redacted]nyoked his team, sprang on one of the horses, and telling [redacted]on, who was with him, to go home and acquaint Mrs. Put[redacted]her he had gone, dashed off on the road to Boston, where he arrived in less than twenty-four hours. On the 21st, two days after the battle, he attended a council of war at Cambridge: then, at the summons of the Legislature of Connecticut, he flew back to that state; and in less than a week, having raised three thousand troops, and accepted the commission of Brigadier-General, was once more at head-quarters, having traversed the country, in the discharge of his several missions, with a rapidity that resembled that of some wild meteor. At Cambridge, he was first in command of the Connecticut recruits. His position, when the besieging army had taken its ground, was in the advance at Inman's Farm, on the Charlestown road.

It was while thus beleaguering Boston, that Putnam received the offer of a Major-General's commission, besides a large pecuniary recompense, provided he would abandon the cause of the colonists, and join the British side. The bribe was indignantly spurned. Meantime a month had passed since the provincial army had assembled for the siege, and nothing effective had been done, though skirmishes were occasionally occurring between detachments on both sides. Putnam became impatient for action. His soul was one of

those that fretted at inactivity: he longed to strike some blow that should terrify the enemy, and inspire the Americans. An opportunity was not long wanting. General Gage, it was discovered by spies, was about to fortify the entrance to the peninsula of Charlestown; and, to prevent this, even at the risk of a battle, at once became Putnam's secret design.

The peninsula of Charlestown is rather more than a mile in length, from east to west, and two-thirds of a mile in breadth, from north to south. It is washed on the north by the Mystic River, and on the south by the Charles, the two rivers approaching within a hundred yards of each other at the neck of the peninsula. A narrow channel divides it from Boston, on the east. Bunker Hill begins at the Neck, and rises to the height of above a hundred feet: then, declining towards the east, runs along the shore of the Mystic, parallel to Breed's Hill. This last begins near the southern extremity of Bunker, and rising to the height of eighty-seven feet, extends to the south and east, the two summits being about one hundred and thirty rods apart. To the east and north of Breed's Hill the ground was low and marshy. Charlestown lay on the south side of the hill, and had already begun to extend up its slope. Morton's Point, where the Navy Yard now is, formed the north-eastern extremity of the peninsula. The peninsula was traversed by a road, which, crossing Bunker Hill, swept around Breed's, approaching very near the summit of the latter, on the southern side.

The object of Gage, in seizing **Bunker Hill**, was to fortify the entrance of Charlestown peninsula, both for his own security, and as a vantage ground, from which to dislodge the Americans from their entrenchments. A council of war was called in the provincial camp on receiving intelligence of his contemplated movement. Putnam and Pomeroy advocated the seizure of the hill, by a portion of their own force, to prevent the English from obtaining it: Ward and Warren opposed the measure, as calculated to bring on an engagement, for which they did not believe the American army prepared. Their chief argument was the scarcity of powder. But Putnam was anxious for a fight. The scene, in that council, was a memorable one. "We will risk only two thousand men," said he, "and if driven to retreat, every stone-wall shall be lined with dead. If surrounded, and escape cut off, we shall set our country an example of which it shall not be ashamed, and teach mercenaries what men can do, who are determined to live or die free." At these stirring words, Warren, who had been walking the floor, stopped and said, "Almost thou persuadest me, General Putnam: still the project is rash; yet, if you

go, be not surprised to find me at your side." "I hope not," said Putnam, earnestly, laying his hand on his young associate's shoulder, "let us who are old and can be spared, begin the fray. There will be time enough for you hereafter, for it will not soon be over." The bolder counsel of Putnam, aided by his enthusiasm, prevailed; and when the council broke up, it had been resolved to seize and fortify Bunker Hill.

It was after twilight, on the 16th of June, 1775, that the detachment, selected for this enterprise, left Cambridge, and took its way, in silence and darkness, across the Neck into the peninsula. It was necessary to move with caution, for two men-of-war lay in Charles River, commanding the Neck. Colonel Prescott, who had charge of the expedition, led the way, attended by two sergeants carrying dark lanterns. Arrived at Bunker Hill, a consultation was held as to whether it would be best to fortify that height, or advance to Breed's Hill, which was nearer Boston. It was finally determined to erect the principal works on the latter place, and construct a smaller redoubt in the rear, on Bunker Hill. This resolution was in consequence of Putnam's counsel, who, all through the preliminary transactions, evidently labored to render a battle inevitable.

All through that night the provincials labored incessantly, and when morning broke, their work was well advanced. No suspicion of what was going on meantime had reached the city. Silence reigned in the deserted streets of Boston, and the sentry, as he went his rounds, distinguished no unusual noises. At last the sun, rising through the haze on the eastern horizon, shot his lurid rays along the summit of Breed's Hill; and to the astonishment of the sentries, the beams were reflected back from a long line of glittering steel. Instantly the American fortification stood revealed! The discovery was first made on board a British sloop-of-war, which promptly fired an alarm gun. This was replied to by the Somerset frigate, from the more immediate vicinity of the fortification. Instantly, all Boston was aroused by the unusual sounds. The rumor of their cause soon spread. The people and soldiery, crowding to the North End, could scarcely believe what they saw, the redoubt and its brave occupiers appearing as if they had risen by enchantment in the night. But the enemy lost no time in idle wonder. The shipping at once opened their fire on the entrenchments, and soon the battery at Copp's Hill, Boston, began to play. Bombs were seen, black and threatening, traversing the sky: shot richochetted along the sides of Breed's: and the thunder of continual explosions shook the windows of the city, and echoed off among the neighboring hills.

Putnam had left the detachment, immediately after midnight, and returned to his quarters; but, at the first sound of the cannon, he galloped to the scene of action. Here, it was proposed by some, to send to camp for a relief; but Prescott urged that the men who raised the works were best entitled to the honor of defending them. He consented, however, to despatch a messenger to General Ward for refreshments. Putnam, perceiving, from the bustle in Boston, how imposing a force was mustering to the attack, hurried back to camp, thinking his presence might carry influence with it, and begged the Commander-in-chief to reinforce the redoubt. But General Ward was convinced that the enemy intended to attack the main army, and hence refused. He would not even allow the troops of Putnam to follow their leader. Putnam himself, however, could not be restrained. He remained at Inman's farm only long enough to be satisfied that the enemy did not contemplate a landing at that position, and then, flinging himself on his horse, dashed off towards Bunker Hill, his blood quickening as he approached the scene of action, and the cannonade seemed to grow louder and more incessant.

Putnam now labored to throw up a redoubt on Bunker Hill, while Prescott, with the larger detachment, worked assiduously on that at Breed's. At this latter place a redoubt, eight rods square, was erected; while a breastwork extended, from its north-eastern angle, in a northerly direction, to the marshy ground, or slough, in that quarter. Just as the battle was about to begin, the American line of defence, at Putnam's suggestion, was extended from the slough across the ridge to the Mystic River, by the erection of two parallel rail fences, filled up between with new made hay. Meantime, Prescott applied again to General Ward for reinforcements. Putnam, too, finding the crisis approaching, galloped once more to head-quarters; this time, it is said, in his shirt-sleeves, for he was too excited to think of his coat, which he had cast off to assist his men. Aid at last was granted, the designs of the enemy no longer being doubtful.

He was absent but a short period, and soon hurried back to Bunker Hill, where he remained, busily animating the men. Prescott, in the main fortification, equally encouraged to assiduity. The redoubt was now nearly finished. As the provincials rested a moment on their spades and looked off towards the neighboring country, they witnessed a spectacle which fired each patriotic bosom anew. It was now the height of the summer solstice. Far away, the quiet farm-houses, amid their waving fields, slept in the sultry noon-tide.

Here and there, in the laps of the hills, stood the white churches, their spires peeping out above the elms that shaded New England's ancestral graves. How peaceful the prospect—yet how inspiriting its associations! Changing the direction of the eye, and looking towards the south, Boston, with her thousand troops, was seen beneath. An ominous buzz floated up from her streets, as if the whole population was in motion, above which at intervals rose the blare of trumpets, the shriller note of the fife, and the rumbling of artillery wagons. Whole companies of troops were already mustered along the wharves as if in readiness to be embarked. The cannon, from the shipping, thundered continually.

This spectacle might have moved stouter hearts, but it struck no terror to the provincials, who labored silently on. Noon passed, yet they still toiled on. Since they had left Cambridge the night before, not a morsel of food had passed their lips; and now one o'clock was come; yet they still toiled on. Shells exploded, and cannon balls ploughed up the earth around; yet they toiled on. One of their comrades fell; they buried him where he died;—and toiled on. There was something stern and terrible in such demeanor. No shouts rent the air; no martial music cheered their task; no time-hallowed banner waved above their heads:—there was nothing of the usual accompaniments of war to excite and madden their imaginations! But there were other things as spirit-stirring; for, as they looked off towards the mainland, they could see the dim walls of their homes; and almost fancy they beheld, gazing on, their wives, their sires, or the mothers that gave them milk. All over the surrounding hills were groups gathered in anxious expectation; while, in Boston, crowds lined the wharves, hung on the roofs, or looked down from the church steeples. Not a cloud obscured the sky. It was a panorama such as the world has never seen since.

Noon had scarcely passed, when the British, to the number of three thousand men, with three pieces of artillery, landed at Morton's Point, under command of General Howe. The field pieces of the enemy immediately began to play, and were answered, for a while, by some cannon from the redoubt; but these soon becoming useless, were carried to the rear. Meantime Warren had arrived on the field, and shortly after him General Pomeroy: both these well known patriots were received with cheers as they rode along the line. The men were in the highest spirits. Putnam remained working at his redoubt on Bunker Hill, until towards three o'clock, when it became evident the enemy were about to advance. Then he has-

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

tened to Breed's Hill, where he rode along the line, his presence increasing, if that were possible, the enthusiasm of the men.

It was a splendid spectacle, all cotemporary witnesses agree, that of the British army, as it advanced to the attack. It seemed as if a single volley from it would annihilate the Americans. The proud step of the grenadiers; their lofty height; their glittering arms; and the exulting bursts of music which accompanied their march realized all that had ever been imagined of the might and panoply of war. The men came on in columns, their artillery playing in the advance. As the imposing array moved, through the long grass, up the hill, the provincials, manning their entrenchments, stood anxiously awaiting the crisis. Few of them had ever been in action before. Their best weapons were muskets without bayonets: not a few had only rusty firelocks. Doubtless many a stout yeoman's bosom throbbed that day with terrible suspense. Putnam, Prescott and Pomeroy passed among the men encouraging and instructing them. "Do not fire until you can see their waistbands," said Putnam. "Take a steady aim and have a care not to throw away your balls."

The enemy advanced slowly, stopping to let his artillery play, and afterwards stepping quicker and discharging volley after volley. The thousands of spectators in Boston and elsewhere, seeing no return made to this fire, fancied the provincials were paralyzed with fear. Nearer, still nearer, the grenadiers approached, and now were close upon the redoubt. Suddenly a gush of flame streamed from one end of the entrenchment, and ran swiftly along the American line, until the whole front was a blaze of fire: a white cloud of smoke shot forward, concealing the assailants from sight: a rattling sound, sharp and incessant, followed: and then, after a breathless pause of suspense, which may have continued ten or even twenty seconds, for in that thrilling interval no one thought of time, the British army emerged in disorder from the smoke, and was seen, in full retreat, recoiling down the hill. Just as the British turned to fly, a form leaped up on the parapet, and a voice cried tauntingly after one of the fugitives who was known to have sneered at American bravery, "Colonel Abercrombie, do you call the Yankees cowards, now?"

The provincials had conquered. The spectators drew a long breath. But suddenly, and almost before their exhilaration had time to spread, a scene met their view which changed those feelings of triumph to horror and hate. Charlestown, the home of many of them, lying directly at the foot of Breed's Hill, was discovered to be in flames. Sir William Howe had ordered it to be set on fire while he made his preparations for a second attack. Soon the raging element was in full play. The flames caught rapidly from house to house, rolling volumes of smoke to the sky. Their crackling sound smote incessantly on the ear. As the conflagration spread, it reached the church, up whose lofty spire the subtle essence ran, and streamed far above the vane, a pillar of fire. Sparks were hurried up in millions, accompanied by burning fragments, starring with gold the black canopy that now hung over the city. The warehouses began to explode their combustible materials. Women were seen abandoning their houses, glad to escape alive with their children. The bells rung out in alarm; shrieks and other sounds of tumult arose; while over all was heard the deep roar of the conflagration, wild and terrible as when a hurricane is devastating forests. Each instant the fury of the raging destroyer increased. The houses, built mostly of wood, flashed into flames like powder before the approaching conflagration, and the lurid element, surging across the streets, overwhelmed new tenements, tossing its fiery crests and plunging headlong on, like some burning and devouring ocean.

In the meantime, reinforcements from Cambridge had arrived at

the Neck; but the enemy's shipping had resumed the cannonade; and gusts of fiery sleet drove incessantly across the narrow isthmus. The troops drew back. Putnam, who had hurried from the entrenchments to bring up assistance, was almost beside himself at this hesitation. He dashed through the hurricane of balls, and calling the men to follow him, re-crossed the isthmus. But they remained unmoved. Once more he passed the Neck. He exhorted, he implored the troops; he even walked his horse across the isthmus; he stood still, while the shot threw the earth up all around him. But neither his entreaties, his reproaches, nor the haughty scorn of danger he exhibited, could move the men: a few only crossed; and stung to madness by his failure, he turned and hurried passionately back to the fight.

He arrived just in season to participate in the second repulse of the British; for Howe, having rallied his troops, was now advancing again to the assault. This time the patriots waited until the enemy had arrived within six rods; when they delivered a fire, even more murderous than the first. The British again recoiled. In vain their officers strove to rally them: the volleys of the excited provincials followed in rapid succession: and at last the whole assailing army, grenadiers and infantry pell-mell, rushed in disorder to their boats. The slaughter had been terrific. Of one company it was found that five, of another only fourteen had escaped. Most of the officers were down. It was during this assault that an incident occurred, that, for a moment, relieved the horrors of the fight. Among the enemy Putnam recognised an old friend and fellow soldier, Major Small, and recognised him just in time to save his life, by striking up a musket levelled at him. Poetical as this occurrence seems, it is established on the best testimony, and is, moreover, eminently characteristic of Putnam.

Sir Henry Clinton, perceiving the desperate character of the fight, had, meantime, hastened from Boston to Howe's assistance; and, with some difficulty, the troops were rallied once more, and led to the attack. This time the soldiers were ordered to throw away their knapsacks, reserve their fire, and trust to the bayonet. Howe had now discovered, also, the vulnerable point of the Americans; and pushing forward his artillery to the opening between the breastwork and redoubt, was enabled to enfilade the whole of the provincial line. He, moreover, abandoned the attack on the rail fence, concentrating his whole force on the redoubt. To resist these preparations, the Americans had not even their former means. They were now reduced to their last extremity. Their ammunition

was exhausted; bayonets, they had none; Putnam, with tears of mortification, had returned from his unavailing effort to bring up reinforcements. Nothing was left but to retreat, or repel the enemy with the butts of their muskets, or with stones. Having reached the works, the foremost of the British attempted to scale them. A private mounted first. He was shot down at once with one of the few remaining charges of ammunition. Major Pitcairn followed him. "The day is ours!" he cried, waving his sword, as he leaped on the parapet. The words had scarcely left his lips, when he, too, fell, mortally wounded. General Pigot next made the attempt to enter the works. He was the first man who succeeded. The British now came pouring in on all sides. The Americans, however, still held out. Clubbing their muskets, they fought with desperate valor, or gave ground slowly and sullenly. At last Prescott ordered a retreat. The American right first fell back, and after it the left. Putnam followed the retiring troops, indignant and enraged: making a vain effort to induce them to stand again on Bunker Hill. Finding this impossible, he remained behind to cover their retreat. Coming to a deserted field-piece, he dismounted, and, taking his post by it, seemed resolved to brave the foe alone. One man only dared remain with him, who was soon shot down. Putnam did not retire until the British bayonets were close upon him. He then followed the retreating troops, who fell back, in good order, across the Neck, and took post at Bunker Hill.

Night fell on the scene of battle, but did not bring repose. The British, as if fearful of an attack from the colonists, kept up an incessant fire of shot and shells, in the direction of Cambridge. As the gloom deepened, the spectacle became terrifically sublime. Bombs crossed and re-crossed in the air, leaving fiery trails like comets: the thunder of cannon echoed among the hills, and shook the solid shores; lights were seen flashing up and down in Boston, and far and wide over the neighboring country; while, as if to crown this terrific day, the smouldering embers of Charlestown illuminated the horizon in that direction, and poured upwards thick volumes of smoke, which, gradually extending, blotted star after star from the heavens. Terrible omen of the years of war to come! It was a night of alarm and vague foreboding, as the day had been of horror and blood.

The moral effect of this battle, especially in England, was almost incredible. But the truth is, that men there had been accustomed to regard the inhabitants of the colonies in the same light they did the peasantry of the continent, as a timorous, ignorant race, poor,

without leaders, awe-struck before authority: and in this opinion they had been confirmed by the representations sent home from persons in authority, as well as by the statements made in Parliament by cowards like Grant, who remembered the colonies only as places where their insolence had been chastised. In consequence, when it was told abroad, that two or three thousand of these despised peasants had virtually defeated four thousand well appointed British troops, with a loss to the latter of nearly one-third of their number, astonishment and admiration took the place of contempt. Horace Walpole alluded to the conflict almost with glee, overlooking all considerations of country in sympathy for the Americans. At the Court of Versailles the intelligence was received with secret exultation, and France, lifting her dishonored head, dreamed of revenge for the loss of Canada.

Putnam was unquestionably *the* hero of Bunker Hill. Much has been written to dispute his claim to this high merit; but, even admitting all the assertions of his enemies, their facts prove nothing. It is not now pretended that Putnam held any authorized command on the field; his real post was at Inman's Farm; but he seems to have hurried, in the restlessness of his spirit, from one place to another, until the battle really begun, when he flew to Breed's Hill, and fought on the American left. Here, as during his occasional presence in the preceding hours, his reputation, his energetic spirit, and the fact of his being the highest officer in rank present, gave him an authority which, wherever he went, was paramount for the time. He seems, however, not to have interfered with Prescott, who was the real Commander-in-chief, and who fought on the right. But, as it was in consequence of Putnam's counsels that the battle was brought on, so, during the strife, and in the retreat, he was the presiding spirit of the day. Whether galloping to head-quarters for reinforcements, or assisting his men to throw up the redoubt on Bunker Hill, or hurrying along the line telling the provincials to reserve their fire, or dashing backwards and forwards over the isthmus to persuade the recruits to cross, or standing alone before that solitary cannon, in the retreat, brandishing his sword passionately against a thousand British bayonets, it is still Putnam whom we meet, the Achilles of the fight, or, to change the simile, the lurid comet of the scene, blazing hither and thither, wilder and wilder every moment, until we lose sight of everything else in watching its fiery progress.

On the second of July, little over two weeks after the battle, General Washington arrived at Cambridge, having been elected Commander-in-chief, by Congress, of the American army. The troops

were now placed on the continental establishment; and Putnam was one of the first four Major-Generals commissioned. He early acquired the esteem of Washington, who, in a letter to the President of Congress, speaks of him, with a wonderful insight, considering their short acquaintance, as "a most valuable man, and fine executive officer." When it was contemplated to assault Boston, to Putnam was assigned the command of four thousand troops, who were to land in the west part of the town, and forcing their way up the Neck towards Roxbury, join the troops who were to enter from that direction. In the summer of 1776, when General Greene, just before the battle of Long Island, was taken sick, Washington selected Putnam to fill his post; nor are the misfortunes of the day to be attributed justly to him, the little time intervening between his assumption of the command and the battle, not allowing leisure to make himself acquainted with the ground. A few days afterwards, on the retreat of the army from New York, Putnam was entrusted with the charge of covering the rear; and nobly did he execute his trust, flying, from point to point, his horse covered with foam, to encourage the troops. But for him the guards would have been inevitably lost, and perhaps even the whole of the rear corps sacrificed. His selection by Washington, in all such emergencies, proves how well that great man understood the peculiar qualities of Putnam. For chivalrous daring, he had no equal among the general officers, at that time in the American army. He reminds us forcibly of some of Napoleon's Marshals, Murat, Ney or MacDonald. Terrible in the charge, like an avalanche, he carried everything before him! When he rushed upon the foe, firm indeed was the front that could resist him: generally it sank, crumbling, as when the lightning smites the solid rock.

During the various operations that followed on the Hudson, and through the melancholy retreat across the Jerseys, Putnam was at Washington's side, faithful and energetic, when so many wavered or were careless. To Putnam was delegated the command of Philadelphia, in that fearful crisis, when the enemy was hourly expected to advance on the capital. In January, 1777, he was sent to Princeton, where he remained until spring. In May he was assigned the command of a separate army in the Highlands of the state of New York. This was an important post, for it was the season when Burgoyne was advancing from the Canadas. In October, Sir Henry Clinton proceeded up the Hudson, landing at Verplank's Point. On his approach Putnam retired to the high grounds in his rear. The next morning, concealed by the fog, a portion of the British crossed

the Hudson to Stony Point and pushed on to Forts Montgomery and Clinton. Both these places were assaulted at once and fell: on hearing which, Putnam evacuated Forts Independence and Constitution, retiring to Fishkill. The command of the river was now lost. But, in a few days, Sir Henry Clinton, hearing of Burgoyne's surrender, abandoned his advantages and retired to New York. In the meantime, however, Putnam had received an accession of militia, and a detachment of five thousand men from the army of Gates, which raised his force to eleven thousand. Washington now verbally, through Colonel Hamilton, ordered the brigade, which Putnam had received from the northern army, to be sent on to himself, near Philadelphia; but Putnam hesitating, in consequence of not completely apprehending the order, the Commander-in-chief wrote a letter expressing his dissatisfaction. This is the only instance in which Washington ever censured Putnam. The conduct of the latter was, perhaps, actuated by a desire to make an attempt on New York, arising from too high an opinion of its importance. Putnam continued in command of the Highlands, occasionally engaging in desultory enterprises.

To Putnam principally belongs the merit of having selected West Point as the true key to the Highlands. In March, 1778, Putnam was relieved of his command, in consequence of having become unpopular with the people of New York. The fact appears to be that, by his interference with what he considered the peculations of some of the persons entrusted with the disposal of tory property, he awoke the enmity of a powerful and selfish party, who found a handle, in his acknowledged clemency towards the enemy, to defame and injure his character. What was then, however, in the eyes of faction, a fault, is now regarded as a virtue; and it is Putnam's highest praise that while indomitable in the fight, he was courteous to the conquered. He endeavored to soften, as far as possible, the asperities of war. In a word, he had the tenderness of a woman, but the courage of a lion.

Shortly after the battle of Monmouth, Putnam returned to the army, where he took command of the right wing, being now second in rank to the Commander-in-chief. After that battle, however, there was a lull in the tempest of war for nearly two years, and no opportunity occurred where Putnam could distinguish himself in his peculiar way. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that he was absent from the main army in the campaign of 1777, for both at Brandywine and Germantown there were emergencies when his headlong valor might almost have changed the day. In 1779, he was detached to Connecticut,

where he was nearly surprised, at West Greenwich, by Governor Tryon, and only escaped, by plunging on horseback, headlong down a steep ascent, almost precipitous, and nearly one hundred feet high. The place has since been called Putnam's Leap, and occasionally Horse-neck Hill. This feat is, perhaps, the favorite with the public, of the numerous daring enterprises of Putnam's career.

His career was now drawing to a close. Towards the end of the campaign of 1779, he was seized with paralysis, by which the use of his limbs, on one side, was temporarily lost. The complaint refusing to yield, unless to repose, the rest of his days was passed in comparative inaction. He survived until the 17th of May, 1790, when he died, after a sharp attack of inflammatory disease, aged seventy-two years. He retained his faculties to the last, the consolations of religion sustaining his closing hours. The seven years of retirement that ensued between the peace of 1783 and his death, were passed in comparative prosperity; for his early agricultural labors had produced him a comfortable property. He was twice married, the second time in 1764; but he was again a widower in 1777; and he continued one until his death.

The career of Putnam is, perhaps, more familiar to the popular mind than that of any of the Generals of the Revolution, except Washington. The anecdotes told of him, and perpetuated in a thousand shapes, are innumerable; and it is because they are so well known, that we have generally avoided them. They are all, however, eminently characteristic. His self-possession as a boy when caught in the limb of the apple tree; his answer to Governor Fitch, of Connecticut, in reference to destroying the stamped papers; his stratagem at Princeton, which so happily reconciled his kindness of heart and his duty as a commander; his laconic note to Sir Henry Clinton, in reference to hanging the spy, claimed by the royal General as a British officer; all shew his coolness in danger, his resolution when aroused, his inventive genius, and his stern sense of duty; qualities which, united to great personal daring and even greater tenderness of heart, made up the character of Putnam. He never could have become a first-rate General-in-chief, like Greene or Washington, for he wanted comprehensive genius; but he was braver than even Arnold, if that were possible; and infinitely superior in every moral quality. As a leader of division under Napoleon he would have stormed over the bloodiest fields victoriously; and left his name associated, immortally, with Wagram, Leipsic, and Waterloo!

# RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

RICHARD Montgomery, a Major-General in the continental army, was born, of a family of standing, in the north of Ireland, on the 2nd of December, 1736. He received his education at the college of Dublin, and, at the age of eighteen obtained a commission in the British army, the military profession suiting alike his own taste and his father's wishes. He first saw active service in America, whither he went in 1757. In the following year his regiment was at the siege of Louisburg, and on this occasion young Montgomery's military qualities were so conspicuous that he was promoted to a Lieutenancy. After the fall of that place, Montgomery's regiment, with five others, was despatched to join Abercrombie at Lake Cham-

plain. He remained with the army operating against Canada, until 1760, when Montreal finally surrendered to the British arms. He next visited the West Indies, and partook in the expeditions against Martinico and Havana. His conduct here procured his elevation to the command of a company. Soon after the treaty of Versailles, which, in 1763, put an end to the war, he procured permission to visit Europe, where he remained until 1772, when he finally abandoned his native country, and removed to America, with the intention of permanently settling there. His reasons for this resolution are understood to have been that, having twice been frustrated in the purchase of a majority, and being convinced that there was a government agency in both cases, he determined to quit the service, and throw off the country, which had thus become hostile to his interests. What cause there was, if any, for the enmity of the government, has never been made public; but Montgomery never would admit any. On the contrary, that he felt himself wantonly ill-used, is evident, from the pertinacity with which, ever after, he declaimed against the oppressions of England.

Having married Miss Livingston, a daughter of Robert R. Livingston, he settled at Rhinebeck, in Dutchess county, New York, and devoted himself to agriculture. He soon acquired influence in the province. The disputes between Great Britain and the colonies were, every year, becoming more alarming; and Montgomery, taking the part of his adopted country, was, in April, 1775, elected a member of the first Provincial Convention of New York. The battle of Lexington soon followed. The whole nation became, as it were, transformed into a garrison; and the din of preparing arms resounded, day and night. The general Congress proceeded to form an army, of which Washington was chosen Commander-in-chief, with four Major-Generals, and eight Brigadiers. The influence of his connexions, added to his reputation, procured Montgomery a commission as Brigadier. Though the gift was unsolicited, he would not refuse it. Writing to a friend, he says: "The Congress having done me the honor of electing me a Brigadier-General in their service, is an event which must put an end for a while, perhaps forever, to the quiet scheme of life I had prescribed for myself; for, though entirely unexpected and undesired by me, the will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed." These were noble sentiments, and, in a few months, he sealed them with his blood.

One of the first aims of Congress was to enlist Canada in the contest. For this purpose an expedition against that province was

determined on, for the two-fold purpose of expelling the English, and inducing the Canadians to join the Americans. Two routes were selected for the invasion, the one by the Sorel, the other by the Kennebec. The latter was assigned to Arnold; the former to Major-General Schuyler. Arnold, with a thousand men, was to cross the wilderness of Maine, and form a junction at, or near Quebec, with Schuyler, who, in the meantime, with three thousand troops, was to

ST. JOHNS, ON THE SOREL.

act, by the other route, against Forts St. John, Chamblee and Northerly. With Schuyler went Montgomery as second in command. The first destination of the army was to have been Ticonderoga; but in the capture of that place Schuyler was anticipated by Ethan Allen. On the 17th of August, Montgomery arrived at Ticonderoga, in advance of his commanding officer, and immediately began to make preparations for proceeding down the lake. On the 5th of September, General Schuyler reached the camp. The investment of St. Johns was, at once, begun. But, on the night of the landing, a spy brought in such intelligence of the strength of the enemy, as induced the Americans to abandon their design; and, on the 7th, the troops were re-conducted to their former post at the Isle-aux-Noix. At this point General Schuyler wrote to Congress:—"I cannot estimate the obligations I lie under to General Montgomery, for the

many important services he has done, and daily does, and in which he has had little assistance from me." Soon after, General Schuyler was compelled, by ill-health, to return to Albany, on which the command of the expedition devolved on General Montgomery.

He proved himself fully equal to the arduous task. It is now that we first really arrive at the military career of Montgomery, a career destined to be as short as it was brilliant. He had already, in his earlier campaigns, traversed the ground on which he was now called to operate; and, having then made himself thoroughly acquainted with it, he was now able to act under peculiar advantages. The decision, sagacity, and promptitude of his character became immediately apparent. In a short time, the whole of Canada had been conquered, except the single city of Quebec, then, and since, the Gibraltar of America. Fort Chamblee was first captured, by a detachment sent forward, under Majors Livingston and Brown. Then, General Carleton, the British Governor of Canada, approaching to raise the siege of St. Johns, was defeated. This happened at Longueil, on the 31st of October, as he attempted to cross the river. St. Johns now surrendered. Immediately advancing to Montreal, Montgomery captured that city on the 12th of November. He had hoped to surprise Carleton here, but that General, receiving timely warning, had at first flown to his fleet, and afterwards, fearing he could not force his way, had trusted himself to a small boat, and with muffled oars, succeeded in passing the American batteries and armed vessels in the night.

But now, to his chagrin, Montgomery found it impossible to prosecute his victorious career as he wished, or as America expected of him. Most of his troops were disinclined to remain longer in the field. Indeed, before his late success, he had been compelled to pacify them by a promise, that, "Montreal in his possession, no further service would be exacted from them." He nevertheless did the best he could, under these discouraging circumstances. His first object was to effect a junction with Arnold, who, on the 19th of November, had crossed the St. Lawrence in safety. This was effected on the 4th of December. His next was to pursue Carleton to Quebec, where that General had taken refuge; and attempt the reduction of this stronghold. "I need not tell you," he wrote to a member of Congress, "that, till Quebec is taken, Canada is unconquered." He entertained, however, no visionary prospects of success. He states distinctly, in the letter just referred to, that, unless Congress reinforces him, the result must be exceedingly doubtful. There were but three ways of reducing Quebec: first, by siege;

second, by investment; third, by storm. The first was impracticable, because, in the winter, the ground was frozen too hard to dig trenches; and, before summer could arrive, an English fleet, with reinforcements, would be in the St. Lawrence. The second was impossible, in consequence of the small number of his troops: and if possible, would have been impolitic, because it deprived the Canadian farmers of their city market, without affording a substitute; and to conciliate, not irritate the Canadians, was the desire of Montgomery. The only plan, which afforded even a gleam of success, was the third and last, that of a storm. But that Montgomery fully comprehended all the difficulties of his position, and was, by no means, sanguine even of an assault, will appear by another extract from the letter already twice referred to.

"To the storming plan," he writes, "there are fewer objections; and to this we must come at last. If my force be small, Carleton's is not great. The extensiveness of his works, which, in case of investment, would favor him, will, in the other case, favor us. Masters of our secret, we may select a *particular time* and *place* for attack, and, to repel this, the garrison must be prepared at *all times* and *places;* a circumstance, which will impose upon it incessant watching and labor by day and by night; which, in its undisciplined state, must breed discontents that may compel Carleton to capitulate, or, perhaps, to make an attempt to drive us off. In this last idea, there is a glimmering of hope. Wolfe's success was a lucky hit, or rather a series of such hits. All sober and scientific calculation was against him, until Montcalm, permitting his courage to get the better of his discretion, gave up the advantages of his fortress, and came out to try his strength on the plain. Carleton, who was Wolfe's Quartermaster-General, understands this well; and, it is to be feared, will not follow the Frenchman's example." This prediction was verified by the result. Carleton remained in his fortress, on his guard against a surprise. No demonstrations of the Americans could induce him to abandon his covert: inflexible and defying, he remained secure behind his massive walls!

At first, Montgomery began a bombardment, but, as he had only five small mortars, he soon desisted, finding them of no effect. He then opened a six gun battery, about seven hundred yards from the fortress; but his pieces were of too small calibre. A council of war was now called, when the question was submitted, "shall we attempt the reduction of Quebec by a night attack?" This was carried by a majority of one. It was then decided that the lower town should be the point attacked, and that the assault should be made on the

first favorable opportunity. A night was selected, but it proved too clear, and then Montgomery, as if with a foreboding of his fate, chose the last day of the year for the enterprise. Meantime, the enemy, through his spies, had obtained intelligence of the intended assault, and held himself in readiness. The American General decided to make the attack on two sides of the lower town at once: Arnold leading one detachment, and himself another. While these two were thus engaged, a third division was to make a succession of feints against the upper town. Between three and four o'clock, accordingly, of the morning of the 31st of December, 1775, the troops were put in motion. Montgomery's division was in high spirits, notwithstanding they had to make their way against a driving tempest of snow, which almost blocked up their road. The route lay around the foot of the promontory, where his way was further impeded by huge masses of ice, which the tide had piled, high and jagged, between the river and the face of the precipice. The men were continually slipping, and suffering intensely from the cold. Fierce and sullen the huge St. Lawrence roared along at their sides, its white crests occasionally flashing through the gloom; while avalanches of snow, blown from the heights overhead, came drifting down across the darkness. Occasionally, too, huge fire-balls, projected by the enemy, falling on the snow, or simmering on the river, flung their lurid light around. At last the promontory was passed; and the first barrier appeared. Pausing a moment to restore order to his ranks, Montgomery dashed forward, and, in an instant, the work was carried. The second was just before, dimly seen through the faint light, guarded by a row of palisades. An instant Montgomery halted, but only for an instant: it was while his troops gathered around him for another rush. He pointed, with his sword, to the palisades ahead. His eye kindled, and his form dilated. "Men of New York," he cried, "you will not fear to follow where your General leads,—march on!" Pronouncing these stirring words, he dashed forward, followed closely by his companions. He was one of the first to gain the pickets, which he seized with his own hands, and began pulling them up, his men eagerly imitating his example, and everything promising a speedy and glorious victory. The road was here so narrow that five persons could scarcely walk abreast. Montgomery, pressing exultingly on, had gained a rising ground about thirty yards from the barrier, when, suddenly, a couple of cannon, which had been masked there, were discharged down the passage. The effect was terrific; the Americans, crowded together, were mowed down in heaps: the path of that hurricane of balls,

being as distinctly marked as a windfall in the forest. Montgomery, being foremost, was one of the first to fall: his two aids, at his side, followed him so instantaneously, that the bodies of all three rolled over together on the ice, at the side of the river. The rest of the assailants recoiled in dismay. The troops lost their confidence. Confusion and terror followed, and, in a few minutes, the Americans, who so lately had seemed to hold victory within their grasp, were totally defeated. It does not belong to this biography to follow the fortunes of Arnold's division, except so far as to state that it also was repulsed, Arnold himself receiving a severe wound in the leg, and Morgan, his second in command, being captured.

The military career of Montgomery was too short to develope, to their full extent, the resources of his genius. He had, however, during his campaign of three months, exhibited great military talents: prudence, coolness, foresight, energy, and personal courage the most chivalrous. His industry was great; his vigilance sleepless. He combined great strength and activity in his physical organization, with a high intellect, and many excellent qualities of heart. He was affable and kind; a patriot, and a gentleman. He had none of that vanity which disdained the advice of others; but, when his own opinions were over-ruled, cheerfully acquiesced. When he first assumed command of the troops they were jealous of him in the extreme; but he gradually won their confidence, and at last inspired them with his own enthusiasm. They followed him, in that terrible assault, with a valor the most heroic, and their reliance on him is shewn by their consternation when he fell. Those who belonged to Arnold's division, and were taken prisoners, burst into tears when they saw his dead body, the next day. Had he lived, the result might have been different, though even that is problematical. As it was, he won a martyr's name. We do not know but that his fate was an enviable one. Even had he survived to become one of the most successful Generals of the war, his name never would have been regarded with the sanctity and veneration with which it is now worshipped. Perishing, in the arms of what seemed almost a victory, and after a series of brilliant and decisive successes, his death seems the fitting climax to a race of glory. Both England and America united to regret him. Eloquence pronounced his panegyric abroad; patriotism wept his untimely end at home. The British minister, at the close of a eulogy, pronounced on him, said, "Curses on his virtues, they have undone his country."

Montgomery perished at the early age of thirty-eight. His remains, at the entreaty of Lieutenant-Governor Cramaté, were allowed burial

within the city. A plain coffin was provided, with a silver plate on the lid. Forty-two years after, his remains, by a resolution of the state of New York, were disinterred, and conveyed to the city of New York, where they were deposited, with august ceremonies, near the monument which Congress had erected, in front of St. Paul's church, to his memory. His name has ever been cherished with peculiar fondness by Americans.

# ETHAN ALLEN.

ETHAN ALLEN, Brevet-Colonel in the Continental Line, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, though in what year is not known. He was a man of strong, natural powers of mind, but possessing little cultivation.—He was, perhaps, somewhat too self-confident in all things. His courage was bold even to rashness. Ambitious and determined in public life; in private he was mild and placable. His manners were eccentric. He was frank, generous and warm-hearted; in religious matters he was a skeptic. We introduce him into this series of biographies on account of his capture of Ticonderoga, and the sufferings he endured when subsequently a prisoner in the hands of the British.

At an early period of his career, Allen removed from Connecticut and settled within the borders of the present state of Vermont, on what were called the New Hampshire grants. At that time, the

boundaries between the different provinces were not clearly defined, and both New York and New Hampshire claimed the territory between the Connecticut river and Lake Champlain. The Governor of the latter state even proceeded so far as to grant patents for tracts of land, on which many individuals were induced to settle, among whom were Ethan Allen, his brother, and other Connecticut yeomen. In course of time, under the labor of these pioneers, the forest disappeared, and in its place rose flourishing farms and thriving villages. About this period New York put in her claim for the territory, and, in 1764, procured a decree of the King in council in favor of her right. But when the settlers, or as they now called themselves, the Green Mountain Boys, found the Surveyors of New York running lines over the lands they had so long regarded as their own, and heard that they were expected to pay a second time for their farms, a spirit of the most determined resistance to this practical injustice was aroused. The result was a controversy between the settlers and the government of New York, which raged with great bitterness up to the period of the Revolution, and was only adjusted, as we shall see, with great difficulty, even after that event had achieved their common independence, the dispute even threatening, at one time, to throw Vermont into the arms of Great Britain.

It was in this controversy, and before the war of the Revolution, that Ethan Allen first rose to eminence as a public character. By general consent he became the head and directer of the disaffected settlers, and was given the command of a body of troops raised by them, to resist the aggressions of New York.

When the members of the Connecticut Legislature, immediately after the battle of Lexington, conceived the capture of Ticonderoga, he was suggested to them as a suitable person to command the expedition. The self-constituted committee had proceeded from Hartford to Bennington, raising volunteers as they went along; and at the latter place they held a council of war, in which Allen was formally appointed the leader of the projected enterprise. Just as the troops were about to set forward, Arnold arrived from Massachusetts, having been commissioned by the Committee of Safety of that colony to seize Ticonderoga, though without any knowledge of the proposed expedition of Allen. Arnold, however, brought no men with him; and hence, in the end, though not until he had made considerable difficulty, consented to waive his commission and serve under Allen as a volunteer.

The main body, consisting of one hundred and forty persons, now pushed forward, and, arriving on the shore of the Lake opposite

Ticonderoga, proceeded immediately to cross. This was in the night, and but eighty-three had crossed when the dawn broke. Resolving not to wait for the remainder of his force, Allen drew up his men in three ranks, made them a short address, and, placing himself at their head, led them silently but with rapid steps, up the heights on which the fortress stood. As he reached the gate, with Arnold at his side, a sentinel snapped his musket at them and then hastily retreated to the shelter of a covering. Another sentinel made a thrust at one of the officers, on which Allen cut the soldier across the head with his sword, when the man threw down his gun and begged for quarter. The assailants now rushed on and gaining the parade between the barracks, gave three hearty cheers in token of their victory. Having done this, they remained with ready arms, while Allen advanced to the door of the Commandant's apartment, which was approached by a stairs attached to the outside of the barracks, and, knocking loudly, called for the Captain to appear, or the whole garrison should be sacrificed. DeLaplace startled from sleep thus rudely, arose and opened the door in bewilderment, when the form of Allen appeared with a drawn sword, and his voice was heard sternly demanding an instant surrender. "By what authority?" asked DeLaplace, wondering with whom Great Britain, unknown to himself, was at war. "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," exclaimed Allen. The Governor attempted to expostulate, but Allen raised his weapon over his head, and seeing no alternative, DeLaplace gave up his sword and ordered the garrison to parade without arms. The principal advantage of this capture was the possession of one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, besides numerous swivels, mortars, small arms and stores. The number of prisoners was one Captain, one Lieutenant, and forty-eight subalterns and privates. During the day the remainder of Allen's main body arrived, and on the morrow he was still further reinforced, so that his troops, which, in the assault, had numbered, as we have seen, but eighty-three, two days after, rose to two hundred and twenty-six.

The capture of Crown Point followed. A combined land and naval attack was then projected against St. Johns, in which Allen led the land, and Arnold the naval forces. The latter arrived first at his destination, and captured a King's sloop armed with two brass six pounders, besides taking twenty men prisoners; but, hearing of the approach of reinforcements, he thought it advisable to retreat. On his return, about fifteen miles from St. Johns, he met Allen, who, notwithstanding Arnold's report, determined to proceed. The consequence of this rashness was that the enemy attacked him

the next morning with two hundred men and defeating him with the loss of three prisoners, compelled him to retire hastily to Ticonderoga. Allen now took command of this latter fortress, while Arnold became Governor of Crown Point. Meantime, notice of these proceedings having been sent to the Continental Congress, that body had requested Gov. Trumbull, of Connecticut, to despatch a body of troops to Lake Champlain sufficient to defend these important acquisitions; and, accordingly, a thousand men having been deputed for that purpose, under command of Col. Hinman, Allen, on their arrival, resigned the post into their hands. The capture of Ticonderoga was one of the boldest affairs of the war, and was regarded abroad as even more brilliant than it really was; for the place had played so important a part in former contests, and was thought to be so impregnable, that men could not credit how it could be taken by eighty raw volunteers.

Col. Allen now visited Philadelphia, in order to procure pay for the soldiers who had served under him, and to solicit authority to raise a regiment in the New Hampshire grants. Congress voted to allow the men and officers engaged in the enterprise against Ticonderoga and Crown Point the same pay as was received by officers and privates in the American army; but the question of raising a regiment they referred to the Provincial Congress of New York, in order that no controversy might arise about jurisdiction at a time when unanimity was so desirable. To the Congress of New York accordingly, Allen proceeded; and that body promptly passed a resolution for raising a regiment of Green Mountain Boys. Of this regiment Seth Warner, the friend and Lieutenant of Allen, was chosen Lieutenant-Colonel.

Allen now joined the northern army under Gen. Schuyler, as a volunteer. The invasion of Canada had been originally proposed by himself, in a letter written from Crown Point on the 2nd of the preceding June; and though the project had then been overlooked, he had now the gratification of seeing it carried into effect by the Continental Congress. With an address to the Canadians, Allen was despatched into Canada, where his mission met with considerable success. Gen. Montgomery having succeeded Schuyler about the time of Allen's return, despatched the latter a second time into Canada, for the purpose of raising as many of the inhabitants as he could, to take arms and unite with the Americans. He soon succeeded in collecting about three hundred Canadians, and wrote to Montgomery that, with a little exertion, he could obtain a thousand. Had he now returned to his General, with these recruits, the whole

fate of the expedition might have been altered; but, in an evil hour, he met Major Brown, who commanded an advance party of Americans and Canadians, and the latter proposed that they should unite their forces and attempt to surprise Montreal. The duty of Allen was plain; it was to resist the temptation, and return to Montgomery, who, busily engaged in besieging St. Johns, needed his assistance. But Allen had been too long accustomed to acting without a superior, to pay much regard to the requirements of discipline. Allured by the prospect of so great a prize, he determined to risk the enterprise. As might have been foreseen it failed. Allen, with eighty Canadians and thirty Americans, crossed the river below the town before dawn; but Major Brown, who was to have landed above, failed to arrive in consequence of the high winds and waves. It was now too late for Allen to retreat, as his canoes could carry but a third of his force at a time. With the break of day the enemy became alarmed, and soon a body of forty regulars, with two hundred Canadians, besides a few Indians, made their appearance. All his men now deserted except about thirty-eight, on which he agreed to surrender if promised honorable terms. Thus ended this Quixotic enterprise!

Now ensued a series of personal sufferings, visited on Allen by the British authorities, which will ever remain a disgrace on the British name. All parties, from lowest to highest, should share in this obloquy; for the ill-treatment begun at Montreal, was persevered in when Allen went to England; it was a matter of public notoriety, the Prime Minister being as cognizant of it as the meanest subaltern who tyrannized over the unfortunate captive. We shall follow Allen's sufferings, in detail, through the two years and a half of his imprisonment. On being carried into Montreal, he was threatened by Gen. Prescott with a halter at Tyburn; and afterwards sent on board the Gaspee man-of-war, where he was hand-cuffed, and his ankles put in shackles, to which a bar of iron eight feet long was fastened. He was then thrust into the lowest part of the ship, where a common sailor's chest was alike his bed and seat. Here he remained five weeks. He was afterwards transferred to Quebec and placed on board another vessel, where, for a few days, he enjoyed a respite from his sufferings; the Captain, a Mr. Littlejohn, ordering his irons to be taken off, and giving him a seat at his own table. On the approach of the American army, Allen was put on board a vessel of war, and sent, with other prisoners, to England. His hand-cuffs were now replaced, and, with thirty-three others, he was confined in a single apartment, which they were not allowed to leave

during a passage that extended to nearly forty days. Barbarities like these were then known only to the slave trade.

It was a happy hour for the poor captives when the vessel that bore them anchored in the harbor of Falmouth. Now, for the first time since they started, were they permitted to come on deck and breathe the fresh air. The prisoners, on being landed, experienced better treatment, though still such as would have been deemed harsh to any who had suffered less. They were now lodged in an airy apartment, and indulged with beds of straw. But their irons were still kept on. Allen himself was distinguished by several marks of peculiar favor, chiefly owing to his rank and to the renown of the capture of Ticonderoga. Still, however, threats that he would yet be executed as a traitor, were frequently made to him. In this emergency he asked leave to write a letter to the Continental Congress; when he took occasion to depict the sufferings he had endured and to advise retaliation. A missive of this character, as he had expected, was sent to Lord North, instead of to the American Congress; and in the end more lenient measures were resolved on by the ministry, and the prisoners, instead of being tried for treason, ordered back to their own country.

During this compulsory stay in England, Allen had been visited by many persons. His appearance, at this time, was peculiar even to grotesqueness. When captured, he had on a Canadian dress, consisting of a jacket of fawn skin, vest and breeches of sagathy, worsted stockings, shoes, and a red worsted cap; and this dress, from poverty, he still wore. On the return voyage, however, the vessel stopped at Cork, where the humanity of the inhabitants furnished him with a suit of clothes and some money. The captain of the ship, on seeing Allen, for the first time, come on deck, ordered him to leave it, saying it was a place only "for gentlemen to walk." Two days after, however, having shaved and arranged his dress, Allen boldly appeared again on deck, when the captain demanded harshly if he had forgotten the order. Allen said that he had heard such an order, but as he had also heard that "the deck was the place for gentlemen to walk," he, being a gentleman, claimed the privilege of his rank. The captain, uttering an oath, cautioned the prisoner never to be seen on the same side of the ship as himself, and turned on his heel; and Allen took good care afterwards to avoid his tyrant, when availing himself of this tacit privilege to breathe the fresh air.

The prisoners were first carried to New York, and afterwards to Halifax, where, confined in a sloop, with scanty provisions, the

scurvy broke out among them. In vain Allen wrote to his tyrants, soliciting medical aid: nothing moved their obdurate hearts. Finally the guard was bribed to carry a letter to the Governor. This procured some amelioration in their condition, as it obtained for them the assistance of a surgeon, and was the means of changing their quarters from the prison-ship to the town-jail. Congress, as well as the Legislature of his native state, Connecticut, were now actively engaged in negotiating the exchange of Allen and his unfortunate companions. The prisoners were put on board the Lark frigate and carried to New York. On this passage Allen was honorably treated by the captain, a kindness which he rewarded by preventing a conspiracy among the prisoners to seize the ship. At New York he was admitted to his parole, but his heart was pained by seeing the sufferings of his fellow countrymen, captured at Fort Washington and Long Island, who were huddled into the churches, and other places, and left to perish there of hunger, cold and disease, an indelible stain on the memory of Sir William Howe. On one occasion Allen himself, on a false charge of infringing his parole, was cast into prison, and denied food for three days. Finally, on the 3rd of May, 1778, he was exchanged for Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, and found himself, after his incredible sufferings, once more free.

His first object was to repair to the camp at Valley Forge, in order in person to thank General Washington for the efforts of the Commander-in-chief to procure his liberation. He then turned his steps homeward, to his darling Vermont, where his return was hailed as a season of festivity. Congress, meantime, not unmindful of his sufferings and services, granted him a brevet commission of Colonel in the continental army; and, moreover, resolved that he should be entitled to the pay and other emoluments of a Lieutenant-Colonel, for the period he was a prisoner. Allen, however, did not serve, at any time after this, against the common enemy; for the feud between his state and New York had again broken out, and his time was now monopolized by this controversy.

During his absence, the inhabitants of the New Hampshire grants had formed a constitution, and declared their territory an independent state, under the name of Vermont. There were still many persons in New York who regarded this as robbing that commonwealth of part of her land; and who resisted it accordingly. Allen returned at an opportune moment. The Governor of New York had just issued a proclamation, containing overtures for a peaceable adjustment of the controversy. His proposition was that the patents granted by New Hampshire should be confirmed, but that the pur-

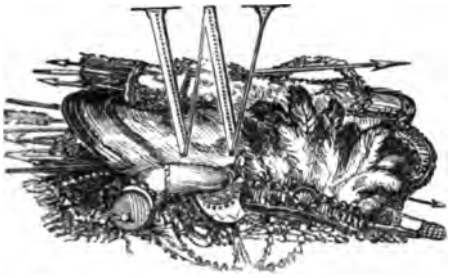
chasers should continue to pay a quit rent as under the old colonial system, and that the unsettled lands were to be the property of New York. Through the influence of Allen, these terms were rejected. In his opinion any proposal which did not imply the entire independence of Vermont as a state was to be refused.

The controversy continued for several years, and, at one time, reached so threatening a point that the British ministry believed Vermont might be induced to return to her allegiance. Informal overtures to this end were even made to Allen, who, on his part, allowed the enemy to continue deceived, and thus secured for Vermont the benefits of a neutrality during the remainder of the war. The coldness with which Congress had regarded the claims of Vermont, was alleged by Allen as his defence for this conduct. He and his friends looked on Vermont as an independent commonwealth, having the right to make war or peace without consulting the confederated states. Her position was, indeed, that of a nation in rebellion against the united colonies, which were themselves in rebellion against the parent state—a wheel within a wheel! We leave it for casuists to assail or defend his conduct.

When the insurrection in Massachusetts broke out, Allen was solicited by Shays and his associates, to take command of the revolters; but this proposition he indignantly rejected; at the same time he wrote a letter to the Governor of Massachusetts, in which he assured that officer that none of the insurgents should be abetted by Vermont. The purity of his patriotism was proved by another circumstance. Learning that one of his brothers had become a tory, he petitioned the court to confiscate the offender's property.

Allen died by a stroke of apoplexy, at Burlington, Vermont, in 1789. He had been twice married. His second wife, and his children by both wives, survived him.

## WILLIAM MOULTRIE.



WILLIAM Moultrie, a Major-General in the continental army, was born at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1731. He was early distinguished for coolness and intrepidity in danger. The Indian wars were, at that period, the ordinary school of the young American soldier; and Moultrie first "entered the field of Mars," to use his own expression, in the campaign of 1761, where he commanded a company, of which Marion was Lieutenant. This was the year when the Indian settlements, beyond the pass of Etchoee, were laid waste with fire and sword. For thirty days the ravages continued: the towns were given to the flames, the corn-fields made desolate, and the heart of that once proud nation of aborigines broken forever. On his return from this

expedition, Moultrie retired into private life; but when the tempest of the Revolution began to gather, he offered himself to the service of his country. The citizens of South Carolina, entering at once, and enthusiastically, into the measures of resistance proposed by Massachusetts and the other colonies, summoned a provincial Congress, which met at Charleston, on the 11th of January, 1775. In this body the boldest sentiments were encouraged, and the association recommended by the general Congress, warmly subscribed. Moultrie was an active member of the provincial Congress.

When the news of the battle of Lexington reached Charleston, South Carolina rose in commotion. The provincial Congress, which had adjourned, immediately re-assembled. Two regiments of foot and one of horse were ordered to be raised; measures were taken to procure powder; and every preparation made for the war which was now seen to be inevitable. Moultrie was offered, and accepted the command of one of the regiments of foot. He soon proved himself a prudent, but active officer. The intrigues of the tories, especially in the district of Ninety-six, where they assumed arms in large numbers, first gave active employment to the patriots of South Carolina; but a danger, of a more vital character, speedily threatened them. This was the invasion of their state by the British, a project which had long been entertained by the royal Generals. To provide in time for defeating it, Congress had despatched General Lee to the south. It was not until the beginning of the summer of 1776, however, that the enemy's armament set sail from New York, consisting of a large fleet of transports with a competent land force, commanded by Sir Henry Clinton, and attended by a squadron of nine men-of-war, led by Sir Peter Parker. On the arrival of this expedition off the coast, all was terror and confusion among the South Carolinians. Energetic measures were at once adopted to repel the attack.

To defend their capital the inhabitants had constructed on Sullivan's Island, near the entrance of their harbor, and about four miles from the city, a rude fort of palmetto logs, the command of which was given to Col. Moultrie. Never, perhaps, was a more inartificial defence relied on in so great an emergency. The form of the fort was square, with a bastion at each angle; it was built of logs laid on each other in parallel rows, at a distance of sixteen feet apart. Other logs were bound together at frequent intervals with timber dovetailed and bolted into them. The spaces between were filled up with sand. The merlons were faced with palmetto logs. All the industry of the Carolinians, however, was insufficient to complete the fort in time; and when the British fleet entered the harbor, the defences

consisted of little more than a single front facing the water. The force of Col. Moultrie was four hundred and thirty-five, rank and file; his armament consisted of nine French twenty-sixes, fourteen English eighteens, nine twelve and seven nine pounders. Finding the fort could be easily enfiladed, Gen. Lee advised abandoning it; but the Governor refused, telling Moultrie to keep his post, until he himself ordered the retreat. Moultrie, on his part required no urging to adopt this more heroic course. A spectator happening to say, that in half an hour the enemy would knock the fort to pieces, "Then," replied Moultrie, undauntedly, "we will lie behind the ruins, and prevent their men from landing." Lee with many fears left the Island, and repairing to his camp on the main land, prepared to cover the retreat of the garrison, which he considered inevitable.

There was, perhaps, more of bravado than of sound military policy in attacking this fort at all, since the English fleet might easily have run the gauntlet of it, as was done a few years later. But Fort Moultrie was destined to be to the navy what Bunker Hill had been to the Army. It was in consequence of excess of scorn for his enemy, that Sir Peter Parker, disdaining to leave such a place in his rear, resolved on its total demolition. He had no doubt but that, in an hour at the utmost, he could make the unpractised Carolinians glad to sue for peace on any terms. Accordingly, on the 28th of June, 1776, he entered the harbor, in all the parade of his proud ships, nine in number, and drawing up abreast the fort, let go his anchors with springs upon the cables, and began a furious cannonade. Meanwhile, terror reigned in Charleston. As the sound of the first gun went booming over the waters towards the town, the trembling inhabitants, who had been crowding the wharves and lining the house-tops since early morning, turned pale with ominous forebodings. Nor were the feelings of the defenders of the fort less anxious. Looking off, over the low Island intervening between them and the city, they could see the gleaming walls of their distant homes; and their imaginations conjured up the picture of those dear habitations given to the flames, as another Charlestown had been, twelve months before, and the still dearer wives that inhabited them, cast houseless upon the world. As they turned from this spectacle, and watched the haughty approach of the enemy, his every motion betraying confidence of success, their eyes kindled with indignant feelings, and they silently swore to make good the words of their leader, by perishing, if need were, under the ruins of the fort.

One by one the British men-of-war gallantly approached the stations assigned them, Sir Peter Parker, in the Bristol, leading the

van. The Experiment, another fifty gun ship, came close after, and both dropped their anchors in succession directly abreast the fort. The other frigates followed, and ranged themselves as supports. The remaining vessels were still working up to their stations, when the first gun was fired, and instantly the battle begun. The quantity of powder on the Island being small, five thousand pounds in all, there was an absolute necessity that there should be no waste. Accordingly, the field officers pointed the pieces in person, and the words "look to the Commodore—look to the two-deckers!" passed along the line. The conflict soon grew terrific. The balls whistled above the heads of the defenders, and bombs fell thick and fast within the fort; yet, in the excitement of the moment, the men seemed totally unconscious of danger. The fight deepened. Occasionally a shot from one of the cannon, striking the hull of the flag ship, would send the splinters flying into the air; and then a loud huzza would burst from those who worked the guns; but, except in instances like this, the patriots fought in stern and solemn silence. Once, when it was seen that the three men-of-war working up to join the conflict, had become entangled among the shoals, and would not probably be enabled to join in the fight, a general and prolonged cheer went down the line, and taken up a second and third time, rose, like an exulting strain, over all the uproar of the battle.

The incessant cannonade soon darkened the prospect, the smoke lying packed along the surface of the water; while a thousand fiery tongues, as from some hundred headed monster, shot out incessantly, and licking the air a moment, were gone forever. Occasionally this thick, cloudy veil concealed all but the spars of the enemy from sight, and then the tall masts seemed rising, by some potent spell, out of nothing; occasionally the terrific explosions would rend and tear asunder the curtain, and, for an instant, the black hulls would loom out threateningly, and then disappear. The roar of three hundred guns shook the Island and fort unremittingly: the water that washed the sand beach, gasped with a quick ebb and flow, under the concussions. Higher and higher, the sun mounted to the zenith, yet still the battle continued. The heat was excessive; but casting aside their coats, the men breathed themselves a minute, and returned to the fight. The city was now hidden from view, by low banks of smoke, which extending right and left along the water, bounded the horizon on two sides. Yet the defenders of the fort still thought of the thousands anxiously watching them from Charleston, or of the wives and mothers, trembling at every explosion for the lives of those they loved. One of their number soon fell mortally wounded.

Gasping and in agony, he was carried by. "Do not give up," he had still strength to say; "you are fighting for liberty and country." Who that heard these words could think of surrender?

Noon came and went, and still the awful struggle continued. Suddenly a shot struck the flag-staff, and the banner, which had waved in that lurid atmosphere all day, proudly overhead, fell on the beach outside the fort. For a moment there was a pause, as if at a presage of disaster. Then a soldier, the brave and immortal Serjeant Jasper, sprang upon the parapet, leaped down to the beach, and passing along nearly the whole front of the fort, exposed to the full fire of the enemy, deliberately cut off the bunting from the shattered mast, called for a sponge staff to be thrown to him, and tying the flag to this, clambered up the ramparts and replaced the banner, amid the cheers of his companions. Far away, in the city, there had been those who saw, through their telescopes, the fall of that flag; and, as the news went around, a chill of horror froze every heart, for it was thought the place had surrendered. But soon a slight staff was seen uplifted at one of the angles: it bore, clinging to it, something like bunting: the breeze struck it, the bundle unrolled, it was the flag of America! Hope danced again through every heart. Some burst into tears; some laughed hysterically; some gave way to outcries and huzzas of delight. As the hours wore on, however, new causes for apprehension arose. The fire of the fort was perceived to slacken. Could it be that its brave defenders, after such a glorious struggle, had at last given in? Again hope yielded to doubt, almost to despair; the feeling was the more terrible from the late exhilaration. Already, in fancy, the enemy was seen approaching the city. Wives began to tremble for their husbands, who had rendered themselves conspicuous on the patriotic side: mothers clasped their infants, whose sires, they thought, had perished in the fight, and, in silent agony, prayed God to protect the fatherless. Thus passed an hour of the wildest anxiety and alarm. At last intelligence was brought that the fire had slackened only for want of powder; that a supply had since been secured; and that the cannonade would soon be resumed. In a short time these predictions were verified, and the air again shook with distant concussions. Thus the afternoon passed. Sunset approached, yet the fight raged. Slowly the great luminary of day sank in the west, and twilight, cold and calm, threw its shadows across the waters; yet still the fight raged. The stars came out, twinkling sharp and clear, in that half tropical sky: yet still the fight raged. The hum of the day had now subsided, and the cicada was heard trilling its note

on the night air: all was quiet and serene in the city: yet still the fight raged. The dull, heavy reports of the distant artillery boomed louder across the water, and the dark curtain of smoke that nearly concealed the ships and fort, grew luminous with incessant flashes. The fight still raged. At last the frequency of the discharges perceptibly lessened, and gradually, towards ten o'clock, ceased altogether. The ships of the enemy were now seen moving from their position, and making their way slowly, as if crippled and weary, out of the harbor: and, at that sight, most of the population, losing their anxiety, returned to their dwellings; though crowds still lined some of the wharves, waiting for authentic messengers from the fight, and peering into the gathering gloom, to detect the approach of the first boat.

The loss of the enemy had been excessive. The flag-ship, the Bristol, had forty-four men killed, and thirty wounded: the Experiment, another fifty gun ship, fifty-seven killed, and thirty wounded. All the ships were much cut up: the two deckers terribly so; and one of the frigates, the Acteon, running aground, was burnt. The last shot fired from the fort entered the cabin of Sir Peter Parker's ship, cut down two young officers who were drinking there, and passing forwards, killed three sailors on the main deck, then passed out, and buried itself in the sea. The loss on the American side was inconsiderable: twelve killed, and about twenty-five wounded. During the battle, the earnest zeal of the men was occasionally relieved by moments of merriment. A coat, having been thrown on the top of one of the merlons, was caught by a shot, and lodged in a tree, at which sight a general peal of laughter was heard. Moultrie sat coolly smoking during the conflict, occasionally taking his pipe from his mouth to issue an order. Once, while the battle was in progress, General Lee came off to the island, but, finding everything so prosperous, soon returned to his camp. The supply of powder which was obtained during the conflict, and which enabled the patriots to resume the fight, was procured, part from a schooner in the harbor, part from the city. Unbounded enthusiasm, on the side of the inhabitants, hailed the gallant defenders of the fort after the victory: Moultrie received the thanks of Congress, was elevated to the rank of Brigadier-General, and was honored by having the post he had defended called after his name. A stand of colors was presented, by Mrs. Elliott, to the men of his regiment, with the belief, she said, "that they would stand by them, as long as they could wave in the air of liberty." It was in guarding these colors, that the brave Serjeant Jasper, subsequently, lost his life.

The repulse from Fort Moultrie induced the British to abandon their designs on South Carolina; and, for three years, that province was exempt from the ravages of war. At length, in 1779, after the successful invasion of Georgia, the royal army turned its attention to the neighboring province, and General Moultrie was once more called into active service. The campaign that followed may be described in a few words. At Beaufort, in South Carolina, whither the enemy had advanced, Moultrie met him in a drawn battle. Lincoln, finding the militia refractory, in chagrin transferred their command to Moultrie, and, at the head of two thousand troops, advanced towards Augusta. Meantime, General Ashe had been defeated at Brier's Creek. Prevost now crossed the Savannah, and, driving Moultrie before him, advanced, by rapid marches, on the capital of South Carolina; the hero of this biography, powerless to check his victorious career, hurrying to save Charleston, as all that remained to be done in this extremity. Here Moultrie found every one in consternation. Even the surrender of the city was projected; but happily, the firmness of Governor Rutledge averted this. The yeomanry and citizens were aroused for the crisis, and the town placed in a state of defence. Prevost, advancing to the lines, was arrested by the American fire. He summoned the place, and received a defiance. The night was spent in dismal forebodings by the people of Charleston: only Moultrie and a few other bold spirits were cool and resolute. When morning dawned, the enemy had disappeared, the want of artillery, and the news of Lincoln's approach, having led him to abandon the siege, and begin a precipitate retreat to Georgia. The fortunes of war had again changed: the pursuers were now the pursued; and, with high spirits, Moultrie found himself in the field once more on the aggressive. Prevost had retired to an island in the vicinity of Charleston, establishing himself in a strong fort at Stono Ferry. Here he was assailed by Lincoln, and afterwards by Moultrie in galleys; both times with spirit, but without success. The British, finding their position growing more perilous, retreated along the chain of islands on the coast, until they reached Beaufort, and finally Savannah. Here they were followed by Lincoln, who established himself at Sheldon to watch his enemy. In September, the Count d'Estaing arrived, when the allied forces determined to storm Savannah. A melancholy and terrible repulse happened. Moultrie, having long since returned to Charleston, was spared the mortification of sharing in this affair.

Moultrie had received the commission of a Major-General, on the continental establishment, during the progress of this campaign, a

high testimony to his military abilities, and proving the estimation in which he was held by Congress. In the succeeding year, on the third invasion of South Carolina, he rendered most important services; although he, like his superior, Lincoln, appears to have placed an undue importance on the preservation of the capital. This feeling, however, was shared by all classes in the Carolinas; and, perhaps, it would have been impossible for any General to have resisted it. Moultrie was particularly active in the defence of Charleston. But it was in vain. Sir Henry Clinton, with his overwhelming force, put effectual resistance out of the question, especially after the supplies, promised from the north, failed to arrive to assist the besieged. On the 12th of May, 1780, the capital of South Carolina surrendered; and the officers and men of the army of Lincoln became prisoners of war. Moultrie was one of the most unfortunate of the victims of this capitulation; for he remained a prisoner, there being no officer to exchange for him, until the war had nearly terminated. He had consequently no further opportunity to distinguish himself; and was prevented from participating in the glorious struggle subsequently carried on by Marion, Lee, Sumpter and others! Had he been free, judging from his past career, he would have been one of the most intrepid in that sanguinary strife.

The chief characteristic of Moultrie as a military leader was his coolness in moments of danger. No crisis, however terrible, could shake his self-possession. His smoking his pipe during the cannonade at Sullivan's Island; his easy indifference when the magazine in Charleston was expected to take fire and blow up the town; and his invariable collectedness in every emergency, where great peril threatened him, establish his possession of this quality and in its highest perfection. This was his distinguishing trait. Besides this, he had prudence, sagacity, and the power of attaching to himself his troops. He does not, however, appear to have enjoyed either the headlong bravery of Wayne, or the comprehensive intellect of Greene. His courage was chivalrous, but not terrible like Putnam's: his views just, but not eagle-eyed like those of Washington. The great event of his career was the defence of Fort Sullivan: and this will render his name immortal!

His public services, after the peace of 1783, were few and comparatively unimportant. He was a man of warm affections, and generally beloved: his dependants worshipped him almost to adoration. He filled the office of Governor of his native state; and died at Charleston, on the 27th day of September, 1805.

# LORD STIRLING.

WILLIAM Alexander, by courtesy called Lord Stirling, a Major-General in the continental line, was born in the city of New York, in the year 1726. He received as excellent an education as the country, at that time, could afford, and was early distinguished for that mathematical ability which subsequently made him so ardent an admirer of science.—When the French war broke out, he entered the army. He acted as Commissary, as Aid-de-camp, and finally as Secretary to Governor Shirley. At the close of the contest he accompanied his patron to England, in order to prosecute his claims to a Scotch earldom of which he considered himself the rightful heir; but, from the want of

some link in the testimony necessary to establish his claim, failed in the suit. It is understood that the sums spent in this vain effort to secure a title, materially impaired his fortune. In America, however, his claim was considered rightful, and he always bore the name of Lord Stirling in consequence.

When the war of independence began, the ability, position and wealth of Lord Stirling rendered his influence of weight; and enabled him to obtain a corresponding rank in the continental line. He was immediately appointed a Colonel. During the siege of Boston he was stationed at New York. Here he found opportunity to display the natural boldness and gallantry of his disposition. Fitting out a pilot-boat and some smaller craft, and availing himself of the night to escape the Asia man-of-war which then lay in the harbor, he put to sea and succeeded in capturing an English transport, laden with valuable stores for the army in Boston.

The personal appearance of Stirling was remarkably fine. His face was dignified; his figure tall but somewhat portly; and his manners elegant, yet soldierly. As a General he was brave to rashness. His military abilities were of that kind, indeed, that rendered it more prudent to keep him under the eye of a Commander-in-chief; in this respect he resembled Putnam and others, who were more valuable as executive officers than when acting on their own responsibility. It was at Monmouth and Long Island that he won his chief laurels. At Monmouth, when the battle hung upon a thread, when Lee was retreating after having made his last stand, and Clinton was pouring down his victorious legions on Washington's left wing, he placed himself at the head of Lieutenant Carrington's artillery, and dashing at full gallop to the brow of an elevation that commanded the advancing columns of the enemy, hastily unlimbered the guns and opened so terrible a fire, that the assailants wavered, and finally fell back. At Long Island he held command of the right wing. As he played a conspicuous part here, we shall describe the battle at some length.

Brooklyn stands on a knob of land as it were, formed by the indentations of Wallabout and Gouverneur's bays, which, at the distance of a mile and a half from the heights, approaching each other, reduce its width one half. Across this isthmus, the ground of which is elevated, a line of defences was drawn, commanding all the approaches from the interior, and from the northern and southern shores of the island. In the rear, the works were protected by batteries on Governor's Island and Red Hook, and by other batteries on the East river, which kept open the communication with the main army in New York. In front, these roads radiated from the lines,

like spokes from the hub of a wheel, and crossed a range of wooded heights, nearly four miles distant, which, to carry out the simile, formed the felloe. Between these heights and the lines the battle was fought. The two roads nearest the Narrows were defended properly, but the upper one was left with an insufficient guard; here Clinton crossed undetected, and pouring down into the plain beyond, while his colleagues made a feint of forcing the two other passes, had nearly cut off the Americans from their lines, when happily his approach was discovered, and a portion, after a desperate encounter, succeeded in gaining their entrenchments.

Stirling, on this fatal day, directed the right wing, which numbered about two-thirds of those engaged in the battle. The Commander-in-chief outside the lines was Sullivan. Putnam, the superior of all, remained within the redoubts. He had been sent to supersede Greene, when the latter was suddenly taken ill. Putnam first went over to Brooklyn on Sunday, the 25th of August, 1776, and the battle was fought two days after; hence the ignorance at headquarters respecting the ground, and the neglect properly to fortify the upper pass. The general impression was that the English would attempt to force a passage across the hills at the lower road; and it was in consequence of this that Stirling's command preponderated so greatly over that of Sullivan.

Having given this general outline of the battle, let us proceed to speak more in detail. The two armies were separated by a range of wooded hills, which were impassable for artillery and cavalry, except by the three principal roads. The chief one of these ran, in nearly a straight line from Flatbush to the American entrenchments, four miles distant. Another road, conducting northwardly of this, now called the Clove road, led through a second pass to Bedford village in the plain. A more circuitous route took its way through a pass on the north, and joined the road from Jamaica to Bedford. There was another pass, close to the Narrows, running from New Utrecht over the hills into the plain. All these roads met in the plain about half a mile without the lines. The latter pass, as we have said, was defended by Stirling, with much the largest portion of the American army. The pass, leading across from Flatbush, was held by Sullivan, with a strong force and a redoubt. At that on the Clove road, were two regiments under Colonels Williams and Miles. The pass on the Jamaica road was guarded only by a few light volunteers. It was by this that Clinton crossed, his sagacity foreseeing that the American defences would be weaker here than at either of the other points.

The British landed at the ferry near the Narrows, on the 22nd, and marched through Utrecht and Gravesend to Flatbush, back of which last place they established their principal encampment, near the village of Flatbush. Their centre, composed of Hessians, lay in front at Flatbush, in command of General De Heister; while the left wing, under General Grant, extended to the place of landing. The army remained inactive until the evening of the 26th, when it being found that the Americans had guarded all the most westerly passes, Clinton moved in the direction of the Jamaica pass, his scouts having brought him intelligence, as he expected, of the small force in that quarter. He reached it unperceived before day-break, and cautiously pushing forward, surprised and captured the party stationed there. Having thus secured his enemy from receiving notice of his approach, he suffered his men to repose for awhile from the fatigues of their march. The whole division accordingly rested on their arms. It was a clear, starlight night, and the country in the plain below was just visible through the hazy light. The men strained their eyes across it in search of the distant heights of Brooklyn and the spires of New York beyond, and continued watching for that haven of their hopes until the stars paled, the dawn approached, and the morning sunbeams shot along the woodland and cultivated fields below. Then the order to march was given, and the troops sanguine of victory, crossed the heights and poured down into the plain.

Meanwhile, immediately after day-light, De Heister began a furious cannonade on Sullivan, in order to direct the attention of the American General from what was passing on his extreme left. De Heister did not, however, advance from Flatbush until he had received intelligence of Clinton's successful passage; but when, at half past eight, he learned that his colleague had reached Bedford and thrown forward a detachment in Sullivan's rear, he charged the American redoubt in earnest. The dark masses of De Heister were just beginning to unwind themselves, like some glittering anaconda, from the village of Flatbush, when a scout dashed, all in a foam, into the camp of Sullivan, and announced that Clinton was in the rear. In this terrible crisis, surprised, circumvented, defeated already, the presence of mind of Sullivan did not desert him. He saw that but one hope remained to him, that of gaining the lines at Brooklyn before his enemy. He accordingly ordered the troops to fall back, through the woods, by regiments. In so doing they encountered the British front. At the same instant, De Heister, advancing from Flatbush, made a furious assault on that side. The coolness of Sullivan unfortunately was not shared by his men. Struck with panic at hear-

ing the firing in their rear, and thinking only of making good their escape, they could not be induced even to wait the first onset of the Hessians. In vain Sullivan rode among them, appealing to their patriotism; in vain he reminded them of Lexington and Bunker Hill; in vain he rushed into the most exposed situations to stimulate them by his personal example; all discipline was lost, all decency disregarded; terrified they turned and fled, the Hessians thundering in pursuit, and the troops of Clinton on their flank, hastening, with loud cheers, to cut off the fugitives.

As a contrast to this shameful conduct, the little band of men in the pass on the Clove road, behaved with a heroism that should render their names immortal. The force, at this point, was composed of a regiment under Colonel Williams, and another of Pennsylvania riflemen under Colonel Miles. As soon as De Heister had put the personal command of Sullivan to the rout, he detached a portion of his Hessians against these two regiments. Overpowered by numbers, after a short, but gallant resistance, the Pennsylvanians were driven back into the woods. At the same time, Clinton, moving to intercept those in retreat along the road from Flatbush, arrived in the rear of these brave men. Now ensued one of those desperate struggles, in which courage seeks to make up for want of numbers. Hemmed in on front and rear; now driven by the British on the Hessians, and now on the Hessians by the British, that little band like a lion turning every way to meet its hunters, charged incessantly on the foe. Hurled back from the assault, they returned more furious to the onset. Long and heroically they thus struggled. During the contest they were joined by the remnant of Sullivan's command, with himself at its head, and their efforts now grew more desperate than ever. Some forced their passage through the solid ranks of the enemy, and, fighting all the way, regained the lines at Brooklyn. Some plunging into the woods, concealed themselves there until the action was over, and thus escaped. But the greater number either died in the unavailing struggle, or exhausted by two hours of severe fighting, surrendered, at last, with their General.

The battle was now over in this quarter. But it still raged towards the American right where Stirling commanded, and raged, if possible, with a fury greater than even around this heroic band! Long before either De Heister or Clinton had crossed the wooded heights, at so early an hour indeed as midnight, General Grant, with the design of directing attention from Clinton's manœuvre, advanced along the coast, with the left wing, driving in the light out-lying parties of the Americans. As this was the point where the main assault

was expected, these parties were quite abundant, and intelligence of the advance was immediately communicated to Putnam. This was at three o'clock in the morning. Putnam instantly detached Stirling, with strong reinforcements, to repel this attack. Stirling reached the summit of the hill just before sunrise, his steps being hastened by the sounds of skirmishing in front. The first object that met his sight, as the beams of the morning sun illuminated the valley below, was the retiring troops who had been stationed to guard the pass, and who were now slowly falling back before superior numbers. Promptly uniting his fresh men to these wearied ones, he drew up his whole division to defend the pass. In a few minutes the head of the enemy's column appeared in view; but at sight of Stirling's imposing force, halted. The American General thought this the result of timidity on the part of the British, and would have descended into the plain to attack Grant, had not his orders restricted him to defending the pass. He allowed a portion of his infantry, however, to skirmish with parties of the enemy thrown forward for that purpose, and meantime grew more and more impatient for the battle. To amuse his enemy Grant had opened, at once, a cannonade, which he continued with increasing fury as the day wore on. To this Stirling replied; and soon the space between the armies was covered with wreaths of smoke which undulated with the morning breeze; while the roar of the artillery continually shook the ground, boomed along the neighboring bay, and echoed far over the vallies of Staten Island.

At last, through the heavy explosions of artillery, fainter sounds, borne on the wind, were distinguishable in the rear. Stirling listened to them with an anxious heart, for they seemed to imply that an enemy had interposed between him and Putnam. At last, what he had foreboded, became no longer doubtful. The British were behind him. A retreat, with all possible despatch, on the lines at Brooklyn, was his sole resource. Only one route by which this could be effected lay open to him; this was to cross Mill Creek below the swamp; for to retire above, would bring him face to face with De Heister and Clinton. Cornwallis, however, anticipating this intended movement, now hastily pushed on to the ford, and, arriving there before Stirling, took his station at a house near the upper mills. It was below this point, fortunately, that Stirling had resolved to cross; but in order to conceal the movement of his main body, he resolved to occupy the attention of Cornwallis by attacking him with a portion of his force. Accordingly he selected six companies of Smallwood's Maryland riflemen, in number about four hundred, and placing himself

in person at their head, prepared to carry out this terrible diversion. A few words, by way of address, informed this little band that they were to immolate themselves for their companions; on which, with shouts of enthusiasm, they demanded to be led to the assault. In their first onset they were repulsed; and, indeed, for several successive ones. But speedily rallying, they charged again and again, until the enemy began finally to waver. Before the deadly fire of that courageous corps, the British ranks thinned rapidly. Seeing the foe betray signs of confusion, the brave riflemen, with Stirling waving his sword at their head, advanced cheering, to a last assault; and Cornwallis was on the very point of abandoning his post, when Grant, wheeling his whole division around an angle of the woods in their rear, suddenly appeared in view. To retreat was impossible. The soldiers of Cornwallis so lately disheartened, took up the shout which, at this sight, died on the tongues of the Americans; and with deafening huzzas, from front and rear, overpowering masses of the enemy poured down upon this isolated force. To struggle longer would have been a useless waste of blood. Stirling accordingly hung out a white handkerchief on the point of a bayonet, and with the remnant of his Spartan band surrendered. But he had gained his purpose. During the struggle the remainder of his troops, concealed by the woods and by the firing, made good their passage of the creek, and succeeded in safely reaching the lines at Brooklyn.

The British were now masters of the last pass, and Grant, emptying his legions down into the plain, advanced to join De Heister and Clinton, when all three uniting, under the personal command of Howe, rolled onwards triumphantly to the American lines. Meantime, within those defences, all was alarm and confusion. Parties of fugitives, sometimes in whole companies, sometimes in smaller fragments, now in good order, now totally disorganized, came hurrying across the plain, and flinging themselves, breathless, behind the entrenchments, communicated a portion of their own terror to those within. These were the more easily infected, because mostly militia; for the regular troops had been placed outside to bear the brunt of the battle. In vain Putnam had despatched every man he could spare, in order to check the retreat: the recruits, as well as the fugitives, soon appeared, driving, pell-mell, before the advanced parties of the enemy. General Washington had hurried to Brooklyn, as soon as the first cannon announced a battle; and he now witnessed, with anguish indescribable, the rout of his choicest troops. His presence restored confidence among the officers; but with the common men, the panic still spread. Hour after hour had

THE RETREAT AT LONG ISLAND.

passed, and yet neither Sullivan nor Stirling appeared, though many of their troops had come in, some so blackened with powder, and their standards so torn with shot, as to betray the hard fighting they had witnessed. At last hope for these brave commanders gave out; for now the enemy darkened the whole space in front of the entrenchments: and as column after column marched up, their burnished muskets flashing in the light, and huzzas of triumph ringing along the line, the cry arose that the British were about to storm the encampment. Had Howe allowed his men to do so, in that moment of enthusiasm on their side, and depression on that of the Americans, he would, without doubt, have carried everything before him, and almost annihilated his enemy. Washington hastily made what arrangements he could to resist such an attack, which the increasing delay of Howe enabled him to perfect better than he had hoped. The day passed, however, without any demonstration on the part of the enemy; but it was not until night fell, and the lights of the British glittered along the eastern horizon, that the exhausted Americans felt secure.

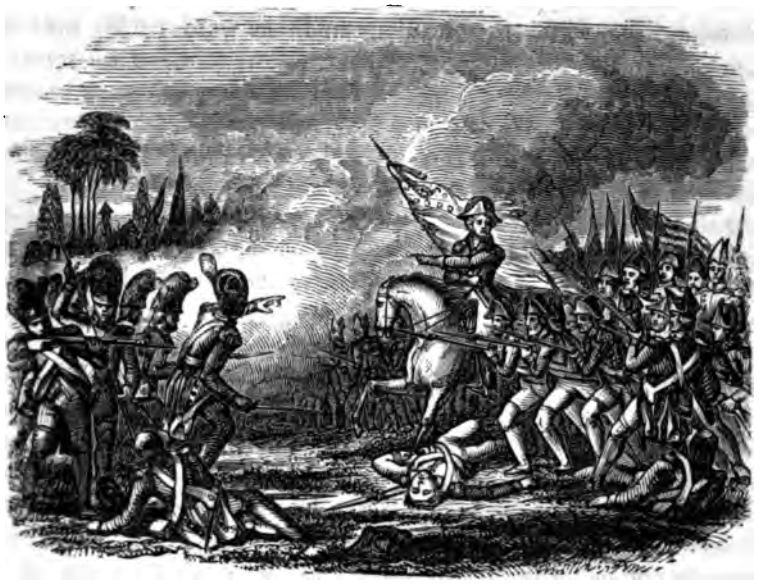
This battle has been much and severely criticised; but, after a candid examination, we can see no blame attaching to any one. Putnam himself was scarcely aware of the pass by Jamaica, nor had he, before the battle, had time to become at home in his position. If Greene had continued well, the result of the day might have been different. But, perhaps, the defeat of the Americans was providential; for, if they had repulsed the enemy, and been induced in consequence to hold Long Island until the British had passed their ships up the North and East Rivers, the whole army, instead of a part, might, in the end, have fallen a sacrifice. It is astonishing that Howe did not wait until he had done this, before he made his attack. As it was, the way was left open for Washington to retire. This he availed himself of on the night of the 28th, in that memorable retreat across the East River, which has always been regarded as one of the most brilliant in history.

The night was dark and misty. The embarkation began in the evening. Nine thousand troops, a quantity of military stores, and a heavy train of artillery were to be transported across a sheet of water and landed in safety on the other side; and this while an active and watchful enemy was posted so close to the American camp, that the neigh of a horse from the latter could almost be heard by the British sentinels. Yet neither the heavy rumbling of the artillery wagons, nor the other unavoidable noises of a retreat, warned the enemy of Washington's movement. The Commander-in-chief remained at the ferry through the whole night, personally superintending the embarkation. The high honor of forming the covering party was, on this occasion, entrusted to the troops of the middle states, as a reward for the gallantry they had shewn in the late action. By daybreak all the troops had crossed. Some heavy cannon had to be abandoned; but every thing else was brought off in safety.

The events of Stirling's life, after the battle of Long Island, may be told in few words. He remained a prisoner until exchanged for the Governor of Florida, and, joining the army in 1777, was present at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, in the last of which encounters he commanded the reserve. His next engagement was that of Monmouth; of his conduct on which occasion we have already spoken. In 1780, with a force of twenty-five hundred men, he was sent on an expedition against Staten Island; but the enemy having received notice of the intended attack, the affair proved abortive. In 1781, he took command of the northern army, and remained at Albany until the next season, when he removed to

Philadelphia. When spring opened, however, he again went to Albany and resumed command of the northern troops. His life was now drawing to a close. The following year, in 1783, he fell a victim to the gout.

Lord Stirling was devotedly attached to Washington; and it was through him that the Conway cabal was brought to light. In his nature he was frank and generous. He despised trickery, and abhorred dissimulation. Perhaps, few men in the army were his equals in learning. He always signed himself Stirling, instead of Alexander, using his title, and not his family name.



BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

## HUGH MERCER.

THAT Hugh Mercer, a Brigadier-General in the continental line, was second to few in the Revolution, for talents, education, and patriotism, is now universally admitted. The opening of the war of independence found him engaged in a lucrative medical practice, which he immediately abandoned to enter the army, declaring his willingness to serve in any rank or station.—This absence of all selfish motives continued with him to the end of his career. He never joined those who complained of Congress for promotions that seemed to slight their own services; but, on one of those occasions, only a day or two before

his death, reproved his companions in these words: "We are not engaged in a war of ambition, gentlemen," he said, "if we were, I should not be here. Every man should be content to serve in that station where he can be most useful. For my part I have but one object in view, and that is the success of the cause. God can witness how cheerfully I would lay down my life to secure it!"

Mercer was born in Scotland, though in what year has never been satisfactorily ascertained. He was old enough, however, to join Charles Edward, in that Prince's romantic enterprise to regain the crown of the Stuarts, in 1745; and, at the battle of Culloden, acted as an assistant Surgeon. Flying from a disastrous field, he succeeded in escaping the pursuit of the sanguinary Duke of Cumberland, and, with a number of his fellow soldiers, sought a refuge in the then wilds of America. He settled at Fredericksburg, Virginia, where he married and became distinguished as a physician. His martial propensities, however, still clung to him, and in the Indian war of 1755, he served as a Captain under Washington. During this campaign he made one of those miraculous escapes which have passed into popular traditions. Wounded in a sharp engagement, and separated from his company, he was flying before the merciless savages, when faintness from loss of blood seizing him, he hid himself in the hollow of a large tree. In a moment the Indians appeared in sight, and even searched around the trunk. Mercer scarcely breathed, so terrible was his suspense! At last the savages passed on, and when sufficient time had elapsed to render it prudent, he emerged from his retreat and began a painful march of more than a hundred miles to the abodes of civilization. During the journey he supported himself on roots and on the body of a rattlesnake, which crossed his path, and which he killed. Finally he reached Fort Cumberland in safety, though haggard in looks, and weak from his wound and sufferings. For his gallantry in destroying the Indian settlement at Kittanning, in Pennsylvania, during this war, the corporation of Philadelphia presented him a medal.

It may, at first, appear surprising that a Scottish Jacobite, the asserter and defender of hereditary right, should become an American republican. But the exiles for the cause of Stuart had suffered so much from the oppressions of England, that their sympathies were at once aroused in behalf of others persecuted like themselves. Moreover, the followers of Charles Edward were prompted, in undertaking his cause, more by a sentiment of generous loyalty than by any conviction of the superior advantages to be derived from his government; hence, those Jacobite predilections being more a feeling than

a principle, experienced nothing repugnant, but every thing that was noble, in adopting the side of men fighting for their hearths and liberty. It was thus, no doubt, that Mercer reasoned, or rather felt. Besides, he had formed an intimate friendship for Washington, and naturally inclined to adopt the course his old commander had taken up. Certain it is that, when the war of independence began, no man was more prompt to render his services in behalf of freedom, or, as we have seen, with less of selfishness in the offer. Forever exiled from his native shores; never more to behold her brown heaths, her hoary glens, or her misty mountains, America was now his country, and he prepared to shed his blood for her as freely and disinterestedly as when he had made a last stand for his ancient line of Princes, on the wild moor of Culloden.

In 1775, when the minute-men of Virginia began to marshal, Mercer was in command of three regiments of their number. In the beginning of the next year, having been appointed a Colonel of the state militia, he was of great service in organizing and disciplining these rude recruits. Many of the troops, especially those from beyond the mountains, were wild and turbulent to the last degree, spurning every restraint of military rule. On one occasion, a company of these men broke out into open mutiny, seized the camp, and threatened with instant death any officer who should interfere with their lawless measures. Mercer no sooner heard of the disturbance than he hurried to the scene, regardless of the entreaties of his friends, who looked on him as going to certain destruction. Arriving at the camp, he ordered all the troops to be drawn up for a general parade, when he directed the offending company to be disarmed in the presence of the others. Intimidated by his bold front, and finding the obedient troops far the most numerous, the mutineers suffered themselves to be stripped of their weapons without resistance. The ringleaders having been placed under a strong guard, Mercer proceeded to address the guilty company. He spoke in eloquent and forcible terms, appealing to their better feelings in the capacity of citizens; then, changing his tone, he reminded them that, while soldiers, the penalty of death would be their certain fate, if mutineers. The result of this bold, yet judicious conduct, was that all symptoms of disorder vanished from that hour. The ringleaders, after an imprisonment of a few days, were liberated; and the company became one of the most obedient and effective in the army.

The reputation of Mercer as a veteran officer was not confined to his adopted state; and, in 1776, Congress, justly estimating his merits, appointed him a Brigadier-General. He immediately repaired to

the camp of Washington, who welcomed his old associate with delight. The crisis was critical. It was the hour when the liberties of America, after running a short and dazzling career, seemed about to expire forever, like those false stars, which shooting athwart the tempest, coruscate a moment and disappear. The blaze of enthusiasm which had illuminated Lexington and Bunker Hill, had vanished before the clouds that gathered blacker and blacker around Long Island, Fort Washington, and the retreat through the Jerseys. Hope almost despaired, as the gloom deepened at the prospect, while the land rocked to its utmost shores, as if foreboding earthquake and utter dissolution.

Throughout that disastrous period, Mercer was one of those who, never for a moment, was appalled. No fear of sacrificing his family, of endangering his life, or of leaving a name stigmatised by that opprobious epithet which the successful tyrant bestows on the unsuccessful rebel, could make him regret the part he had taken. In defeat and doubt he was still the same bold, resolute, and efficient officer, as in victory and success. When, after the battle of Assunpink, it was resolved, in the celebrated midnight consultation at the tent of St. Clair, to march on Princeton, and afterwards, if possible, on Brunswick, to Mercer was committed the important command of the advanced guard. The little army that now began its march was but the skeleton of what it had been but a few months before. The celebrated regiment of Smallwood, composed of the flower of the Maryland youth, which had gone into battle at Long Island over a thousand strong, was reduced to sixty men; and indeed, nearly the whole of Washington's force was composed of the Pennsylvania militia and volunteers, to whom belongs, in a great measure, the honor of saving the country in that crisis. The night was dark, calm, and cold, and as the army left their burning watch fires and plunged into the gloom, many a heart beat uneasily for the success of Washington's bold stratagem. The troops took the lower road for Sandtown, and about day-break reached Stony Brook, at the distance of rather more than a mile and a quarter from the college at Princeton. A brigade of the enemy was known to be in the town, and to intercept its retreat, as well as to cover his own rear from Cornwallis, Washington despatched General Mercer, with a detachment of three hundred and fifty men, along the brook, to seize the bridge on the old Trenton road. It happened that Lieutenant-Colonel Mawhood, at the head of the 17th British regiment, had just crossed this bridge on his way to join Cornwallis, but discovering the approach of the Americans, he retraced his steps and hastened to seize a rising

ground, not quite five hundred yards distant. Mercer, on his part, pressed forward as eagerly to gain the elevation first; and, availing himself of a diagonal course through an orchard, anticipated the enemy by about forty paces.

The sun had just risen, and the hoar frost bespangled the twigs, the blades of grass, every thing around; never, perhaps, was there a more lovely scene than the one so soon to be darkened by the smoke of blood and ensanguined by mortal strife. Advancing to a worm-fence, Mercer ranged his men along it and ordered them to fire. The British replied, and instantly charged. It was a gallant sight, as even their adversaries confess, to see those splendid veterans advancing through the smoke, their arms glistening, their bayonets in an unbroken line, and their tramp as steady as on a parade. The enemy were comparatively fresh; the Americans were exhausted by eighteen hours of fighting and marching, and, moreover, were only armed with rifles; yet they stood until the third fire, when seeing the bayonets of the British bristling close at hand, they turned and fled. The ardent and heroic soul of Mercer could not endure this spectacle. At first he tried to rally his men, but this was impossible; and in a few seconds he found himself deserted in the rear. Disdaining to fly, he turned on the foe. At this instant a blow from a musket brought him to the ground. He was immediately surrounded by the British soldiery who bayoneted him as he lay; but, like a wounded lion, defiant to the last, Mercer continued to lunge at his enemies. "Call for quarters, you d——d rebel," and "we have got the rebel General," were the cries of the soldiery in this melee, each word being accompanied by a new bayonet stroke. But still the wounded man fought on, his indignation repelling in words the charge of rebellion. Alone, amid his many foes, he maintained the unequal strife! At last, fainting from loss of blood, he sank back, to all appearance dead. With an oath at his heroic obstinacy, and, perhaps, a last thrust of the bayonet, his assailants now left him, and hurried to regain their companions engaged in pursuit of the flying foe.

At the first sound of the firing, Washington directed the Pennsylvania militia to advance, with two pieces of artillery to Mercer's support. He headed this detachment in person. As he hurried forward, his heart was wrung to behold Mercer's troops flying towards him. The Pennsylvania militia, too, showed signs of wavering, but Washington dashed into their midst, and, seizing the colors, galloped ahead, waving them aloft, and calling on the fugitives to rally and follow him to meet the foe. His voice did not

fall on unheeding ears. There was a look of momentary terror at the enemy, a glance of enthusiasm at their leader, and then, with a cheer, they halted, formed into line again, and levelled their arms. At this show of resistance, the British column stopped, like a well-trained courser checked in full career, the order to dress the line was distinctly heard, and a long line of levelled muskets flashed back the morning sunbeams. There was a deathless pause. The Commander-in-chief still stood in the fore-ground, half way between the two armies, his tall form conspicuous against the opposite horizon. His death seemed inevitable. The pause was but for a second. The hoarse command to fire echoed from the British line, and the whole of that glittering front was a sheet of flame; while, at the same moment, the two field-pieces of their adversaries hurled on the royal flank their tempests of grape. Now followed an agony of suspense in the American ranks, until the smoke, lifting from the intervening space, disclosed the form of their leader, still towering unhurt; at this a shout burst from the militia, and, with one common impulse of enthusiasm, they advanced to the charge. But the enemy, satisfied with his reception, gave way, leaving his artillery behind him. The cheers of victory now redoubled along the line. Washington, around whom his friends had pressed to grasp his hand, which some did with tears, yielded, an instant, to the affectionate pressure, and then exclaimed, with a brightening face, "Away, and bring up the troops—the day is our own!"

The Americans now continued their march towards Princeton, where the 55th and 40th regiments of the enemy were posted. These made some resistance at a deep ravine, not far south of the village, and also at the college, in which they took refuge at the approach of the victors. The struggle here, however, was soon over. In this battle about one hundred of the British were killed, and nearly three hundred taken prisoners. On the part of the Americans the loss was slight, at least in numbers. But several valuable officers fell. In no battle during the war, indeed, did so many men of talents and usefulness lose their lives. Colonels Potter and Haslet, Major Anthony Morris, and Captains Fleming, Neal, and Shippen, all officers of ability, were among the slain in this sanguinary struggle. It was in the first part of the action, which did not occupy twenty minutes, that most of this mortality occurred.

After the retreat of the enemy, the wounded Mercer was found on the field, and assisted into a house, which stood a few rods from the place where he fell. The first information that Washington received respecting his old companion in arms, was that he had

perished on the field; and a false story was propagated through the army, which is still perpetuated in many popular works, that he had been bayonetted after his surrender. On the march to Morristown, however, the Commander-in-chief, hearing that Mercer survived, deputed Major George Lewis, his own nephew, with a flag and letter to Lord Cornwallis, requesting that the bearer might be allowed to remain with the wounded General, and tend him during his illness. Cornwallis, who was rarely wanting in courtesy, not only acceded to this, but sent his own surgeon to wait on the sufferer. This gentleman, at first, held out hopes to his patient, that the wounds, though many and severe, would not be mortal. But Mercer, who had been an army-surgeon himself, shook his head with a faint smile, and addressing young Lewis, said, "Raise my right arm, George, and this gentleman will then discern the smallest of my wounds, but which will prove the most fatal. Yes, sir, that is a fellow that will soon do my business." His words proved prophetic: he languished until the 12th, and then expired. He died far from his family, and in the house of a stranger; yet one thought cheered him to the last, it was that he perished in the cause of freedom!

The death bed of Mercer was attended by two females, of the society of Friends, who, like messengers from heaven, smoothed his pillow and cheered his declining hours. They inhabited the house to which he was carried, and refusing to fly during the battle, were there when he was brought, wounded and dying, to the threshold. History has scarcely done justice to the women of the Revolution. Those whose relatives were embarked in the contest were the prey of constant anxieties, and had to endure privations such as we would now shudder even to record. Death continually removed some brother, or parent, or husband. The few who were restrained by religious scruples from an active participation in the war, like the peaceful females who watched by Mercer's dying bed, still had their warmest sympathies enlisted for a suffering country, and were forced, in common with others, to submit to sacrifices, the result of the disordered condition of affairs. The women of the Revolution were more generally true to the cause of freedom than were the other sex. They endured in silence and without complaint. Let us pay this tardy tribute to the patriotism of those immortal females!

Nearly seventy years after Mercer's death, his heroism and untimely fate were brought vividly before the minds of the present generation, by a ceremony as impressive as it was merited. We allude to the removal of his remains from Christ church grave-yard, in Philadel-

phia, to the cemetery on Laurel Hill, where a monument had been prepared for them. The coffin, covered with a pall, was borne through the streets of Philadelphia, in military procession, and with the wail of martial music. The side-walks were lined with uncovered spectators, one common sentiment of awe and reverence pervading the vast crowd, as it thus stood face to face, as it were, with a martyr of the Revolution!

DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

## ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

IN military affairs, to be unfortunate is almost as criminal as to be incapable. Arthur St. Clair is an example in point. From first to last a fatality appeared to follow all his undertakings, and, though often engaged, he never achieved a victory. It was not owing to a total want of ability that he miscarried so universally; for he was brave, careful, self-collected, and possessed the advantage of considerable military experience. But, having failed once or twice, the reputation of being unlucky ever after attended him; and this sentiment dampened the confidence of his soldiers, even if it had no effect on himself. The recollection of past glory is a spur to both leader and army; while the consciousness of former defeats is always disheartening. But there was, besides this, a cause for St. Clair's ill-success, existing in his slavish adherence to rules, and in his want

of original and comprehensive grasp of mind. In short, he had talent, but no genius; could follow, but was not fit to lead. At Princeton and Yorktown, where he was under the eye of Washington, he acquitted himself honorably; but at Ticonderoga and the Miami, where he commanded in chief, he reaped only ruin and disgrace. Gates, Lee and himself, all officers educated in the armies of Europe, were memorable examples that, in revolutions, it is not the accomplished martinet, but the hero, rough from the people, who becomes eminent.

St. Clair was born in Edinburg, in the year 1734. His education was elegant, and early took a military turn. In 1755, at the age of twenty-one, he accompanied Admiral Boscawen to this country, and receiving an Ensign's commission, took the field in the old French war. He was one of the immortal band that followed Wolfe, in his expedition against Quebec, and was present, on the heights of Abraham, when the gallant soul of his leader took flight in the hour of victory. Before the close of the war, St. Clair had risen to be a Lieutenant. He did not remain in the army, however, but disposing of his commission, remained in America and embarked in trade. Proving unfortunate in commerce, he removed to Ligonier Valley, in Pennsylvania, west of the Alleghany mountains, where, succeeding in monopolizing various offices of public business, he rapidly acquired a fortune. When the war of independence sent its summons through the land, St. Clair assumed arms in behalf of his adopted country, and, having received a Colonel's commission, was so active in recruiting that he raised a regiment within sixty days. He was ordered to Canada, where he arrived just after the death of Montgomery. In the affair at Three Rivers he took a part. He remained with the invading army until Canada was evacuated, establishing, among his fellow soldiers, a high character for zeal and intrepidity. For his services during the campaign Congress rewarded him with the rank of Brigadier-General.

St. Clair now joined the army of Washington. On the morning of December 25th, 1776, he accompanied Sullivan's division in the memorable attack on Trenton. He was engaged also in the battle of Assunpink; and it was in his tent, on the night after the conflict, that the consultation was held, at which the bold manœuvre of marching on the enemy's communications, was resolved upon. Being the only general officer acquainted with the country, St. Clair was in close attendance on Washington through the eventful transactions that succeeded. He was present at the battle of Princeton, though here, as at Trenton and Assunpink, no opportunity was afforded of

particularly distinguishing himself. A high opinion of his talents, however, had spread, and this, added to his amiable manners, secured his elevation, in the ensuing spring, to the rank of Major-General; a promotion, however, obtained at the expense of Arnold, whose just claims were postponed to those of St. Clair. He was now despatched to the northern department, in order to assist Schuyler against Burgoyne. Here the command of Fort Ticonderoga devolved on him. This was the first instance in his career in which he was called on to assume a leading part. The event proved that his abilities had been exaggerated. The greatest expectations had been formed of his conduct, and the country was in hourly expectation of hearing that he had checked Burgoyne; but, suddenly, in the midst of this sanguine belief, came the startling intelligence that Ticonderoga had been abandoned. The revulsion was terrible. A universal outcry rose up against St. Clair; it was said that he had been bribed by silver bullets shot into his camp; and Congress, itself carried away by the popular feeling, in the first moments of indignation, ordered his recall, as well as Schuyler, and all the Brigadiers.

At this day, the candid judgment passed on St. Clair, while it justifies his intentions, depreciates his ability. He erred, either in not abandoning the fort earlier, or in not holding it out to extremity. Only one excuse can be given for his conduct. Mount Defiance, which commanded the fort, had been always considered inaccessible; consequently, St. Clair took no measures to occupy it; and when Burgoyne, after incredible toil erected a battery there, Ticonderoga, of course, became untenable. But no great General trusts to hearsay. If Burgoyne had assented, without examination, to the received opinion respecting Mount Defiance, Ticonderoga would not have fallen without a struggle; and the fact that the British leader doubted and made an examination, must always be sufficient to condemn St. Clair. The enemy arrived under the walls of the fort on the 1st of July, 1777. On the 5th, the height was occupied. By the ensuing day, it was expected that the batteries would be opened, and the investment on all sides of the lines complete. In this crisis, a hurried council of war was called, when the sentiment in favor of a retreat was found to be universal. To remain was to insure ultimate capture. The only resource was to abandon the place in the night, and fall back on Schuyler at Fort Edward.

In a great degree the country itself is answerable for the loss of this fortress. The opinion appears to have been general that Ticonderoga was impregnable, and that it could be defended by a comparatively small force; hence the army under St. Clair, as appeared

on his trial, was not a third of what was required properly to man the works. His small numbers left him no resource but to retreat, especially after the battery was erected on Mount Defiance. Accordingly, on the night of the 5th of July, the hapless garrison stole from the fortress. The baggage, the hospital furniture, the sick, and such stores as the haste would allow, were embarked on board above two hundred batteaux and five armed galleys; and the whole being placed under the charge of a strong detachment, commanded by Colonel Long, was despatched up Wood Creek, in the direction of Fort Edward. The main army proceeded on foot, taking the route of Castleton, St. Clair in the van, and Colonel Francis bringing up the rear. It was two o'clock in the morning of the 6th, before St. Clair left the fort. He had ordered the utmost silence to be preserved, and the lights to be extinguished; but unfortunately a house accidentally took fire on Mount Independence, and by the glare of the conflagration the flight of the Americans was detected. Instantly the alarm spread in the British camp, and the troops, roused from slumber, began a pursuit. Burgoyne undertook for his part to follow up the galleys, while Generals Reidesel and Frazer gave chase to St. Clair. Burgoyne had to cut through some heavy booms and a bridge, but, with incredible activity he succeeded in doing this by nine o'clock in the morning, and, dashing through the passage, urged every muscle and nerve to overtake the baggage. By three o'clock he came up with the rear boats near Skeensborough Falls, and attacked them with great fury. At the same time, three English regiments, which had been landed, with orders to turn the Americans at the Falls, appeared in sight; on which the fugitives, abandoning their baggage and setting fire to their batteaux, fell back precipitately to Fort Anne.

The main army under St. Clair fared little better. Aware that he could save his troops only by the rapidity of his flight, that officer pressed forward with such eagerness that, on the night succeeding the evacuation, he was at Castleton, thirty miles from Ticonderoga. The rear guard under Colonels Francis and Warner, rested at Hubbardston, six miles short of that place; and, having been augmented from shore by the van, who, from excessive fatigue, had lagged behind, amounted to a thousand men. This little band, on whom the salvation of the whole army devolved, was assailed at five o'clock on the morning of the 7th, by General Frazer, at the head of eight hundred and fifty veterans. The battle was, for a while, gallantly contested. After several shocks, with alternate success, the British began to give way; but Frazer rallied them anew, and led them to

a furious charge with the bayonet. Before this impetuous assault, the Americans began to shake; and, at this crisis, Riedesel appearing, with a column of fresh grenadiers to reinforce Frazer, the rout was rendered complete. Colonel Francis, with several officers, and two hundred men, were left dead on the field; while Colonel Hall, and seventeen other officers, besides over two hundred men, were taken prisoners. Nearly six hundred are supposed to have been wounded, of whom many died miserably, in the woods, before they could reach the inhabited country. The whole British loss did not exceed one hundred and eighty. At the beginning of the battle there were two regiments of Americans about two miles in the rear of Colonel Francis. These were ordered up to his assistance, but instead of obeying, they fled to Castleton. Had they arrived to his succor, the British would probably have been cut to pieces. It will always be a reflection on St. Clair that he was not present in this action. If Putnam, or Wayne, or any other of the indomitable souls of the Revolution, had been in command of the retreating garrison, there would have been one of the bloodiest frays on that July morning which history records. Compare Putnam retreating from Bunker Hill, or even Stirling, falling back at Long Island, with St. Clair, on this occasion, and how much does the latter suffer by the comparison! Yet St. Clair did not want courage. It was heroic resolution that he required—the determination to die rather than retreat. The spirit of Leonidas was wanting in him!

On receiving intelligence of this defeat, and also of the defeat at Skeensborough, St. Clair hesitated whether to retire to the upper waters of the Connecticut, or fall back upon Fort Edward. The arrival of the remains of the rear-guard, ten days after, at Manchester, where he then was, decided him to adopt the latter course. He reached Fort Edward, on the 12th of July, and found Schuyler already there. Colonel Long, who had commanded the detachment in charge of the batteaux, also succeeded in gaining Fort Edward about this time. At this post the consternation was general, except in the heroic soul of Schuyler. To add to the calamity, the inhabitants of the surrounding region, struck with terror by the retreat of St. Clair, came pouring past the fort on their flight to the lower settlements, having abandoned their houses and crops to the mercy of the foe. At this day we can scarcely comprehend the excitement and alarm of that crisis. Nor was it confined to the immediate vicinity of the invading host. The blow struck on the shores of Lake Champlain, vibrated through the land, from extremity to extremity, communicating a sense of horror to every breast. The shock at once

prostrated St. Clair in the popular estimation. And though a court-martial subsequently exonerated him, declaring, what is true, that he violated no military rule, the verdict of the country has been, from that day to this, unfavorable to the genius and heroism of the beaten General.

Let us not be misunderstood. St. Clair was guilty only of a negative fault. He did not do all that a Ney, or Macdonald would have done: yet he did every thing that military rules required. Napoleon would have condemned him, nevertheless. The popular verdict was more true than that of the court-martial, at least for the purposes of history, which should endeavor to make the hero and not the mere General the standard. St. Clair, however, did not lose the confidence of Washington. A sense of the injustice done the unfortunate General, in imputing treasonable motives to him, had its effect in producing this course on the part of the Commander-in-chief, though, it is beyond a doubt, his opinion of St. Clair's capacity was not as high, after these events, as it had been before. His appointment of this General to the command of the Miami expedition, in 1791, does not disprove this statement: for the post was one to which St. Clair was entitled by seniority; and besides, though not a first-rate officer, he was one of average ability. In short, St. Clair was not equal to Greene as a strategist; and was inferior to Putnam as a leader in battle: yet there is no evidence that he was worse than several other general officers who have escaped opprobrium. And whatever may be thought of his abilities, his patriotism must stand unquestioned.

St. Clair was present at the battle of Brandywine, though he held no command. He was also at Yorktown when Cornwallis surrendered, having arrived a few days before the capitulation. From this place he was despatched with six regiments to the aid of Greene, but the struggle in the Carolinas had terminated before he reached his destination. On the conclusion of peace, St. Clair retired to Pennsylvania, of which state he was elected a member of Congress in 1786. In 1787 he was chosen President of that commonwealth. In 1788 he was appointed Governor of the north-western territory. It thus appears that the obloquy which had, at first, attended the loss of Ticonderoga had gradually subsided, and that his country, sensible of the injustice she had done him, was not unwilling to make some amends. In Pennsylvania, where he was regarded almost as a native-born citizen, he had never been so unpopular as in the more northern states; and he now continued to enjoy the confidence of that commonwealth to a large degree.

St. Clair appeared but once more before the people as a military leader, and on this last occasion failed as fatally as at Ticonderoga, and from similar causes. The Indian depredators on the Miami requiring chastisement, Washington, in 1791, despatched an army to their country. The force was entrusted to St. Clair. On the 1st of September he left Fort Washington, and moving north in the direction of the enemy's territories, had, on the 3rd of November, arrived within fifteen miles of the Indians. During the march, his force had dwindled down, in consequence of desertion and other causes, from two thousand to fourteen hundred men. On the morning of the 3rd, just after parade, the savages made an unexpected assault on St. Clair's army, and, driving in the militia, who were posted in advance, precipitated them, a mass of affrighted fugitives, on the regulars, whom they threw into disorder. The Americans were soon surrounded, and most of their officers and artillerists picked off. The men, now huddled together in confusion, became an easy prey to the bullets of their concealed foe. A terrific slaughter ensued. St. Clair, in vain endeavored to rally his troops, and finally was forced to give the order to retreat. This retrograde movement was soon changed into a flight, the men even casting aside their arms in order to assist their speed; nor did the fugitives pause until, on the evening of that day, they reached Fort Jefferson, thirty miles from the field of battle. In this sanguinary defeat the army of St. Clair lost thirty-eight officers and five hundred and ninety-three soldiers killed; while twenty-one officers and two hundred and forty-two men were wounded. The Indian force was probably from one thousand to fifteen hundred.

This defeat again covered St. Clair with popular odium, which was not lessened by the brilliant victory of Wayne in the succeeding campaign. St. Clair's error appears to have been the same with that of Braddock, a too rigid adherence to military rules unsuited to frontier warfare. An unfortunate disagreement with his second in command contributed also to the disaster. The loss of this battle closed the military career of St. Clair. He was continued in his office of Governor of the north-western territory, however, through the rest of Washington's term, and the succeeding administration of John Adams; but in 1802, was removed by President Jefferson.

He now returned to Ligonier Valley. But he was no longer wealthy. The little property which had remained to him at the close of the Revolution, had now been dissipated, in various vicissitudes of fortune. At one period, prior to his appointment to the north-west territory, he appears to have enjoyed comparative opu-

lence, for a cotemporary describes him as engaged in the business of an auctioneer and living in elegant style in Philadelphia. But this prosperity had long since departed. He was now poor, unpopular, and without influence. He still held some claims against government, and on these he fondly relied as the support of his old age. But the claims were barred by technicalities. At last in despair, he is said to have sought refuge in the family of a widowed daughter, living in a condition of the greatest penury. Relief finally came, though not from his country. It was his adopted state which stepped forward to his aid, and by settling on him an annuity of three hundred dollars, rescued him from positive indigence. Soon after, this annuity was raised to six hundred and fifty dollars.

St. Clair died on the 31st of August, 1818, having survived to the age of eighty-four.

## PHILIP SCHUYLER.

PHILIP Schuyler, a Major-General in the continental army, was born at Albany, in 1733. He was descended from the ancient Dutch family of Schuyler, so conspicuous in the early history of New York. His abilities were rather solid than brilliant. Of great energy, full of resources, industrious, courageous, never yielding to despair, he was capable of great deeds; and, having been in command of the northern department during most of the expedition of Burgoyne, should share, with Gates, the credit of the Saratoga convention. He was a patriot in the highest sense of that term. Possessing a large fortune, he risked it all for his country. Unjustly treated by Congress, he served them notwithstanding their ingratitude. Though of quick

temper, he was magnanimous; and in his whole life was never guilty of a meanness. His social qualities were the delight of his family and friends.

Schuyler received an excellent education, at least for the colonies, and rose to eminence among his young companions, in the study of mathematics. He early turned his attention to military affairs. In 1755, he took part, with the rank of Captain, in the unfortunate expedition against Ticonderoga; and, after the death of Lord Howe, was deputed to attend the corpse back to Albany. He afterwards served as a member of the Provincial Assembly, and made himself conspicuous by his bold and resolute stand in favor of the rights of the colonies. He moved, and carried, after a strong debate, a series of resolutions asserting that the Stamp Act, and others of the oppressive measures of the ministry, were grievances which ought to be redressed. This decided conduct, so early in the struggle, and from a man who had such large hereditary possessions at stake, deserves for the name of Schuyler the lasting gratitude of America. Without him, and Clinton, and Woodhull, New York would probably have been lost to the confederation!

Schuyler was a member of the second Continental Congress, and there formed that intimacy with Washington, which ended only with the death of the latter. When the army was organized with Washington as Commander-in-chief, Schuyler was appointed one of the Major-Generals, and assigned the command of the northern department. In September he was directed to invade Canada. Being, however, seized with illness and incapacitated from exertion in the field, he was forced to return to Albany, when the command devolved upon Montgomery, who gallantly and faithfully executed his trust, until he fell, in the arms of glory, on the fatal plains of Abraham. Having recovered from his indisposition he was ordered to Tryon county, in his native state, to adjust the disturbances existing there. In the depth of winter he marched up the Mohawk, quelled the threatened storm, and established a treaty with the hostile Indians. His powers, both of mind and body, were taxed to their utmost, at this period, by the requirements of Congress; but, having once dedicated himself to his country, he hesitated at no sacrifice of time or health.

To give an idea of the immense labor Schuyler went through, we will state his duties for the space of little over a year. In December, 1775, he was ordered, as we have seen, to disarm the tories of Tryon county; on the 8th of January, 1776, he was directed to have the river St. Lawrence, above and below Quebec, explored; on the 25th, he was commanded to repair Fort Ticonderoga, and

render it defensible; on the 17th of February, he was summoned to take command of the forces, and to conduct the military operations at the city of New York; in March, he was requested to fix his head-quarters at Albany, for the purpose of raising and forwarding supplies to the army in Canada; in June he was called on to hold a conference, and establish a treaty, if possible, with the Six Nations; and immediately afterwards, the last order being countermanded, he was hurried away to Lake Champlain, to build vessels to resist the English armament fitting out at St. Johns. All these manifold duties he could not, of course, have performed under his immediate eye, but he was responsible for the agents he selected, and necessarily compelled to superintend their performances, to a certain degree. Fortunately he was quick and acute in the despatch of business. Congress, knowing this fact, availed themselves largely of his assistance.

Schuyler had been superseded, for a short time, in the command of the northern army, by Gates. When, however, the long threatened invasion by Burgoyne, at last burst, like some huge tempest that had been lowering all day on the horizon, he was again at the head of that department, and prepared to resist the invaders with heroic resolution. Never had there been a more splendid army landed in America than that which accompanied Burgoyne. The British ministry had allowed that General to dictate the number and quality of his own forces, in fact, had surrendered to him the entire supervision of the whole affair. His brilliant reputation promised results the most glorious to England, the most disastrous to America. At the head of ten thousand veteran troops, and with a magnificent train of artillery, while clouds of savages and Canadians hung on his flanks and brought him the earliest intelligence of the movements of his foe, Burgoyne advanced from Canada, like some invincible hero, scattering proclamations full of promises to those who would return to their allegiance, but breathing only vengeance and destruction to those who should dare to oppose his steps. At first, he swept everything before him. The once impregnable fortress of Ticonderoga in vain opposed his progress. The country, which had trusted, perhaps, too securely in its strength, was paralyzed on hearing of its fall, and a general cry of horror rose up, from one end of the continent to the other!

The news of the capture of Ticonderoga reached Schuyler at Stillwater. Pursuing his journey, he heard, on the same day, at Saratoga, of the loss of the stores at Skeensborough. As yet, however, he had received no intelligence of St. Clair. Hurrying forward to Fort Edward, he arrived there just in time to welcome his unfor-

tunate subordinate, who, with troops worn down with fatigue, and himself jaded in mind and body, reached there on the 10th of July. The whole force under Schuyler, even after the junction of St. Clair, amounted to little over four thousand, including the militia. He was in want of every necessary for his soldiers, who themselves were broken down and dispirited. Indeed, when he looked back on the reverses which had attended his command, he could scarcely rally his own spirits; for, in the late actions, the Americans had lost one hundred and twenty-eight pieces of artillery, with a vast quantity of warlike stores, baggage and provisions. But Schuyler did not allow even this consideration to make him despond. He felt that the crisis was one demanding energy, and that, if errors had been committed by others, it was his part to repair them. The enemy still lay at Skeensborough, from which the navigation up Wood Creek was comparatively easy to Fort Anne, within sixteen miles of Fort Edward. Between these two latter places, the country was covered with thick woods, was almost entirely unsettled, and was cut up by creeks and morasses. To retard the progress of his enemy, and thus gain time, was the course adopted by Schuyler; and was the wisest which could have been selected under the circumstances. He despatched parties to impede the navigation of Wood Creek, to break up the bridges, to fell trees across the roads, and to render the ravines everywhere impassable. He also ordered what live stock there was on the route to be driven into Fort Edward. Thus, nothing but a savage wilderness was left for Burgoyne to traverse, rendered more inhospitable and dreary by every device of human ingenuity. As a further resource, Schuyler detached Colonel Warner to hang on the enemy's left flank, and endeavor to raise the militia in that quarter, trusting that the British General would become alarmed for his communications, and weaken his main army by sending back a reinforcement to Ticonderoga.

Meantime, the first stunning blow having passed away, the country began to rally to Schuyler's support. Washington wrote, in the most cheering terms, from his head-quarters. "We should never despair," he said. "Our situation has before been unpromising, and has changed for the better. So, I trust, it will again." He accompanied these expressions by the most energetic efforts to assist the northern army. He ordered a supply of tents to be obtained for Schuyler; he procured artillery and ammunition to be forwarded from Massachusetts; he directed General Lincoln to raise the militia of that commonwealth, and hasten to the aid of Schuyler; and he despatched General Arnold, and also Colonel Morgan, with the latter's celebrated corps of riflemen, in hopes that the presence of

these two gallant officers might re-animate the northern troops. In consequence, appearances at Fort Edward began to assume a more cheerful aspect. The numbers of militia there augmented daily. A large reinforcement of continental troops had hurried up from Peekskill. Every day, however, while these additions to his force were going on, Schuyler had to listen to the doleful tales of the fugitive settlers, who, deserting their houses and farms on the route of Burgoyne, rushed forward to Fort Edward as their only hope of safety. The British General, slowly working his way through the obstacles which had been thrown in his path, was advancing, like some huge serpent toiling at every foot of land over which it dragged its weary body, yet certain of its prey at last.

It was the 30th of July before the enemy reached Fort Edward, and when they arrived, to their chagrin they found it tenantless. Schuyler, not deeming it advisable to wait Burgoyne's approach, had retired over the Hudson to Saratoga: and soon after, continuing his retreat, he fell back to Stillwater, near the mouth of the Mohawk. The country along this route was better populated than above Fort Edward, and universal consternation now spread among the inhabitants. The news of the melancholy tragedy of Miss McCrea had, by this time, spread far and wide, and, exaggerated in all its details, brought mortal terror wherever it was heard. Other atrocities committed by the savages who attended Burgoyne were rehearsed, until the hairs of the listeners stood on end, and the mother, clasping her babe, thought no longer of preserving her once happy home, but only of seeking safety in flight. The massacre at Fort Henry during the last war, was recalled to memory, to increase the dismay and horror of the settlers. A universal affright seized on the inhabitants. The old man grasped his cane, and giving a last look on the home provided for his declining days, took up a long journey for the lower districts: the sturdy father yoked his team, and placing his family in it with a few household goods, shouldered his musket and set forth in the same direction; while the widowed matron, gathering her little ones around her, and looking back, through blinding tears, on the deserted habitation that was the sole support of her children, followed wearily in the track of the other fugitives. In the haste to fly, many left the corn standing in the field, and the grain piled in their barns. Others, with a resolution born of despair, fired their houses and destroyed their crops before beginning their flight, in order that the enemy might derive no assistance from these supplies. Thus, the population, as when the ice breaks up in some vast river, hurried towards the south, until accumulating in one enormous pile,

MASSACRE AT FORT HENRY IN SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN.

it choked up its own passage and remained an impassable barrier for the foe.

But while the whole community was flying before him, and a once smiling country becoming a depopulated waste, Burgoyne was beginning to experience those difficulties which the far-seeing wisdom of Schuyler had prepared for him. The surrounding districts being universally hostile, he was forced to draw all his provisions from Ticonderoga, and accordingly, from the 30th of July to the 15th of August, his time was monopolized in forwarding stores from the lower extremity of Lake George, to the first navigable point on the Hudson, a distance of eighteen miles. The roads were steep, broken and out of repair. Incessant rains fell and added to his difficulties. Scarcely one-third of the horses expected from Canada had arrived. With difficulty so small a number as fifty pair of oxen had been procured. Under all these complicated misfortunes it was found toilsome to supply the army with food from day to day, and utterly impracticable to collect such a store as would furnish a magazine for the campaign. On the 15th of August, Burgoyne had provisions for only four days. Like the man in the fairy tale, he had entered within an enchanted forest, where every step only carried him further from hope, and where the clouds gathered darker and the thunder muttered louder as the day advanced.

In this emergency he determined on an enterprise which he fondly believed would extricate him from his difficulties. At the village of Bennington, about twenty miles east of the Hudson, the Americans

had collected large quantities of live cattle, corn, and other necessaries; and Burgoyne, anticipating an easy conquest, resolved to detach Colonel Baum, with six hundred men, to capture this place and expedite the provisions from there to the royal camp. Baron Riedesel in vain expostulated against this division of the forces, and hinted at the possibility of the expedition being cut off. But Burgoyne saw no alternative. A crisis had come when it was necessary to draw supplies from the surrounding country or retreat. He counted on the bravery of his troops for a certain victory, and believed that such a check would strike terror and insure the neutrality of the inhabitants. Two hundred of Baum's force were dismounted dragoons, who were to obtain horses for themselves during this forage; and, in order to facilitate the operations of the detachment as far as possible, Burgoyne moved down the Hudson and established himself nearly opposite to Saratoga. The result of this expedition was the decisive battle of Bennington, in which Stark, at the head of the New England militia, stormed and carried the entrenchments of Baum, after a terrific contest two hours in duration. A few days afterwards another misfortune befell Burgoyne. This was the defeat of Colonel St. Leger, at Fort Schuyler, on the Mohawk, by which that officer was compelled to retire in confusion to Montreal, instead of advancing in triumph to Albany and there joining Burgoyne, as had been arranged in the original plan of the campaign.

Everything now promised a speedy victory over this proud British army, which, so lately, with the pomp of a conquering host, had darkened the waters of the lake. The measures of Schuyler were beginning to bear their fruit. From all sides the militia, aroused to a sense of the danger, were pouring into the American camp. Already the terror of Burgoyne's name was broken. The fall of Ticonderoga had not been able long to depress the public mind; and on a nearer view of their condition, the neighboring inhabitants began to take courage. To despair had first succeeded hope, and now followed the certainty of success. As the spirits of the Americans rose, those of the enemy fell. The timid, who had lately leaned to the British side, now came out openly in favor of their countrymen; the disaffected, alarmed at the aspect things were assuming, hesitated before they took the irrevocable step; and the open tories, who had been active in assisting the enemy, began to tremble for their families, if not for themselves, and express their anxiety that Clinton, by a bold push up the Hudson, should form a junction with Burgoyne and annihilate at once the hopes of the Americans. Every day added to the embarrassments of the royal army. Every day increased the numbers of Schuyler's force. Like a hive of ants suddenly disturbed

the neighboring population thronged to the scene of strife, until the land, far and near, was in a buzz with the advancing hosts.

But Schuyler was not destined to reap the victory for which he had so laboriously sown. Although not present at the fall of Ticonderoga, as the superior officer he had come in for his share of blame; and in New England especially, where the loss was most keenly felt, the charge of treason was openly whispered against him. Schuyler had never been popular with the troops of Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire; and, perhaps, for reasons similar to those which rendered Putnam unpopular in New York. Local prejudices, at that day, were stronger than at present; and being a New Englander as frequently condemned a man in New York, as being a New Yorker condemned a man in New England. This sectional feeling was the basis of Schuyler's unpopularity. The misfortunes of the earlier part of the summer afforded room for his enemies to dilate on his pretended incapacity; and the current of opinion, especially in the neighboring states, soon set so strongly against him as to render his removal desirable. It often becomes necessary for a government to yield to popular clamor, even when unjust, and the present instance was an example; for it was feared that the New England troops would not rally properly, unless under a favorite leader. Schuyler was accordingly superseded, and Gates appointed in his place. The unfairness of being recalled at this crisis, when victory was certain, was felt acutely by the disgraced General. "It is," he wrote to Washington, "matter of extreme chagrin to me to be deprived of the command at a time when, soon if ever, we shall probably be enabled to face the enemy; when we are on the point of taking ground where they must attack to a disadvantage, should our force be inadequate to facing them in the field; when an opportunity will, in all probability, occur, in which I might evince that I am not what Congress have too plainly insinuated, by taking the command from me." The Commander-in-chief secretly acknowledged the force of these reasons, and saw, with regret, his old and valued friend made an unavoidable sacrifice to local prejudices, for the good of the common cause!

This is the proper place for a remark, forced on us by the circumstances we are considering. It is that the local prejudices of that period have survived in part and that even grave historians now canvass the relative merits of revolutionary Generals from different sections of the union, and the comparative sacrifices made by the various commonwealths in behalf of the common cause. There should be no such jealousies admitted at this day. Let a holy veil hang over the dissensions of the past! Every quarter of the union

furnished its distinguished men for the war of independence. Washington came from Virginia, Putnam from Connecticut, Schuyler and the Clintons from New York, Wayne from Pennsylvania, Marion from South Carolina, and a host of others, less distinguished, because perhaps less favored by circumstances, from the most remote sections of the confederation. In civil talents also the honors were equally divided. The middle states afforded Jay and Morris, the New England states Hancock and Adams, Virginia Jefferson and Henry, South Carolina her immortal Rutledge. Nor can the impartial annalist award to any portion of the country the palm of superior sacrifices in the war. The New England states nominally furnished the most men, but their recruits were generally for nine months; hence, they counted three or four times where the recruits of other states, enlisting for three years, counted once. After the first year of the war, New England was comparatively free from the presence of an enemy, while the middle and southern states were ravaged without intermission. It must be remembered, likewise, that in New York and Pennsylvania the number of loyalists was much greater than in New England, and that consequently the exertions of the patriots in the former states, even if apparently less, were in reality as great as in the more united provinces. There were more large fortunes to be lost in the middle states than in New England, and hence the risk the patriots there ran was relatively greater. In short, it would be invidious to exalt one portion of the confederation at the expense of the other. If Boston was the cradle of the Revolution, Philadelphia was the altar where it was baptised. If, at Lexington the ball of the Revolution was set in motion, at Yorktown it received the stroke that sent it victoriously home.

Though Schuyler, by his removal at this juncture suffered a greater injury than was inflicted on any other individual during the war, he did not allow his exertions in behalf of his country to be affected by it. He was the same noble-hearted patriot, whether in retirement or surrounded by power. On the arrival of Gates, he communicated to his successor all the information he possessed, and placing every paper in his hands, added, "I have done all that could be done as far as the means were in my power, to injure the enemy, and to inspire confidence in the soldiers of our army, and I flatter myself with some success; but the palm of victory is denied me, and it is left to you, General, to reap the fruits of my labors. I will not fail, however, to second your views; and my devotion to my country will cause me with alacrity to obey all your orders." He kept his word, and by his knowledge of the country, and his popularity

among the surrounding inhabitants, was of frequent assistance to Gates. On the 16th of October, less than two months after he was superseded, the whole British army surrendered as prisoners of war. A popular anecdote is told of General Schuyler on this event. Dining with Burgoyne, the captive General apologized to him for having a few days before, burnt the latter's elegant country seat. "Make no excuses, my dear General," was the felicitous reply; "I feel myself more than compensated by the pleasure of meeting you at this table." The courtesy and kindness of heart of Schuyler was evinced, at the same period, by his delicacy towards the Baroness Riedesel, the wife of one of the prisoners.

In the first moments of indignation, after hearing of the loss of Ticonderoga, Congress, by a sweeping resolve, recalled all the Generals of the northern department, and directed an inquiry to be made into their conduct. On the remonstrance of Washington, however, who represented the peril to the service, of a recall of the Generals in this crisis, the intention was, for the present, abandoned. Ultimately it was put in force, as we have seen, against Schuyler. After the surrender of Burgoyne, the misused General was urgent for a court-martial, which was finally granted. By this body he was honorably acquitted. He now sought, and obtained leave to resign his commission. He had long contemplated this measure, and only delayed it until his exculpation; nor, under the circumstances, can we blame his decision. There was no chance of his ever being useful again in a military capacity to his country; for the prejudices against him would forbid his employment in any station worthy his rank. Besides, the crisis of the war was considered past. Yet there was nothing of passionate revenge in this decision of Schuyler; the assistance he rendered Gates proved he was above such littleness. He was still willing to serve his country, though in another capacity. How different this conduct from that of Arnold, who, on far less provocation, became a traitor!

After his retirement from the army, Schuyler entered Congress, where he served during the sessions of 1777 and 1779. He subsequently occupied a seat in the Senate of his native state. In 1789, after the adoption of the federal constitution, he was elected a United States Senator from New York, and in 1797 was re-elected for another term. His health beginning to give way, however, he resigned. He died in November, 1804, a short time after his son-in-law, Alexander Hamilton—an event which is said to have hastened his own death. At the period of his decease he had attained the age of seventy-one.

## JOHN STARK.

TO John Stark of New Hampshire, a Major-General in the continental line, belongs the credit of having been the only man, during the war of independence, who, at the head of a body of militia, stormed and carried entrenchments defended by veteran troops. At Bunker Hill, the British regulars, though assisted by artillery, and exceeding in numbers the Americans, were twice driven back, and would probably have been a third time repulsed, but for the failure of their ammunition; while at Bennington, the

New England militia successfully assaulted works defended by batteries, and utterly defeated one of the finest corps in the army of Burgoyne. Much of the glory of this achievement belongs exclusively to Stark, whose influence over his raw levies was miraculous, and whose skill availed itself of every possible contingency in his favor. In short, the hero of Bennington was one of the ablest military men of the Revolution, and, but for his strong local prejudices and tenacity on the score of rank, would have deserved unqualified praise as a patriot. We do not mean to imply, however, that Stark was not devoted to his country, but only that he gave the preference to that portion of it where he was born and bred: "not that he loved America less, but New England more." Nor can his tenacity on the point of military rank, fairly be reprehended. It is curious to trace the effect of this sentiment on three prominent men of the Revolution. Mercer, in the enthusiasm of his chivalric soul, declared his willingness to fight, even in the most subordinate capacity. Stark, with more of personal feeling, resigned his commission when he found his claims neglected. Arnold, in whom there was an almost total absence of the moral sense, became a traitor, to revenge similar wrongs. In Mercer there was the true heroic metal, an absence of all selfishness: in Stark there was just enough leaven of the baser feeling to reduce his character to the scale of common humanity; in Arnold selfishness triumphed over patriotism, and sunk him below his race, to be execrated as a villain to all time!

Stark was born in Londonderry, New Hampshire, the 28th, of August, 1728. His father was a native of Glasgow, who had emigrated first to Ireland, and afterwards to America. The son grew up athletic and hardy, though with but little education. At the age of twenty-four, while engaged on a hunting expedition, he was made prisoner by the savages. In the perilous situation in which he now found himself, he first displayed those qualities of mind which afterwards rendered him so remarkable. Brave and adventurous, with great insight into character, and a coolness that never deserted him in emergencies, he was always ready to act, and in the wisest way, when others lost all presence of mind. An instance in point soon occurred. He was carried to the Indian village, with a companion taken at the same time, and the young warriors, arming themselves with clubs, and forming a double line, ordered their prisoners to run the customary gauntlet. The companion of Stark suffered a severe beating before he could gain the council house. But when it came to the turn of the latter, suddenly seizing a club from the first warrior, he laid about him right and left, scattering the

young men to the great amusement of the older Indians, and reaching the end of the line almost without receiving a blow. Soon after, he was ordered to hoe corn, when he destroyed the corn and preserved the weeds: and finished by throwing his hoe into the river, and declaring it was a business only fit for squaws, and not for warriors. By this conduct, founded on a profound knowledge of the Indian character, he gained the applause of the savages, and was adopted by them into their tribe. He remained with them for some time, and until ransomed by the colony of Massachusetts. He was afterwards accustomed to declare that he experienced far better treatment during this captivity than it was usual for prisoners of war to receive even among civilized nations.

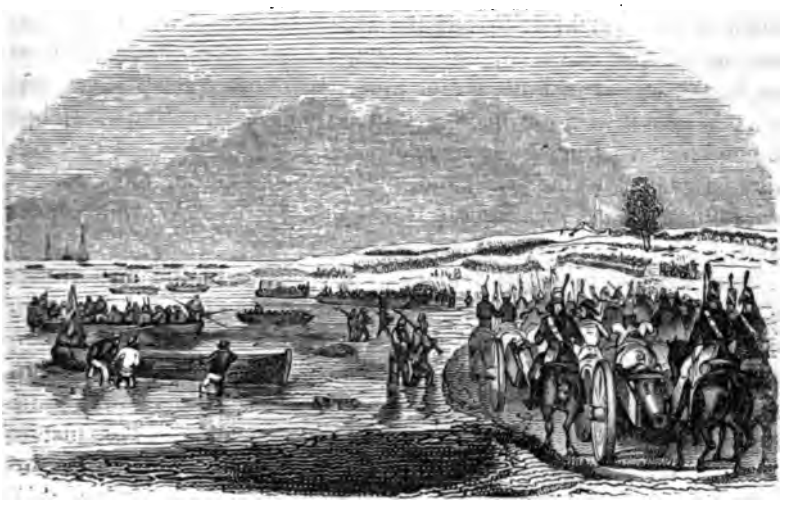
When the French war began, in 1754, Stark, who had already won a high reputation as a scout, obtained the commission of Second Lieutenant in a company of rangers. It is not our purpose to follow him in detail through that contest, though it afforded scope for many gallant deeds, and was the school in which the leaders of the Revolution were very generally trained. We shall merely glance at the prominent events in which Stark took part. The first campaign passed without any transactions of importance. In the succeeding year he was in the desperate fight near Fort Edward, in which Baron Dieskau, the Commander of the French, was mortally wounded. In January, 1757, Stark, with his superior, Major Rogers, and about seventy men, was sent out on a scouting expedition to Lake Champlain, with orders, if possible, to cut off the supplies from Crown Point to Ticonderoga. The party captured a few sleighs between the two forts, but most of the convoy escaped, and the alarm being given, a detachment from the garrison of Ticonderoga arrested the rangers in their retreat. A stubborn and bloody conflict ensued. Major Rogers, who had brought on them the ambush, by refusing Stark's suggestion to return to Fort Edward by a new route, being twice wounded, was about to surrender, but to this his more heroic Lieutenant would not listen, and, by maintaining the fight until dusk, Stark managed to effect his escape. Marching all night through the woods, the little army reached Lake George the next morning; but here, worn out by cold, fatigue, and loss of blood, they gave up the march in despair. Stark alone maintained his spirits, and bore up against physical depression. Accoutring himself with snow shoes, he started for Fort Edward, a distance of forty miles, and arrived there the same evening, an almost incredible feat for one who had fought for most of the preceding day, and marched all of the preceding night. Sleighs were hastily despatched

for the sufferers, who, on the ensuing day, arrived in safety. For his gallantry on this occasion, Stark was rewarded with the rank of Captain. Not long after, by his judicious conduct in refusing liquor to his troops on St. Patrick's day, he saved Fort Edward, in a night attack made by the French garrison of Fort Ticonderoga. His regiment, during this campaign, was ordered to Halifax, but an attack of the small pox prevented him accompanying it.

In the year 1758, occurred the disgraceful repulse of General Abercrombie from before Fort Ticonderoga. The expedition, at first successful, appeared to be attended with misfortunes from the hour of Lord Howe's death, a young nobleman of great promise, and who had rendered himself peculiarly dear to the provincials. He had imbibed a friendship for Stark. The latter supped with him the night before his death, and the conversation turned chiefly on the expected battle, and the mode of attack. It was the duty of the rangers to precede the main army, and drive in the outlying parties of the enemy: and the last observations, at this supper, were on the order given to Stark's regiment, to carry a bridge on their route early the next morning. The bridge was found strongly defended by Canadians and Indians, but, at a vigorous charge, the enemy fled. Lord Howe, marching at the head of his column, came across a part of the advanced guard of the foe, which had lost its way in the forest, and, on the first fire, fell. His loss was so much regretted, that the General Court of Massachusetts appropriated two hundred and fifty pounds to erect a monument for him in Westminster Abbey. Lord Howe was the elder brother of Sir William Howe, and an illegitimate cousin to the King. His untimely fate, though at first deplored, saved him, in the end, from taking up arms against his old companions, during the war of the Revolution.

After this event the army moved towards Ticonderoga, though with such criminal delay, that the enemy had time to entrench themselves behind a breast-work of trees, which the English found impregnable to assault, though they stormed them several times with great fury. On this bloody and disastrous day there fell of the British army six hundred killed, while nearly fifteen hundred were wounded. General Abercrombie now retreated to the south end of Lake George. At the close of the campaign Stark went home on a furlough, and was married to Elizabeth Page. In the spring he returned to the army, now commanded by General Amherst, and was present at the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. His military services in the royal cause may be said to have terminated with this campaign. With other provincial officers, he had become

indignant at the arrogance exhibited by the young Englishmen of the same rank with himself, but of infinitely less experience. He accordingly resigned, but carried with him the esteem of General Amherst, who promised him that he should resume his rank in the army whenever he chose to rejoin it. If the war had continued,



GENERAL ABERCROMBIE'S ARMY CROSSING LAKE GEORGE.

Stark might probably have again engaged in military life; but after the fall of Canada, peace was soon concluded.

In the quiet avocations of private life, Stark employed himself until the breaking out of the war of the Revolution. When that event was rendered inevitable, overtures were made to him by the royal government: but he preferred to embark in behalf of the cause of the colonies. His elder brother, William Stark, was less patriotic, and was rewarded with the rank of Colonel in the British army. On the eve of his departure, the latter strove to persuade his brother John to follow his example; but the appeal was in vain: and the two brothers, who had drawn sustenance from the same maternal breast, parted, never to meet again except in mortal strife. Stark remained at home until the intelligence of the battle of Lexington reached him, when, flinging himself on his horse, he galloped to head quarters, almost without drawing rein. He was immediately appointed Colonel of one of the three regiments raised by the Provincial Congress of New Hampshire. In the skirmish at Noddle's

Island he took an active part. On the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, after General Ward had, at last, consented to reinforce the troops under Prescott, Stark was ordered to march, with the New Hampshire regiments, to the scene of expected strife, which he did leisurely, arriving just in time for the battle, with his men as fresh and eager as if they had not come a mile. His post was at the rail-fence, which extended, it will be remembered, from the road down to the river Mystic; and the fire of his troops was so deadly, that, of the companies opposed to him, a royal officer declared, after the battle, some had but eight or nine, some only three or four men left. When it became necessary to retreat, he drew off his troops in good order. During the siege of Boston, he remained posted with his regiment at Winter Hill, and, on the evacuation of the city, his were among the New England troops that followed Washington to New York.

Stark did not, however, remain to participate in the misfortunes of Long Island, having been detached, in May, to join the American army in Canada. He served with distinction through the northern campaign of that year, after which he was ordered to rejoin Washington, now retreating through the Jerseys. He arrived at the camp of the Commander-in-chief on the 20th of December, 1776, just in time to participate in the victory at Trenton, when he led the vanguard of the right wing, under Sullivan. He was at the battle of Assunpink also, as well as at that of Princeton, remaining with Washington until the latter had established himself in winter quarters at Morristown. During the dark crisis that witnessed these battles, Stark had been of essential service, by inducing the New Hampshire troops, whose terms of service had expired on the 1st of January, to re-enlist for six weeks; and now, when the campaign for the winter was over, and his presence could be spared, he hastened back to his native state in order to recruit the ranks of his regiment. His popularity speedily enabled him to do so with entire success; but having heard of the promotion of some junior officers over his head, he threw up his commission in disgust. The feeling was a natural one, and can scarcely be reprehended, especially as he did not allow it to interfere with the services of his sons in the cause of freedom. He signified, also, his intention to take the field if any emergency should arise in which his country should demand his aid. In this conduct there was perhaps nothing of the self-sacrificing enthusiasm of the true heroic character; but neither was there anything different from what might be expected of even a good patriot, with the ordinary weaknesses of humanity. It is,

perhaps, difficult to decide in cases like that of Stark, between what is due to persona. dignity, and what is due to country.

JOHN LANGDON.

The rapid approach of Burgoyne, however, in the autumn of the same year, brought Stark again into the field. Alarmed at the inroad of the enemy, the inhabitants of the New Hampshire grants declared to the New Hampshire Committee of Safety, that, unless they could receive succor, they should be compelled to abandon the country and seek a refuge east of the Connecticut River. This intelligence aroused the public spirit of New Hampshire. Measures of relief to the inhabitants of the grants were immediately adopted. John Langdon, a merchant of Portsmouth, took the lead in this movement. Finding some members of the Assembly disposed to hesitate, because the public credit was exhausted, and there was no perceptible means of relieving it, he addressed the house in these memorable words: "I have three thousand dollars in hard money; I will

pledge my plate for three thousand more; I have several hogsheads of Tobago rum, which shall be sold for the most it will bring. They are at the service of the state. If we succeed in defending our firesides and homes, I may be remunerated. Our old friend Stark, who so nobly maintained the honor of our state at Bunker Hill, may be safely entrusted with the conduct of the enterprise, and we will check the progress of Burgoyne."

At these noble words there was no longer any despondency. The patriotic enthusiasm of Langdon infused itself into every portion of the house: the militia were called out and formed into two brigades; and a portion of them, being placed under the command of Stark, were ordered to stop the progress of the enemy on the western frontier. Stark accepted this command on condition of not being obliged to join the main army; but allowed to lie on the skirts of the foe, exercise his own discretion as to his movements, and account to none but the authorities of New Hampshire. His terms being acceded to, he marched at once to Manchester, twenty miles to the north of Bennington. Here he was met by General Lincoln, whom Schuyler, then in command of the northern army, had sent to conduct the militia to the Hudson. Stark, however, refused to go, alleging his discretionary powers, and arguing that it was wiser to harass the enemy's rear than to concentrate the whole army in his front. On this, Lincoln applied to Congress, who passed a resolution of censure on Stark's conduct, as destructive of military subordination; at the same time they directed him to conform to the rules which other general officers of the militia were subject to when called out at the expense of the United States.

However prejudicial as an example, Stark's insubordination might be, his determination to harass the enemy's rear was wise, as events soon proved. Burgoyne had already begun to feel the scarcity of provisions. Hoping to supply himself from the surrounding country, he determined to send out a strong foraging party; and for this purpose he despatched Colonel Baum with six hundred men in the direction of Bennington. Stark, who had just arrived at the latter place, hearing of the advance of this expedition, immediately sent out Colonel Gregg to check it, while he proceeded to rally the neighboring militia. The following morning he moved forward to the support of Gregg, whom he met retreating, and the enemy within a mile of him. Stark halted promptly and prepared for battle. But the enemy instead of attacking him, began to entrench himself in a highly favorable position, while an express was hurried off to Burgoyne for reinforcements. Stark, at first, endeavored to draw

the enemy from his ground, but failing in this, fell back about a mile, leaving only a small force to skirmish with the foe. This was done with such success that thirty of the British, with two Indian chiefs, their allies, were killed or wounded, without any loss on the part of the assailants; a happy augury of the more decisive conflict yet to come.

The ensuing day, the 15th of August, 1777, proved rainy, but amid the pelting storm, the enemy worked laboriously on his entrenchments, more and more intimidated by the hostile appearance of the inhabitants. He had chosen his ground with admirable skill. The German troops were posted on a rising ground at a bend of the Wollamsac, a tributary of the Hoosac, and on its northern bank; while a corps of tories was entrenched on the opposite side of the stream, and nearly in front of the German battery. The river wound backwards and forwards several times, before it reached Stark's camp, but was fordable in all places. The militia under Stark, who beheld the enemy entrenching himself more strongly, all through the 15th, began, at last, to grow impatient, particularly a detachment from Berkshire county, headed by their clergyman. These men, towards daylight of the 16th, waited on the General and declared that if he did not lead them to fight, they would never turn out again. "Do you wish to march then," said Stark, "while it is dark and rainy?" "No," replied the clergyman, who was the spokesman. "Then," retorted Stark, "if the Lord should once more give us sunshine, and I do not give you fighting enough, I will never ask you to come again."

It was three o'clock in the afternoon on the 16th, before the weather would permit the attack to be made. The plan of battle, proposed by Stark, and agreed to in a council of war was this. Col. Nichols, with two hundred men, was to assail the rear of the enemy's left; while Colonel Herrick, with three hundred men, was to fall on the rear of their right, the two Colonels to form a junction before beginning the assault. In order to divert the attention of the foe, however, Colonels Hubbard and Stickney were deputed to advance with two hundred men on their right and one hundred in front. Stark himself moved slowly forward in front, until he heard the rattle of Nichols's musketry, when, ordering his men to cheer, he rushed on the tories. The action soon became general on all sides. Neither the Germans nor the loyalists could assist one another, for each had work enough on their own hands. Attacked in front and rear, and with an impetuosity they had little expected, the enemy scarcely knew what to do, yet still fought desperately on. In a few

minutes the struggle had become a general melee. The entrenchments blazed with fire; the shouts of the combatants rose over the roar of the guns; and the colors of the German troops, firmly planted on the battery, floated, for a long time, unharmed. The smoke of battle gradually grew thicker and darker around the scene. The Indian allies of the enemy had fled at the beginning of the battle, disheartened by finding themselves assailed in their rear; but the regulars dauntlessly maintained their ground, meeting the assaults of the Americans with the push of the bayonet, and girdling their little entrenchments with the dead. But if the foe fought bravely, the assailants fought not less so! Hotter and hotter waxed the fight as that summer sun began to decline. The roar of musketry; the shouts of

BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

the excited combatants; the groans and cries of the dying, rose in terrible discord. It seemed as if the elements were joining in the

commotion. To use the words of Stark himself, it was like one continued clap of thunder! At last the tories gave way, and were forced from their breast-work: then, after a desperate, but fruitless charge of their cavalry, totally routed. They fled, leaving their artillery and baggage to the victors.

The militia now dispersed for plunder, when suddenly intelligence was brought to Stark, that a large reinforcement of the British army was advancing, and was within two miles. This force was commanded by Colonel Breyman, and had been sent in reply to Baum's express. The rain of the last two days had delayed its march, opportunely for the Americans. At its approach the fugitives under Baum rallied, and, as most of Stark's men had abandoned him, the victory just gained, for a while seemed about to be snatched from his grasp. But a fresh body of Americans, arriving from Bennington at this crisis, saved the day. Still, the battle was contested until sunset, when the enemy took to flight, leaving Baum mortally wounded on the field. The spoils of victory were four pieces of brass cannon, a quantity of German swords, several hundred stand of arms, eight brass drums, and about seven hundred prisoners. Two hundred and seven of the enemy were found dead on the scene of the struggle; while the loss of the Americans was but thirty killed and forty wounded. The battle of Bennington affords the only instance during the war, in which a body of militia carried entrenchments manned by veteran troops and defended with artillery. The number of the assailants, it is true, considerably exceeded those of the enemy. The victory, notwithstanding, was one of the most wonderful of the war.

Congress on hearing the results of the battle, overlooked the disrespect of Stark, in failing to notify them of the victory, and passed an unanimous vote of thanks to him and to his brave troops; at the same time, with but a single dissenting voice, they raised him to the rank of Brigadier-General in the continental army. Nor was the reward disproportionate to his services. The moral effect of the battle of Bennington was even greater than its physical results. Burgoyne had trusted to Baum's expedition to obtain a supply of provisions, but, in consequence of the defeat, he was forced to wait until supplies could be sent from Ticonderoga. This delayed his progress and afforded time for the Americans to prepare the net in which they afterwards enclosed him. The Baroness Riedesel, wife of one of Burgoyne's Generals, declares that the defeat of Baum "paralyzed at once the operations of the British army." The victory at Bennington, moreover, raised the drooping spirits of the Americans.

Washington had foreseen that this would be the result of any advantage gained over the enemy, however inconsiderable. Writing to Schuyler as early as the 17th of July, and when so many were desponding in consequence of the loss of Ticonderoga, he used these remarkable words: "I trust General Burgoyne's army will meet, sooner or later, an effectual check; and, as I suggested before, that the success he has had will precipitate his ruin. From your accounts, he appears to be pursuing that line of conduct, which, of all others, is most favorable to us. *I mean acting in detachment.* This conduct will certainly give room for enterprise on our part, and expose his parties to great hazard. Could we be so happy as to cut off one of them, though it should not exceed four, five, or six hundred men, it would inspirit the people and do away much of their present anxiety. In such an event they would lose sight of past misfortunes, and urged at the same time by a regard for their own security, they would fly to arms and afford every aid in their power." Memorable and prophetic words!

After the victory of Bennington, Stark proceeded to the American camp, where Gates had been now promoted to the chief command. On the 18th of September, however, the term of Stark's troops expired, and notwithstanding he urged them to re-enlist, they refused, and began their return march. The next day the battle of Saratoga occurred, before Stark, with his militia, had proceeded ten miles. At the sound of the firing, some of the soldiers were for retracing their steps, but the reports ceasing, the whole body continued its homeward journey. Stark, at this time, had not yet heard of his promotion, but the intelligence of it arrived in a few days. He now recruited a considerable force and hastened to place his little army in Burgoyne's rear, contending that, if the militia were but true to themselves, the British General would be forced to surrender at discretion. Gates thought it wiser, however, not to drive his enemy to despair; and accordingly consented to an honorable capitulation.

The campaign being over, Stark returned to his native state, and occupied himself industriously in procuring recruits and supplies for the succeeding year. A short time after he reached home, Congress ordered him to prepare for a winter expedition against Canada. This was the celebrated project, conceived by the Board of War, without the knowledge or advice of Washington, and intended to detach LaFayette from the Commander-in-chief. Stark repaired to Albany, and subsequently visited Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, to forward preparations, but on his return, early in

the succeeding year, 1778, he was assigned the command of the northern department. The duties he was now called on to perform he always spoke of as the most unpleasant of his life. He had a large frontier to protect and but few troops to do it with; while he was surrounded by a sort of licensed tories, "in the midst of spies, peculators and public defaulters. He labored to reform the abuses in the department, and succeeded like most reformers. Those who were detected, cursed him, and their friends complained." In October he was ordered to Rhode Island, a command which he obeyed with alacrity. Here his duty, in connexion with General Gates, was to gain information of the plan of the enemy and guard against invasion. During the winter, he returned, for a short period, to New Hampshire, in order to raise recruits. In the spring, rejoining his post, he was deputed by General Gates to examine the shores of Narragansett Bay on the west side, from Providence to Point Judith, and on the east side, from Providence to Mount Hope. This was a service requiring the utmost vigilance, and a system of constant and perilous espionage on the enemy, then at Newport. Finally, in November, the British left that town, on which Stark immediately took possession.

He was now ordered to Washington's head-quarters in New Jersey; and in the winter again returned to New Hampshire for recruits and supplies. He arrived at West Point, on his return, a few days before the treason of Arnold, and passing on, joined his division at Liberty Pole, New Jersey. He was one of the council of war that tried and condemned Andre. During the autumn, at the head of twenty-five hundred men, and with a large train of wagons and teams, he made a descent towards York Island, pillaging the country of provisions to the very verge of Morrisania and Kingsbridge; the British, suspecting some subtle design to be concealed by his movements, did not interfere. During the winter, Stark was seized with an illness which forced him to apply for leave of absence; but, in the spring of 1781, his health being recruited, he was assigned the command of the northern department for the second time. Unpleasant as the task was, he resolved to do his duty. The country was infested with the same species of spies and traitors who had annoyed him in 1778; and also by *brigands*, or armed bodies of refugees, who plundered at will, and even carried off the inhabitants into Canada as prisoners. Shortly after Stark's arrival, one of these parties was arrested within his lines. The leader produced a commission as a British Lieutenant, but as he had been a refugee from that section, and his practices were known, Stark summoned a board of officers and procured

the condemnation of the man as a spy. The sentence was sternly executed, notwithstanding the excitement it created. The friends and connexions of the sufferer in Albany even applied to Washington, complaining that, being a British officer, his death would be made the subject of retaliation. The Commander-in-chief demanded a copy of the proceedings in the case, which was sent, but here the matter dropped. The effect of Stark's bold conduct, however, was to put a stop to brigandage. From this period to the close of the war nothing of interest in his life remains to be noticed. When peace had been concluded, and the army was about to be disbanded, he exerted his influence, in opposition to the celebrated Newburgh letters, to allay discontent and prevent insubordination.

Stark now retired to his farm, where he lived in quiet and plenty, until the 8th of May, 1822, when he terminated his days at the advanced age of ninety-four. His character we have endeavored to pourtray faithfully in this short memoir. He was a man of strong talents and of a resolute will, though of little mental cultivation, and a hard, unyielding disposition. His manners were frank and open, but eccentric. He was kind but stern in his social relations, and firm, though not chivalric, in his patriotism. His influence over the militia, arising from a keen insight into their character, was, perhaps, superior to that of any other general officer in the Revolution. It is singular that, though participating in so many battles, he was never wounded.

His remains are deposited on a rising ground, near the river Merrimac, visible four or five miles, both up and down the stream. His family has erected a granite obelisk on the spot, with the simple, but all-sufficient inscription, "MAJOR-GENERAL STARK."

## HORATIO GATES.

HE most fortunate, and at the same time unfortunate of the Generals of the Revolution, Horatio Gates, was, like St. Clair, Lee and Conway, a foreigner by birth. Gates was born in England, in the year 1728. He was one of those individuals whom fortune, rather than ability, makes famous. With little original talent, but great self-sufficiency; more of the fine soldier than the true General; elegant but shallow; chivalrous in manner rather than in fact; captious, unjust, stooping to low arts to rise; yet courteous, dignified, honorable according to ordinary standards; a fair tactician, and a brave man; a soldier who

bore misfortune better than success; his character presents itself to the annalist as merely that of a common-place commander, without one atom of the hero in its composition. A train of fortunate circumstances presented victory before him, and though he had the genius to secure it, he had none beyond that. Had he been more self-poised he might have proved a greater man. But, unlike Washington and Greene, success destroyed his equilibrium of mind, and precipitated him into acts of presumptuous folly. His portrait, as seen on the Burgoyne medal, is eminently characteristic. The finely chiselled profile, and graceful flow of the hair, contrasted with the low and retreating forehead, conjure up vividly before the mind the idea of elegant mediocrity!

At a very early age, Gates entered the British army with the commission of an Ensign. He served with credit in this subordinate capacity, gradually rising by honorable promotion. At the siege of Martinico he acted as Aid-de-camp to the British General; and subsequently, about the year 1748, was stationed at Halifax, in Nova Scotia. When the French war broke out in America, he came to this country as a Captain of foot, and was present with the unfortunate Gen. Braddock at the battle of Monongahela. In this action he received a wound which, for some time, unfitted him for service. At the conclusion of peace, in 1763, he settled in Virginia, adopting the life of a planter, and rendering himself popular by his elegant manners, his hospitality, and his general intelligence.

When the difficulties between the colonies and Great Britain began to assume a threatening aspect, Gates embraced the side of his adopted country with enthusiasm. His military reputation, like that of all the retired officers in America, who had served in the royal army, stood very high: nor was this to be wondered at, for, with the exception of a few individuals, who, like Washington, Putnam and Stark, had held commissions in the provincial regiments, the ignorance of military affairs was almost universal. It will be found that a large proportion of the higher posts in the continental line, at its first formation, was given to officers bred in the royal army:—witness Lee, Montgomery, Mercer and St. Clair! In this favored class was Gates, who received the appointment of Adjutant-General, with the rank of Brigadier. He immediately joined the camp at Cambridge. His appointment was, in part, the result of Washington's recommendations. But he had not been long at head-quarters, before he made an application to be received in the line, and being refused, from that hour he became secretly hostile to the Commander-in-chief. With much that was noble and generous in his compo-

sition, Gates mingled a petty jealousy, the consequence of excessive self-conceit, which marred an otherwise chivalrous character, and was the cause of all those subsequent errors that ruined him in the eyes of his cotemporaries, and disgraced him in those of posterity.

In 1777, Gates received the appointment of Commander-in-chief on the northern frontier. This gift he obtained, through favoritism, and at the expense of Schuyler; for even at this early period, Gates was the idol of a faction secretly averse to Washington. The elements of this faction, as revealed by subsequent developments, were of the most opposite and unexpected character. On the one side the patriotic Samuel Adams, misled by the violence of his local feelings, disliked the appointment of Washington, because made at the expense of Massachusetts; on the other, General Mifflin, of Pennsylvania, angry at the refusal of the Commander-in-chief to elevate him and his friend Gates at the expense of others, secretly brooded over revenge. The two, exercising their influence, both in and out of Congress, already raised a powerful faction, the purposes of which, though masked from the public, were well understood among themselves. To depreciate Washington and his friends, while, at the same time, they advanced their own interests, was the aim of this cabal. Nor, for a time, did they despair of success. They seem to have hesitated, at first, between Lee and Gates as a substitute for the Commander-in-chief, but finally, when the former was made prisoner, to have united on the latter. As yet, however, they carefully concealed their designs. When Schuyler fell under censure in the winter of 1777, they adroitly procured the nomination of Gates to his place; but, when Schuyler was proved innocent, they thought it most prudent to consent to his restoration, as they found themselves not yet strong enough to prevent it. Hence, on the fall of Ticonderoga, they seized the occasion to misrepresent Schuyler, and by covering him with odium, procure from Congress the exaltation of their favorite. Accordingly, on the 20th of August, 1777, Gates arrived at the camp at Stillwater, and received the command from the hands of his misused predecessor. There is a dignity in Schuyler's words on this occasion which is touchingly eloquent. After describing the measures he had taken to embarrass Burgoyne, and foretelling the success that would follow them, he remarked, "but the palm of victory is denied me, and it is left to you, General, to reap the fruits of my labors." And from that hour, as we have seen, he continued as unremitting in his exertions as if he was the injurer instead of the injured.

Gates continued at Stillwater, where he daily received reinforce-

ments, until Burgoyne had crossed the Hudson, on the 14th of September, when, advancing about two miles in front of the village, he took possession of Behmis Heights, a range of hills sweeping inland from the river, and presenting a convex front, like a bent bow, towards the enemy. Here he threw up an entrenched camp, extending from a defile on the river Hudson, to a steep height on the west, about three quarters of a mile distant. The main fortifications were at the defile, where Gates commanded the right wing in person. The Massachusetts regiments and a New York regiment under James Livingston, occupied the centre, which was a plain, covered in front, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, by a wooded ravine. The left, composed of Poor's brigade, of Morgan's riflemen, and of a few other regiments, was posted on the heights, and, together with the centre, formed a division under the command of General Arnold. Thus placed, the Americans presented a barrier to Burgoyne, which it was necessary for him to force before he could proceed. But confident of the valor of his veteran troops, the British General did not hesitate. On the morning of the nineteenth of September he formed his army in order of battle. His plan was worthy of his genius. Himself with the centre, and Frazer with the right wing were to make a circuitous route by two different roads, around the left of the Americans, and having attained this point to concentrate their forces and fall headlong on the astonished enemy. Generals Philips and Riedesel, meantime, were to advance slowly along the river road, with the artillery, and within half a mile of the American line, they were to pause and await two signal guns, announcing the attack on the enemy's rear. After this they were to precipitate themselves on the defile and force their way through.

But this plan of attack, so clever in arrangement, was destined to be less happy in its execution. The keen foresight of Arnold detected the manœuvre of Burgoyne, and sending to Gates, he begged for authority to assail the enemy's right in anticipation. That he might do so effectually he solicited reinforcements. But Gates, fearful of an attack himself, refused to weaken his wing, though he gave permission for Arnold to send out Morgan to observe the enemy. Accordingly that officer, with his gallant rifle corps, took a wide circuit on the American left, and soon came unexpectedly on the centre of the British, already nearly in a line with the entrenchments, and rapidly approaching Arnold's rear. A sharp skirmish ensued. At first the British were driven back, but it was only for a moment; soon, like an avalanche they burst on Morgan's little band, crushing it before them. Two officers and twenty privates fell into the hands

of the enemy, a disastrous beginning for the Americans. But Morgan himself escaping, retreated through the woods with the remains of his corps, and being reinforced by Dearborn's light infantry, returned bravely to the conflict. Soon also, the regiments of Scammel and Cilley, composed of the redoubtable sons of New Hampshire, coming up, formed on the left of Morgan, and the whole, stimulating each other with cheers, poured down on the British regiments. Like veteran troops they restrained their fire until close upon the foe. A desperate conflict ensued. Frazer, who had arrived with the right wing to succor Burgoyne, hurled his dauntless grenadiers on the American line, intending to penetrate it: and so terrible was the onset that the troops were checked in full career, the whole front trembling under the shock, like a ship struck by a heavy sea. Opportunely at this moment, Arnold came up in person with reinforcements, and in turn dashed furiously on the foe, cutting his way between the centre and right wing, and thus retaliating the manœuvre of Frazer. Here had now met, for the first time, the Hector and Achilles of the respective armies! At the head of his renowned grenadiers, who never yet had been defeated, Frazer advanced to the charge, proud that he was about to encounter a foe worthy of his fame; while Arnold, waving his sword in the van of his troops, his form towering conspicuous above the billowy smoke, rushed eagerly to the proffered conflict. The shock of the hostile battalions was awful. They reeled, swaying to and fro, and for a few minutes neither gave ground! Sharp and incessant vollies of musketry, fiercer than the most experienced veterans had ever heard, rattled through the woods; while the smoke clung around the trees and hid the combatants from sight. At last the British grenadiers resorted to their bayonets, and then the Americans sullenly fell back.

The course of the battle had now brought the contending armies to the opposite sides of an oblong clearing, right in the heart of the woods. This open space contained about fifteen acres, and measured, perhaps, sixty rods across from east to west. The field sloped gently down towards the south and east. On its north was a thin grove of pines, and on its south a dense wood of oaks. At the upper extremity, sheltered within that open pine grove, were ranged the British ranks, their long line of splendid uniforms relieved by the glittering steel of their muskets, setting the foliage a-blaze with crimson. The Americans were drawn up in the thick forest at the lower end of the clearing, with Arnold at their head. For awhile the two parties stood watching each other. It was a welcome breathing spell for both. The battle had begun at noon, and it was now three in the

afternoon, so that the men were much fatigued, especially those who had been among the first to engage. Yet the deadly animosity of the foes was not lessened. Neither however, seemed eager to attack the other in his stronghold. The British awaited the onset of the Americans—the Americans resolved not to lose the advantage of their position. Thus, like two wary wrestlers about to engage in the ring, each party stood measuring its opponent's thews.

At last the British, with a shout, rushed from their covert, and dashed across the clearing at the Americans. The latter waited until the enemy had half traversed the field, when they threw in a succession of close and withering vollies. The British staggered, and then again advanced. Another volley was now delivered by the Americans, and seeing that the assailants halted in confusion, the soldiers of Arnold sprang from their coverts, and with loud shouts poured down on the foe. The British fled. The Americans pursued. With wild huzzas they drove the British across the field and up to the very edge of the pine wood. But here received by a fire as deadly as their own, they recoiled in turn. Thus fluctuating forwards and backwards, charging up the ascent and driving in confusion down, the Americans, for some time, gained no permanent advantage. As fast as either side left its covert, the vollies of the other side checked it; as fast as the assailing party fell back, the retreating one returned to the charge. But finally the British centre began to give way. At this critical moment, however, when Arnold almost regarded the day as won, a brigade of artillery emerged into the front of the enemy. General Philips, with incredible exertions, had made his way from the plain below through the intervening woods, and the British, elated by this reinforcement, again rallied and drove the Americans a third time across the clearing.

The contest was now renewed more fiercely than ever. The one party was sanguine of success at last; the other was stung to phrenzy by seeing victory snatched from its grasp. The Americans fled to their covert, but here paused, and pouring in two or three destructive vollies, drove the enemy back. At this, Arnold sprang in front, and, calling on his troops to follow, led them, fired with rage and enthusiasm, up to the muzzles of the British cannon. In vain the clearing was swept by incessant discharges of musketry and artillery; on over the open space, on through the groves of pines, on to the very guns of the enemy swept the Americans! The artillerists fled from their pieces or were bayonetted at their post. For a few moments the Americans were again victors. Seizing the ropes they attempted to drag off the cannon; but the exertion

was too great. And now the British, recovering themselves, returned to the charge, and the refluent wave of battle again rolled over the clearing, and lashed the front of the forest in which the fugitives took shelter. Three times the Americans thus dashed at the enemy, drove him from his guns, and remained for a space, masters of the field; three times the British, returning to the strife, succeeded in redeeming their pieces and beating their assailants back. The carnage was meantime appalling. The oldest veterans from the German wars had seen nothing like it. Thirty-six of the forty-eight artillerists had fallen, besides every one of their officers, excepting only Lieutenant Hammond. The clearing was covered with nearly a thousand fallen and slain. Everywhere around, the trees were mangled by cannon balls, while whole limbs, cut off by the shot, frequently obstructed the path.

The sun had now declined towards the west. His almost level beams, breaking through a gap in the woods, made luminous the sulphurous canopy that eddied to and fro over that field of blood, with every fluctuation of the battle. As his setting approached, the strife deepened. The British, rallying all their strength for a last effort, again charged across the clearing; while the Americans, reinforced by a fresh regiment, again repulsed them. Twilight brought no cessation to the struggle. Still the tide of battle surged to and fro over that little enclosure. Still the explosions of artillery, like successive eruptions of a volcano, shook the solid hills. At last darkness fell upon the scene. One by one the different corps ceased fighting. The noise of firing gradually subsided, continuing last on the extreme left of the Americans, where Colonel Jackson, with part of the Massachusetts troops, had penetrated almost to the enemy's rear. Finally the smoke began to lift from the open field, and eddy off, though long after the stars were shining calmly down into the clearing, the vapors still clung around the trees, and hung, like a white shroud over the piles of slain at the edges of the woods. As the evening advanced the whip-poor-will was heard, uttering his plaintive wail unseen; and the British soldiers, to whom the melancholy note was unknown, almost fancied it some sad spirit lamenting the dead.

The British occupied the ground after the battle, and may, therefore, be considered the victors. Yet their triumph was, in effect, a defeat; for Burgoyne had failed in his original design, which was to force the American position. It is plain, from what we have narrated, that much of the glory of the day belonged to Arnold. Gates had scarcely issued an order. In fact, if the earnest messages

of Arnold had been attended to, and suitable reinforcements sent him, there is little doubt but that Burgoyne would have been totally defeated. Gates, however, acted with prudence, for he knew that a strong force was in his front, and to have materially weakened his own position, would probably have invited an assault. He seems to have felt, after the victory, that to Arnold belonged the real glory of the day; but, instead of frankly acknowledging this, he meanly suppressed that General's name altogether in his despatches. The consequence was an open breach between the two officers, who had formerly been warm friends. It is impossible to extenuate the conduct of Gates. It evinced all that jealousy and littleness which is the true test of conscious inferiority. Not all his chivalrous behavior to the unfortunate Burgoyne can make us forget the meanness of his conduct to the heroic Arnold.

The two armies remained watching each other until the 8th of October. On that day Burgoyne, at the head of fifteen hundred

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men, executed a movement on the American left, for the purpose of covering an extensive forage. The result was another collision between the two armies. On this occasion also Arnold was the hero

of the fight. The British were repulsed with terrible slaughter and the loss of most of their artillery. Arnold, following them up in their retreat, stormed them in the entrenchments to which they had fled, and was wounded when riding triumphantly into a sally port. In the night Burgoyne retired to a stronger camp. He next attempted to return to Canada. But Gates judiciously enclosing his rear, and his provisions failing, he capitulated on the 16th of October. By this surrender, more than five thousand prisoners, a park of artillery, seven thousand muskets, with an immense quantity of tents and military stores fell into the hands of the Americans. Nothing could exceed the delicacy with which Burgoyne was treated by his captor. Whatever may have been the faults of Gates, a want of courtesy was not among the number; and his graceful attentions almost made the English General forget his misfortunes. Nor must we be understood as denying to Gates any merit in the capitulation of Saratoga. However little he may have shared personally in the two battles of Behmis' Heights, the skill with which he managed his army, both before and after those contests, deserves high praise. In short, though not a great General, he was a skilful commander.

The conquest of Burgoyne made the partizans of Gates dizzy with exultation. Hitherto the career of Washington had been attended principally by misfortune, the brilliant affairs of Trenton and Princeton forming the only exceptions. He had just lost a battle, by which the capital of the nation fell into the enemy's hands; and though his defeat had been owing to circumstances beyond his control, many were not in a humor to make allowances for this; and the most unfavorable comparisons were, in consequence, drawn by such persons, between him and the conqueror of Saratoga. The faction which had, from the first, secretly opposed his nomination now raised its head openly and prepared to strike. It is impossible to believe that Gates himself was not in the secret of this cabal, or at least a sympathizer in its views, for he neglected to send Washington an account of his victory, but contented himself with reporting to Congress as if he had no superior officer. His neglect to do Arnold justice, and his insolence to the Commander-in-chief, place his character before us, we confess, in a more unfavorable light than it is generally regarded. And how was his conduct to Washington retaliated? When misfortune visited Gates, and a fickle Congress was ready to sacrifice him, the hero stepped in to save the victim, and not only preserved him from wrong, but soothed his injured vanity by the gentlest condolence.

For the capture of Burgoyne, Gates was rewarded by Congress

with a gold medal. A Board of War was also constituted, at the head of which he was placed, with powers that rendered him inde-

MEDAL PRESENTED BY CONGRESS TO GENERAL GATES.

pendent of Washington. This Board now became the scene of the most abominable intrigues, all aimed at the same point, the removal of Washington, and the substitution of Gates in his place. It is supposed that the design of the cabal, which is known in history as the Conway faction, was to continue to annoy the Commander-in-chief, until, in some moment of spleen, he should resign his post. One of the measures adopted to this end, was an expedition against Canada, which the Board resolved upon without consulting Washington. The command of this enterprise was to be given to LaFayette, in hopes to detach him from the General-in-chief. But the plotters soon found that the Marquis was not to be turned from his allegiance, and in consequence the Canadian expedition was abandoned, chiefly because no longer useful in the way desired. The intrigues of the Conway faction were, soon after, discovered by General Cadwalader, who indignantly challenged Conway, and in the duel that followed, gave him a wound which was, at first, supposed mortal. In the near expectation of death, Conway, stung by remorse, addressed a letter to Washington, in which he acknowledged his crime, begged the pardon of that august personage, and declared that, in his eyes, the Commander-in-chief was "the great and good man." Conway subsequently recovered, but did not remain in America. He went to France, where he died. The cabal coming by these means to light,

such was the indignation of the people, and so odious did its very name become, that its members strove to conceal their participation in its intrigues, and, in a great measure, succeeded. The conduct of the people in this affair is a high testimony to their virtue and general accuracy of judgment. They knew that Washington was the man, above all others, to defend their liberties; and knew it, by that instinct, which always guides the mass to the appreciation of the true hero. Defeat and misrepresentation failed utterly to lessen their confidence in him, notwithstanding that many of the ablest minds in the country were shaken in their faith. The result, in the end, proved their superior discernment. We question whether the mass ever mistakes a truly great man. There seems, as it were, an electric sympathy between the soul of the true hero and them, which reveals him to them at once!

On the 13th of June, 1780, after the news of the fall of Charleston, Gates was called to the command of the southern army. This choice was made without consulting Washington, and the sagacious mind of that leader appears to have immediately foreboded the result. Gates hastened to assume his new post. The southern army, at that time, numbered but fifteen hundred men, and was commanded by the Baron de Kalb. It was near Hillsborough, in North Carolina, when overtaken by Gates. That personage reached camp in the highest spirits. He seemed, in the eyes of unprejudiced observers, to regard his name as sufficient alone to paralyze the foe. He began his new career by a fatal blunder. The country in which he was to operate was one especially favorable for cavalry, yet, instead of assisting Colonels Washington and White in recruiting their troops, he cavalierly dismissed both those officers, and set out on his march with only Armand's corps. On the footsteps of this first, he committed another capital error. Two roads lay open to reach the foe; one, the most direct, over a desolate country; the other, more circuitous, through comparatively fertile districts; yet he chose the former. If his army had been composed solely of veterans, long inured to privation, perhaps the shorter road would have been the best. But as all the accessions to his force were of raw troops, he should have taken the longer and more easy route, both that he might have time to discipline them, and that they might be kept in the highest possible condition. Gates appears to have fancied that it was only necessary for him to find the enemy. Of the possibility of defeat he never thought. It had been made a subject of reproach against him by captious critics, that he had starved out Burgoyne, when it would have been as easy to have conquered him outright; and the victor

was resolved not to give occasion again for such strictures. He would, like Cæsar, write "veni, vidi, vici," and then the measure of his glory would be full!

The Baron de Kalb would have been the guardian angel of the inflated General, if the self-sufficiency of the one could have paid even ordinary deference to the grey hairs of the other. The Baron recommended a cautious policy, and was in favor of the more circuitous route. The result verified his predictions. The troops were nearly famished for food; they had scarcely any bread, or even meal; a few cattle, caught wild in the woods, afforded the chief sustenance. Owing to the unwholesome swamps they traversed, as well as to the want of proper nourishment, a train of fatal diseases followed the army, destroying many of the men, and debilitating more. At last Gates reached Clermont, from which place Lord Rawdon withdrew on his approach. It would be unjust not to allow that the American General had displayed the highest energy in the prosecution of his march. He had indeed proved himself above yielding to difficulties. But, at the same time, he had shamefully neglected all precautionary measures. Though joined by numerous bodies of militia, whom his renown brought to his standard, he made scarcely any effort to train them, and left the discipline of the camp to take care of itself. He spared neither the health nor the spirits of his men. In short, he pressed forward as if he had but one object in view, to catch the enemy, if possible, before he could shut himself up in Charleston.

Lord Rawdon had, at first, retired upon Camden. To the vicinity of this place Gates now followed. On his approach, however, Rawdon, instead of retreating further, advanced to Lynch's Creek, about fifteen miles in front; and, for four days, the armies continued watching each other, separated only by this slender stream. At the end of this period, a movement of Gates against the enemy's left, induced Rawdon to retire on Camden once more. Gates, slowly advancing, took post at Rudgely's mill, which the enemy had just abandoned. Here he was joined by General Stevens, at the head of seven hundred Virginia militia; and from this point he detached four hundred regulars to reinforce Sumpter, a fatal error, unless he considered Rawdon sure to retreat before him. If he had been governed by the same sagacious views of the nature of the contest as Lord Cornwallis, he would, instead of weakening his army, have waited until it was strengthened by further reinforcements, satisfied that his enemy, and not himself, would lose by delay. Cornwallis, who had meantime arrived at Camden, saw this, and resolved to

seek Gates, in order to give him instant battle. He had indeed but two thousand men, while the American General had nearly four; but the latter was in the midst of his resources, while the former was far from them. Moreover, the British army was composed chiefly of regulars, that of Gates mostly of militia. Accordingly, on the 16th of August, the British General marched out from Camden. Gates, still confident of success, had left Rudgely's mills the same day, on his way to Saunder's Creek, seven miles from Camden. The two armies, to their mutual surprise, met about one o'clock at night. Each took some prisoners and learned the motives of the other; when, by mutual consent, they drew off and awaited the dawn. At daybreak the battle began. The story of that melancholy day we have already told at sufficient length. Gates, on the eve of the contest, appears to have hesitated for the first time. He called a council of his officers, and desired to know what was best to be done. For some time no one spoke, but finally General Stevens remarked, "that it was now too late to retreat." This was all that was said. The silence continuing, Gates broke up the unsatisfactory council with the words, "then we must fight—gentlemen, please to take your posts."

After a vain attempt to redeem his errors, by rallying the fugitive militia, the defeated commander gave the reins to his horse and galloped from the fatal field. He has been censured for not remaining to share death with the brave de Kalb. But, when Gates left the scene of disaster, he believed the rout final, the thick fog completely concealing from his sight the Maryland and Delaware regiments. Accompanied only by a few friends, the prostrate conqueror fled to Charlotte, eighty miles distant, without dismounting. Soon after he continued his flight to Salisbury, and subsequently to Hillsborough. He left, however, Smallwood and Gist at the former place to collect the dispersed continentals who had survived the fight; for little hope existed of rallying the militia, that species of force always making the best of their way home after a disaster. At Hillsborough, a hundred and eighty miles from the scene of battle, he felt himself in comparative safety. Here, with a resolution that sheds a momentary gleam across his darkening fortunes, he began immediately to collect reinforcements, expressing his determination not to abandon the contest, but return and face the foe. He had partially succeeded in restoring confidence, when, on the 5th of October, he was removed from his command, and an inquiry ordered into his conduct. Congress now called on Washington to nominate his successor. The Commander-in-chief promptly replied by select-

ing General Greene. The new commander as promptly began his journey, and arrived in the camp of Gates on the 2nd of December, where he was received by the fallen General with a dignity and fortitude which extorts admiration. Greene, on his part, with delicate forbearance, paid his predecessor the compliment of continuing his orders of the day.

The reverse of Gates is one of those mysterious events which affect the mind with a profound sense of retributive justice. Great as had been the folly that produced the rout of Camden, his worst enemies could see nothing of criminality in his conduct. His actions had been the result of a mind made dizzy by success; but no worse accusation could be brought against him. Yet, as in his prosperity he had been unjust to others, so, in adversity there were many unjust to him. The wrongs of Arnold were now being fearfully avenged. As he travelled north, on his way to his residence in Virginia, nothing but scowling, or at best gloomy faces welcomed him. The odium of his defeat had gone before him, and rendered even his best friends cold. His reception deeply affected his spirits. He who had once been so cordial in his manners, was now grave and reserved. Notwithstanding his assumption of fortitude in public, in private, it is said, he keenly felt his degradation. At last he reached Richmond. Here the first word of condolence he had received, greeted his welcome ears. The Assembly was then in session, and a committee was appointed to assure the desponding General of "their high regard and esteem, and that their remembrance of his former glorious services was never to be obliterated by any reverse of fortune." Washington also, though so much injured by Gates, extended his sympathy to the unhappy fugitive, and sought, with disinterested kindness, to assuage the sharp pang of misfortune, by compassionately deferring assembling the court of inquiry.

Thus closed the military career of Horatio Gates. In depicting it we have sought to be governed by exact justice. He was, in our opinion, neither a very good nor a very bad man; neither an able General, nor one wholly the reverse. His character suggests no idea so forcibly as that of elegant mediocrity. After the termination of the war he resided in Virginia until 1789, when he manumitted his slaves and removed to New York. He took little part in public affairs. Once, and once only, he emerged from his retirement. This was in 1800, when he served a single term in the Legislature. He died on the 10th of April, 1806, leaving no posterity.

SHIPPEN'S HOUSE WHERE GENERAL ARNOLD WAS MARRIED.

# BENEDICT ARNOLD.

BENEDICT Arnold was the solitary traitor of the Revolution. Yet it has been the fashion of late to extenuate his treason. It is argued that he had great temptations; that his passions were violent; that he was wronged by Congress, in rank, fortune, and good name. But they know little of human nature who suppose criminals are such from mere wantonness only.—Guilt always has a cause. The difference between wickedness and honesty is not that one is tempted, and the other goes free, but that one yields while the other resists. There was more than one officer in the army who suffered as great indig-

nities as Arnold, yet he alone sought revenge in betraying his country. His moral obliquity was the cause of his fall. He, whose romantic courage and intrepidity in the early years of the war, had lifted his name on a pinnacle of glory, suffered himself at last, in the gratification of an unholy hatred, to be hurried into acts which precipitated him from his lofty elevation, and buried him forever in the gulf of the traitor. We never recall the name of Arnold, without thinking of that Lucifer, who, like him, found ruin in his impetuous ambition.

> "So call him now—His former name
> Is heard no more in heaven."

The character of Arnold is no riddle, as many suppose. On the contrary, it is of a very ordinary kind, though not always found in such exaggeration. It united great force with even greater depravity. But the heart of man is his balance-wheel, and if it be wrong, the whole machine runs wild. Arnold had no controlling moral principles. As boy and man he would have his way, reckless of the means, so that he succeeded. Impetuous, daring, energetic, with a will that carried everything before it, yet wholly destitute of principle or honor, he was like some terrible wild beast, let loose to work his pleasure in a crowd, without chain or keeper. If nothing opposed him, all went well: but if his path was crossed, hell itself was roused to his aid. There was something colossal in the energy with which he pursued an object, something awful in his fierceness: like the fabled mammoth, when he advanced he crushed everything mercilessly down. His almost delirious fury on the battle-field of Saratoga is an illustration of this. Raging across the plain, the foe scattering wherever he appeared, what was he even then but the same passionate and headlong man who, when afterwards opposed by Congress, rushed, in a phrenzy of hatred, to avenge himself by bartering his country. Arnold was consistent throughout his whole career. In his boyish pastimes, a heedless bully; in his commercial days, a reckless speculator; was it to be wondered at if, in the higher walks of after life, he played out his part? From first to last he acted without moral restraint. From first to last he had a will to convulse empires. The heroism of Arnold was that of vast physical courage, set in motion and hurried forward by a fiery soul. His treason, on the contrary, was only a new phase of that moral obliquity which had attended him through life. If Arnold's guilt is to be extenuated, it would be a mockery to punish crime!

Benedict Arnold was born at Norwich, Connecticut, on the 3rd

of January, 1740. As a boy he was characterized by cruelty, bad temper, and an indifference to the opinions of others. He would maim young birds in sight of the parents, in order to be amused by the cries of the latter. He scattered broken pieces of glass near the school house door that the children might cut their feet. Conduct like this evinced a greater degree of innate brutality than belongs to boys ordinarily. As he grew up he betrayed dispositions, in other respects, painful to his friends. He ran away and enlisted in the army, but being placed on garrison duty, he found its restraints too great, and deserted. At the age of manhood he began business as a druggist in New Haven. The energy which had always characterized him, being, for a while, confined in a legitimate channel, his profits increased; and finally he added the pursuit of a general merchant to his earlier avocation. He began to trade with the West Indies, and commanded his own vessels. Diverging into speculation, he finished with insolvency. In addition to this, his irascible, impetuous and unprincipled disposition continually plunged him into quarrels, in one of which, while in the West Indies, he fought a duel with a Frenchman. Numerous anecdotes are preserved of this period of his life, but they all resolve themselves into two classes, and either exemplify his energy and daring, or else betray his obliquity of moral purpose.

In 1775, after the battle of Lexington, Arnold marched at the head of sixty men from New Haven to Cambridge. Before setting out, he called on the selectmen for ammunition, but they refused the keys of the magazine, on which Arnold, with characteristic daring, answered that, if the keys were not surrendered, he would break open the doors. When he arrived at head-quarters he proposed to the Massachusetts Committee of Safety the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, and that body adopting his plan, and furnishing him with a Colonel's commission, he hastened forward to his destination. His intention had been to raise recruits in the western part of the state, but on arriving there he heard of the similar project of the committee of the Connecticut Legislature, and instantly pressed forward to Castleton, where the New Hampshire volunteers were, in order to assert his superior right to the command. The friends of Ethan Allen, however, would not serve under Arnold, and in the end the latter consented to waive his claims, and act as a volunteer. He entered the gate of the fort, in the assault, side by side with Allen. Subsequently he captured a royal sloop and some galleys. His conduct throughout was marked by energy, intrepidity and military forecast; but also by arrogance, impetuosity, and an arbitrary

demeanor. Even at this early period, the seeds of his subsequent disgrace were sown. Immediately after the capture of Ticonderoga he produced his commission, and claimed the command of the fort; but as the followers of Allen, as well as the Connecticut Committee still refused his claims, he withdrew sullenly to Crown Point, where he assumed supreme control. His presumption was represented in exaggerated terms to the Massachusetts authorities, who despatched a committee of inquiry to examine his conduct. The indignation of Arnold blazed up at such a procedure, and he angrily resigned his commission. His services had been of value, and, perhaps, were not justly rewarded; but if he had possessed less selfish ambition, he would have been less enraged. The war of independence was not one in which mere personal ends ought to have been sought. Its true heroes were all self-denying men.

In the ensuing autumn Arnold offered to lead an expedition across the wilderness of Maine, in order to penetrate into Canada from an unexpected quarter, and try the effect of a surprise on Quebec. The route was one of incredible difficulty, and had never been travelled except by small parties. But its very dangers recommended it to Arnold: he burned to do something beyond ordinary daring: and, having received the concurrence of Washington, he began his march, on the 16th of September, with about a thousand men. For six weeks the expedition toiled on amid perils and privations that would have disheartened common leaders. Over rugged mountains, through inhospitable forests, and down rivers foaming with terrific cataracts the little army pursued its way, the men often being compelled to carry their boats for miles from portage to portage, and sometimes passing days in succession drenched to the skin by rain. On one occasion several of the batteaux were upset, a large stock of provisions lost, and the crews nearly drowned. In consequence of this accident food became scarce. The troops continually lost themselves, moreover, in the labyrinthine woods. Exhausted with incessant labor, and weak for want of necessary nourishment, many of the men became sick, and were unable to proceed further. The unfortunate sufferers, in such cases, were left in rude huts, composed of the branches of trees, with a companion to tend them, while the rest pressed forward; for to have lingered would have ensured death by starvation. Day after day elapsed, yet the settlements did not appear. The sun rose, after nights of hunger and fever, on another day of toil and privation; and as he mounted to the zenith, the travellers clambered up the lofty trees, and strove to catch a sight of some friendly smoke in that vast wilderness. But noon came,

and night succeeded; and still there was no hope. Another day rose and departed; still no signs of succor! The men dropped along the route, but, remembering that to despair was to perish, rose and struggled on as they best could. Soon the travellers were scattered over a distance of thirty miles. Despair was fast gathering around every heart. In this awful emergency Arnold showed all the qualities of a great leader, by sharing the privations of the lowest, by assisting to draw the batteaux, by hurrying to and fro to cheer the men along that extended line. At last, flinging himself into a light canoe, he embarked on the angry waters of the Chaudiere, and, in three days, after being in continual peril amid its boiling and foaming current, arrived at Sertigan, the first French settlement in Canada. His appearance filled the simple inhabitants with awe. They regarded him and his companions almost as some superior beings, having ever considered the wilderness impassable unless for solitary hunters. Tradition still preserves, in the secluded vallies of that district, the memory of that audacious enterprise, and old men, with grey heads shaking as they rehearse it, tell the miraculous story of the "descent of the Bostonians."

Arnold now despatched succors to the rear, and booths were erected with refreshments, so that the famished members of the expedition, as they came in, might find instant relief. He then proceeded down the river to conciliate the inhabitants. Success crowned his efforts. Too recently conquered to have become reconciled to their yoke, the French inhabitants of Canada welcomed the Americans as deliverers; while the Americans on their part, obeying the instructions of Washington, paid the highest respect to the prejudices of the Canadians and liberally paid for supplies. Having recruited his men by a short delay, Arnold pushed on toward Quebec, hoping to take that city by surprise. But a messenger whom he had despatched in advance to some friends in the town, having proved a traitor and delivered the letters to the Governor, the garrison was found in a state of preparation. Arnold, however, climbed the heights of Abraham and drawing up his troops on the plain, gave three cheers, not in idle bravado as some have supposed, but in hopes to draw the English from their entrenchments. The commander, however, was too prudent to endanger the loss of the place, and obstinately remained within his walls. Arnold now retired to Point aux Trembles, twenty miles above Quebec, where he was soon joined by Montgomery; and the two, uniting their forces, moved down again to renew the attempt. The story of that desperate, but gallant assault, need not be repeated here. It is sufficient

to say that Montgomery fell and Arnold was wounded, while the attack was repulsed with little loss to the besieged. The block-

MONTREAL.

ade of Quebec, however, was continued until May, 1776. During a portion of this period Arnold was Governor of Montreal, whither he retired in sullen disgust at the coldness of General Wooster, who had arrived from the states and superseded him in the command. Gradually the Americans were compelled to relinquish one post after another in Canada, until on the 18th of June, the army permanently abandoned that country. In the retreat, Arnold led the rear, and like Ney in Russia, was the last man to retire. The story of his conduct on this occasion is as picturesque as any in romance. When the army was about to sail for Crown Point, Arnold remained behind to superintend the embarkation. At last every boat had left except his own; he then mounted his horse and attended only by a single Aid-de-camp, rode back two miles, until the advancing legions of the enemy were distinctly visible. Drawing in his rein, he gazed at them for a short time, and, when his curiosity was satisfied, hastened back to St. Johns. The boat was in waiting, and the men anxious to be gone; for already the evening gun of the enemy echoed among the neighboring hills. The horses were stripped and shot, and Arnold, pushing off the boat with his own hands, leaped on board; the men sprang to their oars, and the light craft, skim-

ming rapidly away, was soon lost in the gathering obscurity of the night.

On the news of Arnold's gallant behavior at Quebec, Congress had appointed him a Brigadier. This new rank opened to his ambitious soul a wider career of glory; but the higher he soared, the loftier grew his aspirations, and the prouder his daring! On the retreat of the army to Ticonderoga, he was appointed to command a small fleet on Lake Champlain, destined to harass, and, if possible, baffle the approach of the British, who, in numerous galleys, were preparing to advance down the lake. A better choice of a leader for this little navy, could not have been made. Arnold's voyages to the West Indies had given him a sufficient knowledge of maritine affairs to answer his present purpose, and besides, the smallness of the vessels would render the combats rather like the hand to hand conflicts of knightly times than the sea-fights of modern warfare. Perhaps, no man ever lived more fitted to distinguish himself in such melees than Benedict Arnold. It was not long before he heard of the presence of an English fleet in the lake, and sallying out boldly, although he knew the enemy to be superior, he soon became engaged in a desperate strife. His own force consisted of three schooners, two sloops, three galleys and eight gondolas; the enemy had one three-masted vessel, two schooners, a radeau, one gondola, and twenty gun-boats. For some hours the battle raged furiously notwithstanding the vast disproportion of numbers, for the wind not allowing all the vessels on either side to be engaged, the Americans had even a smaller relative force in battle than that enumerated above. During the action Arnold was the chief stay of his little fleet. He pointed almost every gun that was fired from his galley, and stimulated his crew by a constant exposure of his person. Both his own vessel and that of his second in command were terribly shattered. The number of killed and wounded was enormous, considering the small force engaged. Every officer on board of one of the gondolas, except the captain, was killed, and another gondola sank soon after the conflict.

Night now fell around the scene of strife, and the smoke which had lain packed upon the water, gradually eddied off and thinned imperceptibly away. But no stars were in the cloudy sky. This was, however, a fortunate circumstance for Arnold, as it enabled him to put in execution a design which the ruined condition of his fleet and the disparity of his forces rendered inevitable. This was to return to Crown Point. But as the enemy had anchored their vessels in a line from shore to shore in order to prevent his retreat, the

manœuvre would, perhaps, have been impossible but for the favoring obscurity of the night. A breeze from the north springing up, the crippled navy got under weigh. Arnold, as usual, brought up the rear. Not a sound was heard except the ripple of the water under the galley's stern, and the sough of the wind among the pine trees on the shore, as this gallant craft, bringing up the line, stood boldly on between the two principal vessels of the foe. Even the tread of the sentry on board the British ships could be distinguished. At last the gauntlet was safely run, and spreading all sail, the fleet sped swiftly up the lake. But when it had proceeded about twelve miles it was forced to come to anchor in order to stop leaks, and before it was ready to advance again, the wind died away and then came out baffling from the south. The ships could not all sail alike, and some necessarily fell behind. By the second morning after the battle, the pursuing enemy overtook the rear of the fugitives. A fresh conflict ensued. The force of the British was so overpowering that soon the galley of Arnold was the only one that had not surrendered. For four hours, a ship of eighteen guns, a schooner of fourteen, and another of twelve, poured a concentric fire on his solitary craft; and for four hours Arnold returned the unequal cannonade, the crater, as it were, of a blazing volcano. At last his vessel, reduced almost to a wreck, was surrounded by seven hostile sail. In this situation, Arnold ran his galley with the four gondolas ashore in a small stream near the scene of conflict, and setting fire to them, ordered the marines to leap out, wade to land and line the bank in order to keep off the enemy. The order was faithfully executed. Arnold remained alone on board until sure that the flames could not be extinguished, then, leaving the flags flying in defiance, he sprang into the water and marched sword in hand to shore.

This series of brilliant deeds gave Arnold an unequalled popularity with the people. His name was on every tongue. The distant vallies of Pennsylvania as well as the villages of his native New England, rung with plaudits; and a hundred anecdotes were passed from tongue to tongue, of his sufferings in the wilderness, of his dauntlessness at Quebec, of his dazzling heroism on Lake Champlain. Men said that what others dared to propose he dared to execute: that there was nothing he would not attempt, and few things he could not achieve. Where the strife raged fiercest, there, they declared, his sword flamed highest, as of old the white plume of Henry of Navarre danced on the surge of battle. Arnold knew that this was his reputation; but he knew also that many envied him. There were numerous officers in the army who were as selfish as himself

but had none of his impetuous bravery; and these, with their friends in and out of Congress, waited only an opportunity to injure him. It was not long wanting. Even before the naval battle of Lake Champlain, a complaint had been made against Arnold in reference to some goods which he had carried off from Montreal in his official capacity, and though, perhaps, there was nothing criminal in his conduct, it was sufficiently irregular to afford a handle for his enemies. Unfortunately neither Arnold's former character as a merchant, nor his present reputation in monied transactions were of a kind to discountenance such a charge, but rather tended to confirm it. In addition to this, his haughty and arrogant demeanor had rendered him disagreeable to his military associates; and these latter, by their letters to members of Congress, spread the same dislike to Arnold abroad which existed in the camp. The consequence was that, when a new list of Major-Generals was made out, Arnold was neglected and younger officers appointed in his stead. A case is half lost already when the prejudices of the public are enlisted against either party. Arnold was in this unfortunate situation. Nor was he a man who, when he found the current setting against him, would endeavor to conciliate his enemies or the public; but on the contrary, carrying his impetuosity in battle into private life, he strove to force his antagonists into submission. This was the course he now adopted. At once he called in the public as his arbiters, and complained to them of his services and his neglect. This defiant conduct, as might have been expected, only increased the virulence of his enemies. He lost his temper too, in all such controversies; and the more he was wronged, the angrier he recriminated. Instead of waiting prudently until the sense of the people should compel his enemies to do him justice, he stormed against Congress with a violence amounting almost to insanity, and which disgusted even his friends. Instead of imitating the example of Schuyler, who, when superseded in the moment of victory, stifled his resentment and patriotically assisted Gates, Arnold, when overlooked in the promotions, dinned into the ears of the nation his selfish complaints, and exposed his wounds ostentatiously to the public gaze, like a ragged mendicant on the highway.

Washington was the only man that could control this haughty and imprudent spirit. He understood perfectly the fiery impetuosity of Arnold, and if he misjudged him at all it was in charitably estimating his moral character too favorably. He gave wise counsel to the irritated General in this emergency—counsel which, if always followed by Arnold, would have saved his name from future infamy,

And, for a while, Arnold listened to Washington, and obeyed his better angel. The Commander-in-chief now took up his part, and wrote to Congress in relation to the affair; and Arnold himself, about this time having gallantly repulsed a predatory incursion of the British in Connecticut, that body, at last, listened to his claims and elevated him to the rank of Major-General. He was not, however, placed above the juniors of whose promotion he had been complaining, and the guerdon accordingly, as it fell short of his wishes, was received with angry reproaches. Indeed, to a nature like Arnold's, this half reluctant and incomplete justice was a source of constant irritation: it worked like a thorn in his soul, continually festering, and from that day to the hour of his suicidal ruin, it kept him in a state of morbid excitement, which first hurried him on, a madman, to Behmis' Heights, and afterwards precipitated him, a traitor, into infamy and ruin. Yet we do not urge these things as a defence of his conduct. Had not a mere selfish ambition actuated him, he would never had betrayed his country for robbing him of rank. We only analyze his character.

Another difficulty, meantime, arose between him and Congress. By the peculiarity of his situation, during the two last campaigns, he had been compelled to act not only in the capacity of commander, but of Commissary and Paymaster also. He now presented his accounts for settlement, and claimed a large balance in his favor. As it was known that he entered the service poor, men asked how he came to accumulate such a sum. On examining his statement it was found to contain several extravagant charges in his own behalf, some of them of a dubious character, and others clearly unreasonable. The authorities naturally hesitated to settle such accounts. His enemies in Congress openly charged him with endeavoring to swindle the public, nor could his friends consistently defend conduct so evidently wrong. At last, finding the committee not disposed to make a report in his favor, and discovering that the friends of the other Major-Generals were too strong for him to attain the rank he desired, in a fit of impetuous anger he sent in his resignation, declaring that he was driven to do this by a sense of the injustice he had suffered, and averring that "honor was a sacrifice no man ought to make." But he had scarcely despatched the document when intelligence of the fall of Ticonderoga was received, and immediately after Washington wrote to Congress, recommending that Arnold should be sent to the northern army. "He is active, judicious and brave," said the Commander-in-chief, "and an officer in whom the militia will repose great confidence." The offer of the appoint-

ment conciliated Arnold. He declared that he would go at once to Schuyler's army and trust to the justice of Congress for his reparation.

He reached the northern army a few days before the evacuation of Fort Edward, and while there heard that Congress had finally disallowed his claim to be advanced over the other Major-Generals. He again determined to resign, but was prevented by the counsels of Schuyler. When the army fell back to Stillwater, intelligence arrived of the sanguinary battle of Oriskany, in which General Herkimer had lost his life; and Arnold promptly volunteered to lead an expedition to the relief of Fort Leger, now blockaded by the victorious foe. A stratagem played off by Arnold led the enemy to suppose that his force was far greater than it was; and the British, without waiting for a conflict retreated in confusion. After an absence of twenty days Arnold returned to camp. He found the army, under the command of Gates, had retreated and taken post just above the confluence of the Mohawk and Hudson; but a few days after, the enemy still occupying Saratoga, the Americans retraced their steps and occupied Behmis' Heights. A week subsequently the battle of Stillwater was fought. This action lasted from noon until night and was contested chiefly by Arnold's division.

Directly after the battle, Gates withdrew a part of Arnold's division, without the latter's knowledge. At this Arnold was extremely indignant, as it placed him in the light, he said, of presuming to give orders which were contravened by the general orders of the Commander-in-chief. In his despatches respecting the battle of Stillwater, Gates had overlooked Arnold's division altogether, merely stating that the struggle was carried on by detachments from the army. At this, too, Arnold was justly indignant. "Had my division behaved ill," he said, "the other division of the army would have thought it extremely hard to have been amenable for their conduct." An angry altercation ensued between the two Generals. Gates insinuated that, on Lincoln's arrival, he should take away Arnold's division from him. Arnold demanded a pass for himself and suite to join Washington. Gates haughtily complied with the request. But Arnold, on reconsideration, thinking he would hazard his reputation by a departure on the eve of battle, remained, though stripped of his command, without any employment in camp, and in open hostility with the General-in-chief. The censure of this affair must be equally divided between Gates and Arnold. The former was arrogant and tyrannical; the latter insolent and presuming. The one was jealous of the glory won by his subordinates; the other not unwilling to supplant his superior in renown.

The quarrel remained in this condition when the second battle of Behmis' Heights occurred, on the 7th of October, 1777. The action was begun by a detachment, fifteen hundred strong, headed by Burgoyne in person, directed against the left of the American position. Gates instantly determined to cut this force off from the main body, and accordingly hurled his masses against its left; while a strong body of troops was despatched to get into its rear. An attack was also made on the British right, so that the conflict now became general along the whole line. As Arnold had no command, he remained chafing in his own tent, but when the roar of battle increased, unable to endure the inaction longer, he rushed out, and mounting a borrowed charger, rode, for some time in excitement around the camp, and then galloped to the field without orders. The animal he rode was a beautiful Spanish mare, celebrated for her fleetness of foot, and all eyes in the camp were soon turned on the spirited steed and its rider as they scoured the distance between the lines and the army. The instant Gates recognized Arnold, he turned angrily to Major Armstrong and commanded him to bring the fugitive General back. But Arnold, divining his message, would not allow Armstrong to overtake him. Dashing into the hottest of the fight whenever his pursuer approached, he lost himself amid the smoke, until at last the latter abandoned the erratic chase in despair. Arnold now had the field before him. He was without orders, the officer of highest rank in the action. Plunging hither and thither through the apparently involved strife, issuing directions for which his former renown as well as his rank ensured obedience, he became from that moment the master spirit of the fight. The most wonderful accounts are handed down, by tradition, of his intrepidity. The prodigies of valor he performed surpass the boundaries of romance. A recklessness allied to phrenzy seemed to have possessed him, and he hurled himself continually on the solid masses of the foe, scattering terror and confusion wherever he came.

His example was contagious. Storming over the field like a whirlwind, he swept his men with him wherever he went, here rending and splitting the ranks of the enemy, there dashing them headlong before his track. It is said, by some, that he was intoxicated, by others that he acted under the influence of opium. But it was not so. Passions wrought to their highest pitch by his late quarrel, ambition fearing a fall, rage seeking an outlet, revenge burning for distinction, all these feelings, flaming in his bosom at once, fired him to a madness that surpassed that of any physical excitement, and

the tempest of the elements. In this phrenzy he did acts of which afterwards he had no recollection. An officer hesitating to obey his orders, he struck the man over the head with his sword; yet, the next day Arnold had forgotten it. On one occasion, having to cross

ARNOLD AT BEMMIS' HEIGHTS.

the field, he wheeled his steed in front of his own men, and dashed down the whole length of the line, opposed to both fires. Galloping to and fro, his voice rising above the shattering noise of battle, he stimulated to great deeds wherever he came. As the British, finding their retreat about to be cut off, began to retire, Arnold came up at the head of three regiments, and fell, like a thunderbolt, on their line. Recoiling before this fierce onset, the enemy strove no longer to keep his ground, but only to reach his camp before the pursuing Americans; while Arnold cheering his men by words and by the most heroic exposure of his person, raged furiously in his rear.

At last Burgoyne gained his entrenchments; but even here he was not safe! Arnold came foaming on, and soon reaching the foot of the lines, lashed them incessantly. Night gradually fell, yet still the assault continued. In vain the British swept his ranks with musketry and grape; in vain a thousand bayonets bristled above the works; still waving his sword at the head of his troops, and exciting them with enthusiastic appeals, he led them up to the very mouth of the artillery, drove back the appalled defenders, and was entering the sally-port, when a grape shot shattered his leg, and killing his horse under him, he fell helpless to the ground.

But he had conquered. He had made himself the hero of the day. Wounded, but exulting he was borne from the field; and soon after the attack closed on all sides, for with his departure the master-spirit had vanished. Darkness fell upon the scene; the smoke gradually lifting from the field, slowly eddied away; but in the dim obscurity, only an undistinguishable mass of broken artillery wagons, shattered carriages and heaps of dead were discernible. But, it was known that the enemy were everywhere driven back; and far over the valley lights were seen, which told that the Americans were established in the Hessian camp. As the wounded hero lay on his couch, news was brought him that the army attributed to him the chief glory of the day. The welcome intelligence compensated him for his suffering. His proud soul swelled with the thought that though deprived of his command and sought to be disgraced by his superior, he had plucked the laurels from the brow of Gates; and, in the sanguine exhilaration of the hour, he looked forward to a long career of glory and to a triumph over all his enemies, as galling to them as it would be delicious to himself. Nor was he disappointed, at least in a part of his expectations. Congress, on receiving intelligence of the battle of Behmis' Heights, immediately elevated Arnold to his long desired rank. Felicitations poured in on him from every quarter. At Albany, whither he had retired in consequence of his wound, he became an object of universal interest. Burgoyne, after the capitulation, personally complimented him on his intrepidity. In short, he was now at the zenith of his dazzling career—the wonder and applause of his countrymen; but alas! the star that blazed so brilliantly was only a false meteor, which already began to dim, and which was destined, amid gloom and tempest, to grow darker and darker to the close!

His wound proving tedious and unfitting him for service, Arnold, after the recovery of Philadelphia, was assigned the command of that place. His duties were never exactly defined, and his interfer-

ence soon offended the authorities of Pennsylvania, the result of which was another of those unfortunate quarrels in which Arnold continued to be involved, from the beginning to the close of his military career. His enemies charged him with extortion, oppression, and applying the public money to his own use; he retorted in his old manner, impetuously and defyingly, appealing to his services as a defence. It is not our purpose to dig up and expose, from the grave of buried animosities, the unhappy bickerings, and more unhappy recriminations of that controversy. Our present aim requires only that we should state accurately the amount of Arnold's guilt. This extended to imprudence, but scarcely to crime. However, his old enemies had never been conciliated, and these now joining their outcries to his new ones, both together produced an uproar against which even Arnold could make no head, notwithstanding the brilliancy of his reputation. He became excessively unpopular in Philadelphia. At last the state authorities exhibited charges against him for pretended oppressive and illegal acts; and, in the end, a military tribunal was appointed to examine and adjudicate on the case. His trial began in June, 1779, but, owing to the movements of the army, it was not concluded until January, 1780. To the astonishment of Arnold it ended in his conviction on two of the charges. He was not found guilty of any criminality, however, but of imprudent and improper conduct for one in his high station. He was sentenced to be reprimanded by Washington.

Simultaneously with the progress of this quarrel, Arnold had been engaged in endeavoring to obtain a settlement of his accounts with Congress. The old difficulties, however, interposed. In the end, Congress agreed to allow him about half of his claims, but intimated that he was then receiving more than he had any right to expect. At this, his resentment broke forth into the most violent invectives against the injustice of that body. In public and private he declaimed of the ingratitude of his country. There is no doubt that Congress was torn by factions, and that many members opposed Arnold from improper motives; but there is as little doubt that, in his accounts, he was endeavoring to plunder his country. Even had he been perfectly innocent, however, the injustice of others would have been no defence of his subsequent conduct. But Arnold was not one to reason thus. His character was such that he often fancied himself injured when he was not; and when he fancied himself injured, his first thought was of revenge. To gain this he was willing to sacrifice everything—honor, a good name, his home, his country. He had long nursed this foul sentiment secretly in his bosom, and had

even taken some steps to carry it into execution, with the intention of pursuing or abandoning it as circumstances should recommend; but now, when Congress gave this implicit censure in their report, and afterwards approved the sentence of the court martial by which he was subjected to the ignominy of a reprimand, he resolved to adopt the measure he had as yet only vaguely conceived. Another circumstance contributed to hasten this resolution, which we must present, before a just estimate of his character can be formed.

On his arrival at Philadelphia, Arnold had given way to the natural selfishness and vanity of his soul, by adopting a style of the most ostentatious living, and one little in consonance with his comparatively narrow means. He leased the house of Governor Penn, drove a carriage and four, gave splendid entertainments, and, in every way, sought to vie with the wealthiest inhabitants of the place. He formed an attachment for Miss Shippen, a young lady of great beauty, whose connexions and sympathies were chiefly with the loyalists, and who had herself been an admired belle in the circle of the British officers during their late occupation of the city. The society into which this marriage threw him, increased the suspicion into which Arnold fell. Neither did it diminish his expensive habits. He soon began to feel the necessity of recruiting his finances. For this purpose he embarked in privateering, but met with no success. He wrote to Washington, proposing to take the command of the navy; but as he received no encouragement, he abandoned his project. He then waited on the Chevalier de la Luzerne, Ambassador from the Court of France, and proposed to that gentleman to advance him a loan from the Court of Versailles; but the Chevalier, who felt an interest in so brave a man, kindly represented that any such loan would be considered by his enemies, in the light of a bribe, and to Arnold's chagrin, declined it. Thus, impelled at once by his necessities, and by the desire for revenge, he resolved to consummate the treason he had long projected.

Even before the period when the court of inquiry was first ordered on his conduct, so early indeed as the spring of 1779, Arnold had opened a secret correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, under the assumed character of a merchant, adopting the fictitious name of Anderson. Clinton at once suspected, from the contents of the letters, that his correspondent was a man of rank in the American army; and giving the epistles into the hand of Major Andre, his protegee, directed him to answer them. Andre replied over the signature of Gustavus. The correspondence was continued, without Clinton discovering the name of the traitor, until the trial of Arnold,

when the British General became convinced, by a combination of various circumstances, that this was the man. When, therefore, shortly after, the command of West Point was given to Arnold, and Clinton received a letter from the pretended Anderson, stating that he was now in a situation to render a vast service to the royal cause, but wished to have a private interview with some responsible officer, in order to adjust the terms, the British General felt justified in deputing Major Andre, we may suppose with ample powers, to meet this secret friend, and, if he should prove to be Arnold, to promise everything in order to obtain possession of West Point.

For that fortress, in consequence of being the depot where the stores were deposited, which had been collected in view of the projected attack on New York, was now a prize of the highest value to Clinton, since its capture would at once derange the plans of the enemy, and break up altogether the approaching campaign. Nor had Arnold obtained the command of this post without much finesse. Indeed, from the hour when he resolved on his treason, he began to display a subtlety, little of which had been evinced in his former life, and which would have been thought incompatible with his impetuosity. Instead of openly asking for the command, he approached his object by tortuous steps, procuring others to suggest him for it, and then merely hinting to Washington its fitness for him, in consequence of his wounded leg, which had not yet grown strong. Once in possession of the place he became urgent, as we have seen, for an interview with some responsible British officer. He himself suggested Andre as a proper person. That gallant officer, on being applied to, accepted the task, though unwillingly.

What took place at the interview that followed is a secret which descended to the grave with its guilty perpetrators. Nor are the results known, except so far as they were betrayed by the papers found in Andre's boots, at the time of his capture. But from these it would appear that Sir Henry Clinton, on an appointed day, was to have advanced up the Hudson with the flower of his army, and that Arnold was to have placed the garrison of West Point in such situations that the place would have fallen an easy prey to the enemy. Andre was to have led one of the columns, and to have been rewarded, in case of success, with the rank of Brigadier. What was to have been the compensation of Arnold, in the event of this triumph, we have no means of determining, though, from the letters of Clinton to the British Ministry, it is evident that no price was considered too great to secure the possession of West Point. Fortunately, the plot failed. In the very moment of apparent success,

when the arch conspirator was already counting his gains, the unexpected arrest of Andre frustrated the whole treason, and brought ruin on its plotters. Yet fate most unequally awarded the penalties Andre, the accomplished, gallant, noble-hearted gentleman, the pride of the British army, and the stay of his widowed mother and of his sisters, died a felon's death; while Arnold, the mercenary patriot,

HEAD-QUARTERS AT TAPPAN.

the unprincipled man, the officer without honor, the heart black with base revenge, escaped by a combination of the most fortuitous circumstances, and died, at last, in his bed. But time has, in part, made amends for this apparent injustice. The story of Andre is now never told without a tear; while the treason of Arnold is always heard with execrations. The one, exhumed from his humble grave on the Hudson, lies in the stately shades of Westminster Abbey, and, of all the heroes, and sages, and poets there, attracts the first attention: the other, buried in his obscure grave, without a monument to mark the spot, survives only as a lesson to our children, as a hissing and reproach among nations.

We have not, it will be seen, followed the episode of Andre into its details. The narrative is familiar to all. But we have endeavored to do what is more to our purpose, to analyze the causes of Arnold's treason. We have traced, step by step, the growth of that dark design in his unprincipled, selfish, and revengeful bosom; and have successfully proved, we think, that the sequence was a natural one,

under the circumstances, to a mind like his. There was no monstrosity in the wickedness of Arnold. He was not, as the early writers loved to paint him, a fiend in human shape. On the contrary, he was just such a person as hundreds might become, if they should cast aside the restraints of virtue. He was only a bad man, whose violent passions, uncontrolled by moral principles, seduced him insensibly to his ruin. He was brave, it is true, even to heroism; but this, rightly considered, is no extenuation of his crime: on the contrary, it awakens indignation, perhaps mingled a little with regret, that one who might have served his country so effectually, chose rather to serve her foes. Men of Arnold's character continually cross the path of those conversant with criminal courts; men of high animal courage, but low in the scale of morals; men who are burglars, or highwaymen, or murderers, as the circumstances may demand. It was his fortune to move in a higher sphere only: had his situation been different his fate might have been theirs. We are not of those who think he ever could have been a permanent ornament to his country. Had his grievances been even less, or had they been none at all, he would, sooner or later, have become a dangerous man in consequence of his depravity of principle. "Can the leopard change his spots, or the Ethiopian his skin?" In a word, Arnold had half the elements of a hero, and half the elements of a villain; but the villain triumphed over the hero.

The events of the traitor's subsequent career may be told in a few words. On his flight to New York, he was appointed a Colonel in the British army with the brevet of a Brigadier. He immediately began to raise a regiment of loyalists and renegades, and published an address to the Americans, inviting them to return to their allegiance. His proclamation was treated with scorn; and, with all his efforts, his regiment filled up but slowly. Eager to display his zeal for the royal cause, he solicited active employment, and was sent on an expedition against Virginia, where his atrocities will be long remembered. He did not succeed, however, in gaining the confidence of his new employers; for Clinton, when he assigned him this command, attached Colonels Dundas and Simcoe to the expedition, and ordered them secretly to watch Arnold; and subsequently, when Cornwallis arrived in Virginia, one of his first acts was to banish the traitor from head-quarters. The antipathy to him in the British army was so great that, finding he could get no respectable officers to serve under him, he sailed for Europe before the war closed. None of his acts in America, after his treason, reflect the slightest credit on

him; but, on the contrary, his ferocity at New London and in Virginia, increased the infamy of his name.

Arrived in England, his reception was not more favorable than in New York. The government, from motives of interest, continued to shew him favor; but in private society he was shunned by men of honor and subjected to daily insults. Lord Lauderdale, observing him standing near the throne, when the sovereign came in state to the House, remarked that notwithstanding the graciousness of his majesty's language, his indignation was aroused to see the King supported by a traitor. Lord Surry, on one occasion having risen to address the House, and seeing Arnold in the gallery, sat down, declaring he would not speak while such a man was present. When the war with France broke out, Arnold solicited employment, but the government, finding that no officer would serve under him, declined his services. In the interval he had removed to St. Johns, New Brunswick, and engaged in trade; and to compensate him in part for his services, the ministry afforded him lucrative contracts for supplying the West India troops with provisions. His style of living was still profuse and showy; but though received on this account among the wealthier classes, he soon became odious with the populace. He finally returned to London, where he died on the 14th of June, 1801, at the age of sixty-one.

His wife clung to him throughout all, the same in his guilt as in his glory. The morning of his flight, he called her to his chamber and hastily unfolding to her his story, left her senseless at the disclosure and hurried away. Her distraction has been eloquently painted by the pen of Hamilton, and is said to have drawn tears from Washington, whom, in her delirious agony, she upbraided as the cause of her sorrows. It has been thought, by some, that this was only acting, and that she had been, all along, the confidant of her husband's treason. But this is an error. Mrs. Arnold gave no assistance to the plot, unless by feeding unconsciously her husband's love of extravagance. When she recovered, she desired to be allowed to join him, and, throughout his subsequent career, clung to him with all a woman's devotion. We cannot dismiss this subject without an anecdote illustrative of the temper of the American populace towards females. Mrs. Arnold was travelling to join her husband when she stopped, for the night, at a village where the mob were about burning the traitor in effigy; but the rioters, hearing of her arrival, postponed their sport. Would the populace of any other nation have displayed a similar delicacy?

GENERAL JAMES CLINTON'S ESCAPE FROM FORT CLINTON.

# JAMES CLINTON.

IT would be invidious in any history of the war of independence, to pass over the services of the two Clintons of New York. GEN. GEORGE CLINTON, the youngest of the two brothers, contributed, more than any other man in that commonwealth, to the success of the cause. His popularity and influence there were unbounded. He was Governor of the state for eighteen years, having been first elected in 1777, and afterwards continued, by triennial elections, until 1795. In 1805, he was chosen Vice-President of the United States, and died in 1812, while still in possession

of that high office. As he was rather a civil than a military character, we dismiss him with this brief allusion to his inestimable services.

His brother, James Clinton, a Major-General in the continental line, having been more actively employed in a military capacity, comes more properly within the scope of this work. He was the fourth son of Colonel Charles Clinton, an Irish emigrant, and was born in Ulster county, on the 19th of August, 1736. In early life he possessed few adventitious aids to success except an excellent education, a gift which he shared in common with his four brothers. Evincing an inclination for the military life, he was appointed, in 1756, an Ensign in a militia regiment, from which rank he rose in 1758, to a Lieutenancy, and, in 1759, to a Captaincy. In 1763 he was elevated to the post of Captain-Commandant of the four companies raised to defend the western frontiers of New York; and, in 1774, he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the second regiment of militia, in his native country. In the French war he participated in the capture of Fort Frontenac, and won a reputation for gallantry, resolution and military skill. At the close of the war he married a Miss De Witt, and retired to private life. But, like other veterans of that contest, when the revolutionary war became inevitable, he cheerfully resumed his old profession, and prepared to shed his blood for freedom. Congress immediately gave him the commission of a Colonel, and subsequently, in 1776, that of a Brigadier. It was not until the close of the strife that he attained the rank of a Major-General.

Clinton served in the expedition against Canada, under Montgomery; but his chief military achievement was the defence of Fort Clinton, on the Hudson, in October, 1777. His brother, Governor Clinton, as Commander-in-chief, was at Fort Montgomery, its neighbor. The attack on these forts was part of a plan conceived by Sir Henry Clinton, to create a diversion in favor of Burgoyne and open a passage, up the Hudson, to that unfortunate General. Accordingly, at the head of four thousand men, the British General advanced up that river, and having surrounded Forts Montgomery and Clinton, made a desperate assault upon them. They were defended by only about five hundred men, chiefly militia, while the works themselves were in a very unfinished condition. Yet the resistance, though hopeless, was glorious to our arms. Militia as well as regulars behaved with the courage of heroes. Manning their feeble lines, the Americans fought on until sundown, an incessant fire continually girdling the entrenchments, the echoes of which, reverberating through the hills, spread terror far and wide among the inhabitants of that quiet region. At last the overwhelming numbers of the ene-

my could be resisted no longer; and, like a solid wave of infantry, the British poured over the walls. Some few of the conquered fought their way out, while the darkness of the night assisted others to escape. Fortunately, neither the Governor nor his brother were taken. The latter made an escape which is as full of romance as that of any fabled knight of chivalry.

James Clinton was the last man to abandon the works. Pursued and fired at by the enemy, and with a severe wound from a bayonet thrust, he yet succeeded in making his escape and eluding the search of the British. His servant was killed during the flight, and he now found himself alone. He knew if he retained his horse he should be detected, so, removing the bridle from the faithful animal, he dismissed him, and slid down a precipice, one hundred feet in depth, to the ravine which separated the forts. A small brook threads its way through this narrow cleft. Into this Clinton fell, and luckily the cold water checked the effusion of blood from his wound. Creeping along the precipitous banks, he finally gained a part of the mountain at a distance from the fort; and here he sat down, weak and cold, to think on his still perilous situation. The return of light he knew would betray him, unless he could fortunately discover a horse, a contingency not altogether impossible, as horses sometimes ran wild in that desolate region. He watched the slow approach of dawn with anxious misgivings. One by one the stars paled, and the cold grey of the morning stole over the landscape. He was still so near the fort that he could hear the reveille. The chill dusky hue of early dawn began to redden, and at last the sun shot above the eastern hills. A few hours now, perhaps a few minutes, would reveal him to the foe. Faint from loss of blood, and stiff from exposure to the night dews, he struggled wearily on, when, suddenly, a neigh rose on the stillness of the morning and a horse appeared in sight. Clinton soon succeeded in catching the prize. His bridle, which he had preserved, was now invaluable. About noon, he reached his own house, sixteen miles from the fort, his clothes torn, his person covered with blood, and a high fever raging in his veins.

In 1779, Clinton commanded a detachment of sixteen hundred men, which was sent into the country of the Six Nations, in order to assist Sullivan in his expedition against those hostile Indians. He had arrived at the head of Owego Lake, but finding the Susquehannah, which there debouches from the lake, too shallow to float his batteaux, he raised a dam across the aperture, and when the waters had collected sufficiently, he broke down the barrier and thus bore his troops triumphantly to Tioga. The Indians made a stand at

Newtown, on the 29th of August, 1779, but their fortifications were carried in a vigorous assault, and, after that, no further resistance was made. The Americans now proceeded to inflict summary vengeance for the massacre of Wyoming. The Indians inhabiting that district, had attained to comparative civilization. They possessed villages, gardens, orchards, corn-fields, horses and cows, and farming implements of the most approved construction. Their dwellings were commodious, some even elegant. Through and through that beautiful district went the fire-brand and the sword. The wife fled from her home, as the Americans appeared, but lingered in the woods nigh until she saw it given to the flames; then, with fast falling tears, she took her children by the hand and began her weary journey, through the wilderness, to Fort Niagara. All day the smoke of houses and barns darkened those beautiful vallies: all night the glare of conflagrations lit up the heavens for miles. If compunctious feelings visited the destroyers, they thought of the atrocities at Wyoming, and, after that, needed nothing to nerve them to the task. Even at this day only a morbid sensibility can censure this retaliation. It was necessary that the plough-share of ruin should be driven through the heart of that proud nation before peace could be secured to our frontier settlements. While the bones of innocent women and children still lay bleaching in the valley of Wyoming, it could not be expected that the homes of those savage invaders should be spared. From that day the once mighty nation of Iroquois was prostrated forever.

Clinton was, for some time, in command of the northern department at Albany. He was subsequently attached to the main army, and was present at the capture of Cornwallis. When the British evacuated New York, Clinton made his last appearance in arms. He now retired to his ample estates. He was, however, not suffered always to enjoy the repose he had so fairly earned; but, on several occasions, was called, unsolicited, to civic honors. He was one of the convention that formed the present federal constitution.

James Clinton was one of the sincerest patriots the Revolution afforded. He was as superior in his qualifications for a military life, as his brother was in fitness for civil duties. In battle he was cool, ready and courageous. No crisis, however unexpected, destroyed the balance of his mind. In temper he was usually mild and affectionate; but his passions were strong, and when once aroused, terrific. The duties of ordinary life he discharged in an exemplary manner. His death occurred on the 22nd of December, 1812.

## JOHN SULLIVAN.

JOHN SULLIVAN, a Major-General in the continental army, was one of those military commanders whom misfortune seems to take pleasure in pursuing. Whatever he undertook, with but one exception, failed. He began his career by retreating from Canada, and ended it by a fruitless siege of Newport. The loss of the battles of Long Island and of Brandywine has always been attributed to him in popular history. Nor has he escaped condemnation altogether for the defeat at Germantown. Like St. Clair, he is censured more than he deserves, though, like that General, his misfortunes arose, in part, from his own faults. But Sullivan was an abler General than St. Clair. Indeed, on a review of his career, he appears to have possessed every requisite for a successful soldier, except the foresight to provide against possible contingencies. Whatever share he had in the errors at Long Island and Brandywine is attributable entirely to a neglect of this prudential foresight. If he had caused the upper pass in the one case, and the higher fords in the other to be watched, defeat might probably have been averted, and victory possibly won. Napoleon never committed such oversights. This want of careful preparation on all points, was the great error of Sullivan's military career. His hasty temper, united with a spice of vanity, were his

foibles in social life. These two radical defects, one in the leader the other in the man, explain the failures for which, at last, he became proverbial.

Sullivan was born at Berwick, in the province of Maine, February the 17th, 1740. He was educated for the bar, and settled in Durham, New Hampshire. Gifted with a fine voice, great self-possession, a copious eloquence, and strong powers of reasoning, he soon rose to eminence among his fellow citizens. Distinguishing himself on the colonial side, in the dispute then going on between America and England, he was elected a member of the first Congress. In December, 1774, two months after the Congress had adjourned, and four months prior to the battle of Lexington, he commanded an expedition, in conjunction with the celebrated John Langdon, which seized the valuable stores in the fort at Portsmouth. Again elected to Congress, he was in attendance on that body when he received the appointment of Brigadier-General, and his ambition aspiring to distinction in military, rather than in civil affairs, he at once embarked in the new career thus opened to him. His first command was that of the army of Canada. Anxious to acquire a reputation, he was induced to protract the struggle there longer than was prudent, and the unfortunate defeat at the Three Rivers was the consequence. On his return to the States he found that Gates had been appointed to supersede him. Giving way to his natural impetuosity, he sent in his resignation, but through the prudent counsels of Washington, reconsidered his design. The next occasion on which he came before the public eye was at the battle of Long Island, where he was General-in-chief of the troops without the lines. The defeat, on that occasion, as we have shown in the memoir of Stirling, arose from the Jamaica pass not being sufficiently guarded; and as Sullivan had been on the ground longer than Putnam, the censure, if any, must fall on him. He fought, however, with bravery when he found himself surrounded. Indeed, whatever faults Sullivan may have possessed, a want of courage was not one of them. He was taken prisoner in this battle, but soon after exchanged.

He joined the army of Washington during the disastrous period immediately preceding the battle of Trenton; and, when Lee was surprised and made captive by the enemy, assumed command of his division. He had now risen to the rank of Major-General, and was the senior officer of that description in the army. This entitled him to lead the right wing in the surprise at Trenton. His conduct in that battle conduced materially to the victory, a point which is overlooked by those who so unduly depreciate his services. He shared also in the glory of Princeton. During the next campaign,

after Washington had advanced southward to meet Sir William Howe, Sullivan projected an expedition against Staten Island, in order to cut off a detachment of the enemy, two thousand strong, whose incursions into New Jersey continually annoyed the people of that state. On the afternoon of the 21st of August he set out to execute his design. The various detachments into which he divided his forces crossed before day-break, and, for a while, everything promised success; but, in the end, the British rallied, and coming up at a critical juncture, when the Americans were waiting for their boats, which had been carried off through a mistake, changed the fortune of the day. The loss on both sides, however, was about equal. One hundred and fifty prisoners were taken by Sullivan: one hundred and thirty by the British. The failure of this enterprise led to a court of inquiry on his conduct; but the result was an honorable acquittal. However, as in the case of Arnold, his irritable temper and tone of defiance secretly increased the number of his foes, who, though at present smothering their resentment, waited for an opportunity to injure him.

The occasion was not long wanting. Sir William Howe, having landed at the head of Elk, was now rapidly advancing on Philadelphia; and to defend that city Washington had taken post at Chad's Ford, on the Brandywine. But the British, instead of crossing the stream in face of his batteries, chose a safer plan for victory, and one they had already tried with success at Long Island. They resolved to amuse the Americans by a feigned attempt to cross, while the main body, taking a circuitous march, should gain Washington's rear. A suspicion of such design having been entertained in camp, the Commander-in-chief sent for Sullivan, and desired him to watch the fords up the stream. A countryman, from whom a description of the fords had been obtained, was present at the interview, and, on Sullivan's enquiring if there were no other fords beside the three named, this person answered there were none, at least within twelve miles. This appears to have satisfied Sullivan, who contented himself with posting guards at the three fords described, without examining into the truth of the countryman's story. As Washington had delegated the whole matter to Sullivan, he relied confidently on that General to perform his duty faithfully; but it is apparent, from what we have said, that Sullivan took too much on hearsay. The only excuse for his remissness is the one he afterwards urged, that, owing to the scarcity of light horse, he could not patrol the country.

As the day advanced, Washington, perceiving the British did not cross to attack him, formed the bold design of taking the initiative

himself, and was preparing to make the assault, when he received the startling intelligence that the main body of the enemy, led by Sir William Howe and Cornwallis, after traversing a circuit of sixteen miles, had crossed the Brandywine above its forks, and was pouring down on his rear. The first positive information of this stratagem was brought to head-quarters by Thomas Cheney, Esq., a native of the vicinity, who, from patriotic motives, had been reconnoitering the shores of the Brandywine the whole morning. He was at a distance of several miles from the camp, when, suddenly, on reaching the top of a hill, he came in view of the enemy. The British pursued and fired on him, but being mounted on a mare renowned for her fleetness, he escaped from his enemies, and arrived, breathless, at head-quarters. Here he demanded to see Washington. The request was at first denied; but his eagerness finally conquered, and he was admitted to the presence of the General. The Commander-in-chief, however, relying on Sullivan's accuracy, refused to believe the information. Cheney replied warmly, "You are mistaken, General, my life for it, you are mistaken," and requested to be put under a guard and retained, so that if he proved a traitor he might suffer death. This earnestness shook Washington's opinion. Cheney then drew, in the sand, a plan of the road taken by Cornwallis. Washington was now satisfied. He immediately despatched word to Sullivan, who lay about a mile up the Brandywine. By this time, however, that officer also had discovered the movement of the foe. All was now hurry and excitement. Washington hastily directed the three divisions of Sullivan, Stirling and Deborre to wheel and face Cornwallis. Accordingly they marched, by different routes, to a high hill about three miles in the rear, at Birmingham Meeting House, where they had scarcely formed before the British advanced to the attack. The Hessians led the assault, and were sustained by the grenadiers. In a few minutes the American line began to break on the right, and the confusion immediately after became perceptible on the left also. Sullivan, whose seniority gave him the chief command, made the most desperate exertions to redeem the day. Throwing himself into Stirling's division, which formed the centre of the line, and which still stood its ground, he inspired the men by his personal daring, as well as by his exhortations, and it was not until nearly surrounded by the victorious enemy that he consented to retire. The whole three divisions then retreated, Sullivan and Stirling bringing up the rear with sullen desperation; while the British, cheering triumphantly, followed in pursuit.

Washington, as soon as he heard that Cornwallis was in his rear,

had abandoned his arrangements for crossing the Brandywine. He left Wayne, however, to defend the ford, while he moved Greene, with his division, some distance back from the river, in order that this officer might assist either Sullivan or Wayne, as circumstances should require. He remained in person, with his suite, at his head-quarters near the ford. When the firing began, in the direction of Birmingham Meeting House, he could not contain his anxiety; but ordered a guide to be found to conduct him, by the shortest route, to the scene of strife. One was soon discovered, but objected to the task on account of his advanced age. On this he was peremptorily told, by one of the suite, that if he did not at once mount the horse offered to him, he should be run through on the spot. This threat decided his scruples. The party dashed off across the field, leaping the fences: the horse of Washington keeping close to that of the guide. As the roar of the battle deepened, the anxiety of the General increased, and he exclaimed continually, notwithstanding the wild gallop at which they went, "Push along, old man, push along!" When they had arrived within half a mile of the Meeting House, they met the Americans in full retreat. The bullets whistled by, and the shouts of the enemy rose close at hand. In the confusion the guide stole off. The genius of Washington was now directed to arrest the disasters of the day. Greene was posted in a ravine, between two woods, close at hand. As the fugitives came up, he opened his ranks and allowed them to pass through; then, closing up again, stubbornly faced the foe. Meantime his artillery ploughed the dense masses of the British as they poured to the chase. The gallant front thus presented soon checked the ardor of the pursuit. Shortly after, Pulaski, borrowing the thirty life-guards of Washington, plunged headlong into the enemy's ranks, carrying terror and confusion wherever he went, and effectually stopping the advance. The army, in the end, retired safely to Chester. Wayne, too, partook in the defeat, for Knyphausen, seizing the favorable moment when he knew the Americans to be engaged with Cornwallis, crossed the Brandywine with all his force, on which Wayne abandoned his position, though not till he had learned the defeat of Sullivan, and the uselessness of further resistance.

The numbers of the two armies were very disproportionate in this battle, but not less so than their equipments, discipline and weapons. The British brought eighteen thousand rank and file into the field; the Americans mustered only about eleven thousand able-bodied men. But this was the least part of the disparity between the combatants. The British were trained veterans; the Americans only raw levies. The muskets of the British were all of similar bore, to which the

cartridges fitted exactly, so that the ball flew with certain aim; the guns of the Americans were of every description, and consequently threw their shot wide of the mark. Yet, notwithstanding their disadvantages, the Americans generally fought with the most desperate courage, the Virginia and Pennsylvania regiments particularly distinguishing themselves. It has been asked why Washington, on learning the circuitous route taken by Cornwallis, did not precipitate his whole force on Knyphausen, and crush that officer before aid could come up. But it must be remembered that the German General had five thousand men, and held a strong position on the rise of a wooded hill, so that it is extremely doubtful whether Washington, with his raw soldiers, could have dislodged him very easily. The Americans would have had to ford the stream in face of a driving shower from artillery, and charge up hill along a narrow road, where odds would have been of comparatively little avail. No person who has visited the battle-field can, for a moment, suppose that Washington would have succeeded before Knyphausen could have been succored. The nature of the ground, as well as the character of his forces alike forbade it. Besides, Washington was fighting to prevent the enemy reaching Philadelphia, and if he had abandoned the right bank of the Brandywine without a struggle, even the defeat of Knyphausen would have failed to excuse him in the eyes of Congress and the people. In short, any opinion on Washington's conduct is fallacious, which does not take into consideration the means at his disposal. What he might have done with veterans, is quite another question from what it was safe to undertake with raw levies. After Baron Steuben introduced the exact and rigid discipline of Prussia into our army, Washington was able to face the veterans of England on equal terms; but to have risked an assault at Brandywine, would probably have been the ruin of his army.

The remissness of Sullivan, in watching the fords, afforded his enemies an opportunity to assail his reputation more virulently than ever. Congress, lending an ear to the accusations, voted to suspend him until a court of inquiry should sit on his conduct; but Washington remonstrating against this decision, and declaring he could not face the enemy if his Generals were taken from him, the resolution was rescinded. Still, it is clear that Sullivan was in fault, though not perhaps to an extent warranting a court martial. We cannot see, however, with some writers, that Washington shared this error. The duty in which Sullivan failed was an executive one: he was told to watch the fords, and failed to do so. It was Washington's duty to direct this precaution, and this he faithfully executed; it was

Sullivan's duty to take the precaution, and this he only partially did. The blunders committed by Washington in this battle, if any, were in consequence of false intelligence, received from an inferior, on whose accuracy he relied. It would be as unjust to condemn Washington for Sullivan's remissness, as to blame Napoleon because Grouchy did not come up at Waterloo.

The battle of Germantown followed, on the 4th of October, three weeks after the battle of Brandywine. In this action Sullivan commanded the American right. He drove in the enemy's outposts, and pursued them about two miles, to the centre of the village; but here a sudden panic seized his men, and notwithstanding every effort on his part, they turned and fled. This battle also was lost in consequence of the want of discipline on the part of the Americans. This becomes apparent when the plan of the attack is understood. The British lay in the centre of the village, and at right angles with the principal street. The attack was to be made in two columns, one directed against the enemy's right, the other against his left. Simultaneously he was to be assailed in rear from both flanks, and for this purpose two bodies of militia were despatched to turn his right and left respectively. The columns in front drove in the outposts, and pursued them to the main body, where the steady aspect of the British checked the advance of the victors. After a halt of a few minutes, each of these columns, without any communication with the other, but panic-struck, in part by their own temerity, in part by mistaking each other in the fog for the enemy, began to retire. The enemy, simultaneously recovering from his fright, advanced, and the retreat soon changed into an almost disorderly flight. A fortunate thought on the part of Wayne alone saved the army. Hastily opening a battery at the White Marsh Church, after the pursuit had continued seven miles, he checked the British, and covered the retreat in the same way that Greene had done at Brandywine. It has been supposed that a halt, made by a part of the reserve at Chew's House, produced the defeat. This is a mistake. It is probable that this accident contributed to hasten the repulse; but it was impossible for the Americans to have routed their enemy. The panic in Sullivan's division arose, in fact, from a false impression that the outposts were the main body, so that, when fresh troops appeared drawn up at the centre of the village, consternation seized the men. The victory, up to that point, had been altogether delusive. In a word, the battle of Germantown was lost in consequence of the undisciplined condition of the American army.

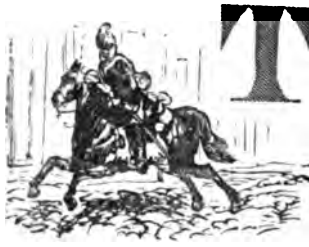
In the ensuing winter Sullivan was despatched to take command of the troops in Rhode Island. In August, 1778, he laid siege to

Newport, and was on the very point of success when the French Admiral, d'Estaing, who was co-operating with him, abandoned the siege to join combat with a British fleet off the harbor, and being shattered in a gale, repaired to Boston to refit. Sullivan keenly felt this desertion. He was extremely eager for popularity, and having always been unfortunate, was the more desirous to succeed on the present occasion. Hence, when he found all his persuasions could not induce d'Estaing to remain, he allowed his indignation to break out in a reflection on his ally, contained in the general orders. An open rupture between Sullivan and the Admiral threatened to follow this indiscretion; but, through the influence of LaFayette, the breach was healed and amicable relations restored. The withdrawal of d'Estaing, however, compelled the American General to retreat, which he did in the most masterly manner, without the loss of a single article. The next year he commanded the famous expedition against the Six Nations, a description of which has already been given in the memoir of General James Clinton. He now determined to retire from the army. His failing health, and his pecuniary circumstances, were the ostensible reasons for this resolution, though it may have been secretly assisted by the disgust, natural to an honorable mind, at finding its honest efforts misrepresented, and calumniation returned for all its sacrifices. For a large and bitter faction, composed partly of personal enemies created by his irritable temper, and partly by the remnants of the Conway cabal, which strove to strike at Washington through his friends, still pursued Sullivan with unrelenting hostility. Congress coldly accepted his resignation.

He now returned to the practice of the law. In 1780 he was elected to Congress, but served only one term. In 1786, 1787, and 1789, he was President of New Hampshire; and rendered himself conspicuous in quelling the spirit of revolt, which was visible there at the period of Shay's rebellion in Massachusetts. On the adoption of the federal constitution, and Washington's elevation to the Presidency, Sullivan was appointed the District Judge for New Hampshire. He continued in this office until his death, which occurred on the 22nd of January, 1795.

Sullivan was a General of respectable talents. He had not the comprehensive mind of Greene, nor the headlong fury of Putnam; he was neither a great stategist, nor a splendid executive officer. But, among second-rate men, he held a first-rate position. He was more unfortunate than he deserved. It is enough to say, in conclusion, that Washington always estimated his military talents favorably, and that the men who at first assailed his abilities lived to recant their opinions.

# HENRY KNOX.



THE man, who, of all others, perhaps, was best beloved of Washington, was Henry Knox, commander of the artillery in the American army. The intellectual qualities of Knox, though not brilliant, were sound; but it was his moral ones that were pre-eminently deserving of esteem, and in consideration of which, Washington bestowed on him the love and confidence of a brother. In every action where Washington appeared in person, Knox attended him; in every council of war, Knox bore a part. One or two mistakes in judgment, he committed during his military career, as at Germantown, where he was the cause of the delay at Chew's mansion; but these were amply redeemed by his advice on other occasions, as at the battle of Assunpink, where, with Greene, he recommended the bold movement on the communications of Cornwallis, which victoriously terminated the campaign. His services at

the head of the ordnance were invaluable. He assumed command of that branch of the army in the first year of the war, and continued at its head until the close of the contest. At the battle of Monmouth, the manner in which he handled his guns awakened the admiration of the enemy, and in fact contributed, more perhaps than anything else, to repel this last desperate assault. Greene had so high an opinion of Knox that, when Washington offered to the former the command of the southern army, he proposed Knox in his stead; but the American chief, with a better knowledge of the men, made an evasive reply and pressed the post on Greene; for Knox, though a good executive officer, and possessed of an admirable judgment, was not equal to Greene in patient endurance, in far-sighted views, in exhaustless resources: indeed no man except Washington was.

Knox was a native of Boston, in which town he was born, on the 25th of July, 1750. Prior to the war of independence, he followed, for a time, the occupation of a book-seller. He early displayed a taste for military affairs, and in 1774 was chosen an officer in one of the volunteer companies which, about that period, sprung up in such numbers, in vague anticipation of a war. He soon became distinguished among his fellow soldiers for his knowledge of tactics, for his strict discipline, for his industry, energy and resources. He was particularly remarkable for the attention he paid to the artillery service, a branch of military science for which he always shewed a predilection, and in which he was destined peculiarly to distinguish himself. His first connexion with this department occurred immediately after the battle of Lexington. Knox had not been engaged in that struggle, but a few days subsequent to it, he made his escape from Boston, and joining his countrymen in arms at Cambridge, offered to undertake the arduous task of transporting from Ticonderoga and Canada, the heavy ordnance and military stores captured there by the Americans. The energetic spirit of the young man, and the handsome manner in which he executed a task, abounding with what some would have considered impossibilities, attracted the especial notice of Washington, and Knox, in consequence, was rewarded with the command of this very artillery, most of which he employed, with good service, in the siege of Boston. He owed his advancement, in part also, to his superior knowledge of the department, there being, at that period, few persons in America competent for the office. Thus, at the age of twenty-five, he found himself occupying one of the most responsible positions in the army.

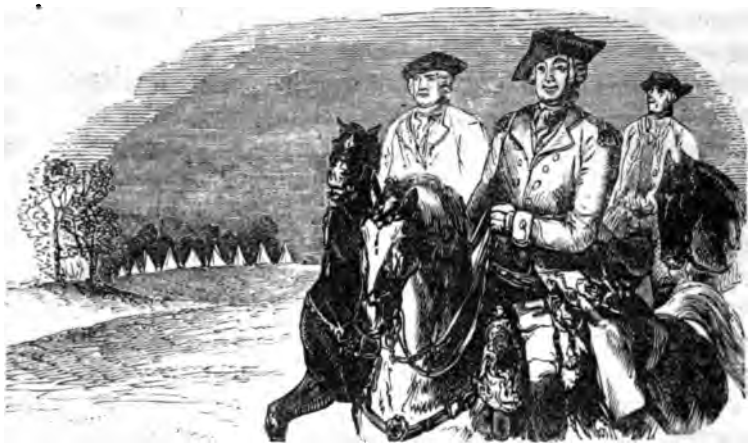
From this period, Knox remained with Washington, taking part in all the principal battles fought by that General. Occupying a

subordinate position, however, he had few opportunities of especial distinction; but when these arose, he always acquitted himself with honor. The confidence which Washington reposed in him, was a source of jealousy to others of the officers, and, to a certain extent, in consequence, the abilities of Knox have been depreciated by the voice of envy. A favorite charge against him is that he advised the unfortunate delay at Chew's mansion, during the battle of Germantown, which is thought to have assisted in producing defeat on that occasion; but, in justice to Knox, it must be remembered that though the halt was made at his suggestion, others shared in the responsibility; and, moreover, the leaving a garrisoned house, or other fort, in the rear of an advancing army was, at that period, and indeed until Napoleon changed the whole art of war, regarded as a fatal error.

The life of Knox, after the close of the war, was comparatively uneventful. On the resignation of Major-General Lincoln, as Secretary of War, under the old confederation, Knox was appointed to supply his place; and in 1789, on the organization of the present federal government, he was selected by Washington for the same high and honorable office. In 1794 he retired from this post of dignity, and settled, with his family, at Thomaston, in Maine, where his wife, a descendant of General Waldo, possessed large tracts of land. He sat at the council board of Massachusetts for some years, Maine, at that period, being a dependency of the former state. In both private and public life he bore an unimpeachable character. Mild, generous, the soul of honor, charitable to the poor, to his equals affable, few men, of that or any succeeding generation, have been more deservedly esteemed than General Knox. His person was remarkably noble; and his manners were elegant and refined. He was fond of literature, a taste, perhaps, acquired in his youthful profession. General Knox died suddenly, on the 25th of October, 1806, from mortification arising from swallowing a chicken-bone.

Knox was the founder of the society of Cincinnati. For many years he lived on his estates in Maine in a style of almost princely magnificence. It was not an unusual thing for him to make up in summer one hundred beds daily in his house, and to kill an ox and twenty sheep every Monday morning. He kept several pairs of carriage horses, and twenty saddle horses, principally for the use of his guests. A style of living so expensive at last impaired his fortune. He had counted on almost boundless wealth from the sales of his lands, but his expectations were disappointed. Having lived on the most familiar terms with General Lincoln, Colonel Jackson,

and other officers of the Revolution, when he failed the two former gentlemen were his endorsers to a large amount. An interview took place to see what arrangement could be made to liquidate the debts of Knox. For awhile there was profound silence; then Knox, looking up, met the eye of Lincoln, whose confidence he had unwittingly abused, and burst into tears. Lincoln brushed his own eyes and said, "This will never do, gentlemen, we have come here to transact business," and took up a paper. The whole three lived together like brothers. The anecdote is narrated on the authority of the Honorable William Sullivan, who was present, in his professional capacity, at the meeting.



# BARON STEUBEN.

FREDERICK William Augustus, Baron Steuben, a Major-General in the continental army, was born, it is believed, in Suabia, in the year 1730. He served with distinction in the army of the great Frederick, attained the honor of Aid-de-camp to that monarch, and, at the peace of 1763, when he retired from Prussia, was presented by the King with a canonry in the cathedral of Harelburg. His military talents were still remembered in Berlin, many years afterwards; for when Congress applied to the different European courts for a transcript of their military codes, the Prime Minister of Frederick replied that their regulations had never been published, but that the Baron

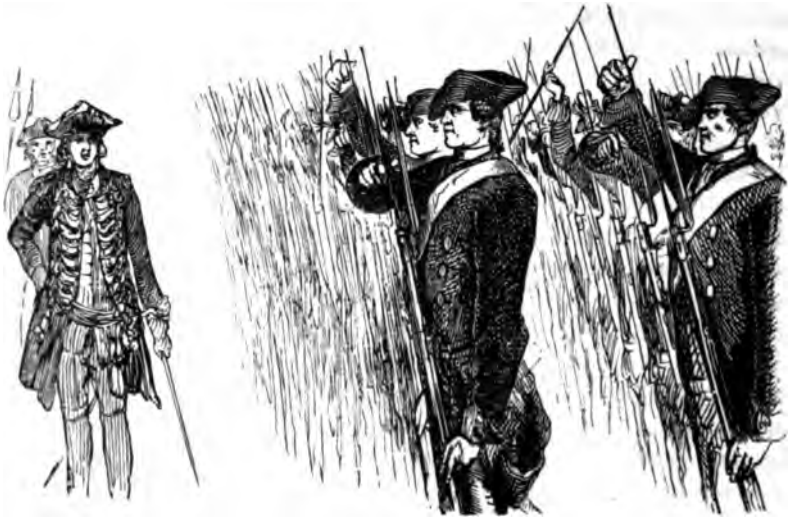
Steuben, who was in America, could give the necessary information, as he was acquainted with the minutest details of the Prussian system.

On his retirement from Berlin, Baron Steuben went to Hohenzollen-Hechingen, where he was made Grand Marshal of the Court, and appointed Colonel of the circle of Suabia. In the year 1767, the Prince Margrave of Baden bestowed on him the title of General, with the chief command of the troops. The income of Steuben now amounted to about three thousand dollars, which was a sufficiently ample sum for his rank so long as he remained a bachelor. He had, therefore, no idea of abandoning his comparatively lucrative employments, and embarking in an uncertain contest in a distant land; especially at his advanced years. But, happening to visit Paris, he was prevailed on to offer his services to the American Congress, by the solicitations of the French minister, who, although the Court of Versailles had not yet declared in favor of the Americans, desired secretly to aid them, by sending over some experienced officer to train and discipline the troops. Accordingly, on the 26th of September, 1777, Steuben, with his suite, set sail from Marsailles, having first resigned all his employments in Europe.

Dr. Franklin, though anxious to secure the services of the Baron, had declined making any arrangement with Steuben, his powers not authorizing him to do so. On his arrival in America, therefore, Steuben waited on Congress with his recommendations, stating that he came to act as a volunteer until it should be seen whether his assistance would be of value or not; that, if his services proved no acquisition, he should ask no compensation; but that, if they were beneficial, he would trust in the honor of Congress to remunerate him for the income he had sacrificed and give him whatever further allowance might be thought deserved. These modest terms were immediately acceded to by Congress, and Steuben ordered to repair to head-quarters.

At this period the Army was at Valley Forge, suffering all the horrors of an inclement winter, without proper food, shelter or clothing. Five thousand men were in the hospitals. Discipline had almost disappeared in the general suffering. Indeed there never had been yet, in the American army, that vigorous attention to this subject which distinguished the camps of Europe; and the disastrous consequences were felt whenever the raw levies of Washington met the trained veterans of Great Britain in the open field. There was no general system of tactics employed, but the men from each state drilled differently. Many were ignorant of the manual exercise;

very few understood field movements: and, to add to the evil, the officers were as untaught as the common soldiers. The utmost carelessness prevailed in the use of arms, the discharged recruits frequently carrying home their equipments, while the new levies always came without weapons, so that it was customary to allow five thousand muskets beyond the numbers of the muster roll, to supply the waste. Washington had long seen and regretted this evil. But he had sought in vain for a remedy. The arrival of Baron Steuben, however, at once relieved him of his difficulty, for he saw that, in this experienced veteran, he had found the very man so long desired. The Baron immediately undertook the task of drilling the men, and inspecting their weapons. He trained a company himself as a beginning. After partially instructing the officers as well as the privates, for a considerable time, he began to reap the fruits of his exertions. The army assumed coherence. The troops manœuvred with the precision of veterans. There was no longer any waste of arms and ammunition. But this reform was not



BARON STEUBEN DRILLING THE AMERICAN ARMY.

brought about until after great perseverence and much vexation on the part of the Baron. His almost entire ignorance of our language, his impetuous temper, and the blunders of the troops, frequently

conspired to produce the most ludicrous scenes. On one of these occasions, after exhausting all the execrations he could think of in German and French, he called despairingly to one of his Aids, "Venez, Walker, mon ami! Sacre, de gaucherie of dese badants, je ne puis plus. I can curse dem no more."

The Baron had been in the camp but a short time when Washington wrote to Congress. "I should do injustice, if I were to be longer silent with regard to the merits of Baron Steuben. His expectations with respect to rank extend to that of Major-General. His finances, he ingenuously confesses, will not admit of his serving without the incidental emoluments; and Congress, I presume, from his character, and their own knowledge of him, will without difficulty gratify him in these particulars." On the 5th of May, 1778, Steuben was, accordingly, appointed Inspector-General, with the rank and pay of a Major-General. The department of inspection was now arranged on a permanent footing, and thoroughly systematized. The Baron, finding the European military systems too complicated, varied them so as to be adapted to the condition and character of the American army; and, in 1779, he published, at the request of Congress, a work on discipline and inspection, which continued, until after the close of the century, to be the standard in most of the states. It was owing in a great measure to the instructions of the Baron that the American troops acquitted themselves at Monmouth so much like veterans. He was justly proud of his own services and of the proficiency of his pupils. He wrote, on a subsequent occasion, "Though we are so young that we scarce begin to walk, we have already taken Stony Point and Paulus Hook, at the point of the bayonet and without firing a single shot." Perhaps the advantages of discipline were never exhibited so strikingly as in the superior efficacy of the American soldiers after Steuben's arrival in this country. He found the troops raw militia: he made them resolute veterans. On his arrival, Washington, from necessity, was still fighting with the pickaxe and the spade; but within a year Steuben had rendered the men fit to cope in the open field, even with the renowned grenadiers of Cornwallis. The magic wand by which he did this was discipline.

In July 1778, the Baron became desirous of exchanging his post as Inspector-General for a command of equal honor in the regular line. Hitherto, in consequence of his being attached to a distinct department, his rank as Major-General had not interfered with the claims of any one; but, if his request had been granted, the promotion of all the Brigadiers in succession would have had to be post-

poned. Congress accordingly, at Washington's suggestion, declined acceding to this desire. At the same time, however, that body confirmed Steuben's absolute authority in the department of Inspector-General, in opposition to the claims of the Inspector-General in the army of Gates, who asserted his independence of Steuben. The Baron, perhaps, recognized the justice of the refusal, for he never renewed the request. He was, however, occasionally indulged in a separate command whenever circumstances would allow it. In 1780 he was sent to join the army of Greene, but remained in Virginia to prepare and forward recruits. The invasion of Cornwallis found him thus engaged, and he had the satisfaction, after joining his forces to those of LaFayette, to follow up the fugitive General, and command in the trenches at Yorktown on the day when a capitulation was proposed, a post of honor which he maintained, in accordance with the usages of European warfare, until the British flag was struck.

After the peace, the Baron was reduced to comparative want. In vain he applied to Congress to remunerate him for what he had sacrificed in its behalf: for while the propriety of his claim was admitted, no active measures were taken to liquidate it. For seven years he fruitlessly petitioned the nation for justice. At last, on the adoption of the federal constitution, an act was passed by Congress to give him an annuity of twenty-five hundred dollars. Meantime, however, Virginia and New Jersey had each presented him with a small gift of land; and New York had voted him sixteen thousand acres in the Oneida tract. But he did not live many years to enjoy it. On the 25th of November, 1794, he was struck with paralysis and died three days afterwards. He was buried in the forest, on his farm, not far from Utica. Subsequently, a road having been laid out to run over his grave, his remains were taken up and re-interred at a little distance, where a monument was erected over the ashes.

Steuben was of incalculable service to the American cause by introducing the European discipline into the army. He made an excellent General for regulars, but could not manage militia with any success. In disposition he was affectionate, generous and warm-hearted. He had, in many things, the simplicity of a child. His temper was quick, but he was always ready to make amends for injustice. On one occasion he had arrested an officer for throwing the line into disorder, but, finding him innocent, he apologized, the next day, at the head of the regiment, his hat off, and the rain pouring on his silvery head. In Virginia he sold his camp equipage to give a dinner to the French officers, declaring that he would keep up the credit of the army even if he had to eat from a wooden spoon

for the rest of his life. When the troops were being disbanded, and he had the cheerless prospect of a pennyless old age before him, he gave almost his last dollar to a brother officer with a family, who was too poor to return home. Cheerful in the gloomiest affairs, generous to a fault, a little vain of his rank, a warm friend, a hearty enemy to meanness: such was Baron Steuben. May his name be long held in remembrance by that country for which he sacrificed so much!

# CHARLES LEE.

CHARLES LEE, a Major-General in the American army, was one of those erratic men in whom passion triumphs over reason, and prejudice frequently over both. He possessed unquestionable ability, but, exercising no control over his temper, was always dangerous to himself and others. An Englishman by birth he became a Republican from whim; ambition rather than patriotism led him to embark in the American cause; impatient of control he aspired after a separate, if not the supreme command; haughty and irascible, he invited a trial of popularity between Washington and himself, and was punished, for his extravagant self-conceit, by the loss of public confidence: in short, he was a man whose whole life presented a series of blunders, and who, beginning with every advantage on his side, finished, through his own folly, in disappointment, obscurity and disgrace! His violent passions were the ruin of the once celebrated Charles Lee.

Charles Lee was the son of General John Lee, of Dernhall, in Cheshire, England; and was born in 1731. He was naturally of quiek parts and made rapid advances in education. At eleven years of age he received a commission in the army. His first experience in the field, however, was during the old French war. He came to America in 1757, shortly after having purchased a Captaincy in the twenty-fourth regiment of infantry; and, at the memorable assault on Ticonderoga, was wounded while attempting to penetrate the French breastworks. He recovered in time for the ensuing campaign, and was one of the expedition against Fort Niagara. After the defeat of the enemy, Lee, with a small party, was sent to discover what became of the remnant of the army; and it was these troops which were the first English ones that crossed Lake Erie: he passed down the western branch of the Ohio to Fort Pitt, and, in his return, marched seven hundred miles across the country to Crown Point. In 1760, Lee was with the expedition that captured Montreal. After the close of the war in America he returned to England, and soon after, being promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy, was sent out to Portugal, with the forces destined to aid that ancient ally of England in her contest with Spain. Here he acquitted himself with gallantry, especially in a night assault on the Spanish forces, which drew down encomiums from all parties. The strife ended in a single campaign, and Lee returned to England.

Lee, from the period of his service in America, had always taken a lively interest in its affairs: and he now drew up a plan, and submitted it to the ministry, for colonizing the country on the Ohio below the Wabash, and in Illinois. The ministry rejected his plan. Soon after the difficulties between the mother country and the colonies began; and Lee, guided probably as much by personal dislike as by his political tendencies, embarked in the controversy against England. His active and restless spirit having no longer the stimulos of war to feed its love of excitement, he plunged into the turmoil of politics and soon proved himself possessed of a ready pen. His wit was scorching, his invective bitter, his boldness as a writer captivating to the popular taste. In the midst of this dispute, the threat of a war in Poland arrested his attention: the love of glory, the thirst of rank, and a chivalrous sentiment in favor of that ancient and abused nation, determined him to offer her his services. He went in the true spirit of a knight-errant and was received favorably by Stanislaus, who had just been elected King. He remained two years in Poland, but as hostilities did not break out, he became dissatisfied with inaction, and from mere restlessness accompanied the

Polish embassy to Constantinople. Abandoning the mission, in order to advance with more celerity, he came near perishing of cold and hunger on the Bulgarian mountains. At the close of 1766 he returned to England, with a letter of recommendation to the King, and solicited promotion: but, though many promises were made him, they were never fulfilled, his former violent invectives, and a letter attacking General Townsend and Lord Sackville, attributed to him, preventing any favors from the ministry. Lee, at last, finding he had been trifled with, and that he possessed no chance of promotion in England, gave way to a violent resentment against the King personally and the party in power. This hostility remained with him to his grave. During his visit to his native country, he continued in intimate correspondence with King Stanislaus, and finally in December, 1768, leaving London on a visit to the south of France, met Prince Czartorinsky in Paris, and was induced to accompany him to Warsaw. Here the King received him as a brother, and made him a Major-General. The purpose of Lee in returning to Poland was to enter the Russian service: but he could not forget the animosities he bore against the government at home. In one of his letters to a friend in England, after saying how unpopular his native country was in Poland, he says: "A French comedian was the other day near being hanged, from the circumstance of his wearing a bob-wig, which, by the confederates, is supposed to be the uniform of the English nation. *I wish to God the three branches of our Legislature would take it into their heads to travel through the woods of Poland in bob-wigs.*" This little stroke of wit shews, at once, his bitter animosity and his fatal ability in expressing it. It goes far towards unravelling the riddle of his failure in life.

In 1769 he joined the Russian army on the Neister, and served during that year's campaign. As usual, he abused the superior officers. A severe rheumatism attacking him he visited Vienna and afterwards Italy, everywhere mingling in the highest society. In 1770 he returned again to England. Here he plunged once more into the angry sea of political strife; and the man who had been the friend of kings, became the asserter of republican principles. His reputation as a writer has procured for him, since his death, the credit with some persons, of being the author of Junius; but it is sufficient to say that the evidence in favor of this claim is entirely insufficient, and that to Sir Philip Francis more justly belongs that honor. In 1773, in anticipation of a war, he sailed for America, and on his arrival, made no secret of his intention to reside in New York. The zeal he displayed in the cause of the colonies, his

eloquent declamation, and the romance that hung about a man who had offered his sword to Poland, and crossed blades with the Ottoman, soon won him the hearts of the people, as well as the confidence of the leaders, and opened to his ambitious soul the prospect of a dazzling career. He had formerly been intimate with General Gage, but did not now call on that officer, or pay him any tokens of respect: a course of conduct which he defended in a public letter, complimentary to Gage as a man, but not as a patriot. A somewhat similar letter, in which the controversy between the colonies and the mother country was examined, he wrote to Lord Percy. After travelling through the middle, and subsequently the eastern provinces, Lee returned to Philadelphia in time for the session of the first Congress. Here he became acquainted with the members, and paved the way for the future confidence they reposed in him. A well timed pamphlet assisted him in this. Dr. Myles Cooper, of New York, an Episcopal clergymen, a very excellent divine but altogether a pretender in politics, wrote what he called, "A Friendly Address to all Reasonable Americans," in which he argued, in effect, for passive obedience, and undertook to terrify the colonists with the formidable armies of Great Britain. This foolish affair falling in Lee's way, he attacked it with such logic and declamation, as hooted it at once into disgrace, and elevated Lee even higher than before, in the esteem of the country. In consequence, when the army came to be formed in the succeeding year, he was elevated to the rank of second Major-General, and would have been made first, but that Congress could not avoid giving that rank to General Ward, whom they had displaced from the post of Commander-in-chief, by the election of Washington. The resignation of Ward soon made Lee second in command. It is probable he had, at one time, entertained hopes of being placed at the head of the army, but to this his foreign birth presented an insuperable objection. He acquiesced for a time, however, generously, if not candidly, in the decision.

Before accepting this commission, Lee resigned the one he held in the British army, but characteristically observed that whenever his majesty should call on him to fight against the enemies of his country, or in defence of his just rights and dignity, no man would obey the summons with more alacrity. By thus declaring himself on the American side, he jeopardized an income of nearly one thousand pounds, besides other property, which it was in the power of the King to confiscate, nor did he make any stipulation with Congress to be indemnified, though that body, not to be outdone in generosity, resolved, as recorded on the secret journal, that Lee should be remu-

nerated for any loss he might sustain in the service. On arriving at Cambridge, General Lee was assigned the command of the left wing of the army, and was received with a respect second only to that awarded to Washington. His experience in military affairs was of the most essential service to the cause at this period. The high estimation in which he stood, as well as his elevated rank, induced the Commander-in-chief to send him to take command of New York, on the rumor of an expedition by Clinton against that place. He desired this post particularly, and was especially indignant against the tories who were so numerous there: "not to crush these serpents," he said, "before their rattles are grown, would be ruinous."

The citizens of New York were alarmed at the approach of General Lee, for they feared his presence would be a signal for the British armed ships in the harbor to fire on the town. Lee, however, prudently quieted their fears. He fortified the town, adopted stringent measures against the tories on Long Island, and was active in enlarging and disciplining the force preparatory for the defence of the place. While thus busily employed, intelligence was received of the death of Montgomery, and Lee, within two weeks after his arrival at New York, was selected to succeed him. The words in which John Adams alluded to this choice were highly flattering. "We want you at New York," he said, "we want you at Cambridge; we want you in Virginia; but Canada seems of more importance than any of these places, and therefore you are sent there." In a few days, however, his destination was changed for the southern department, it having been ascertained that Sir Henry Clinton intended proceeding thither. On his way to South Carolina, Lee stopped in Virginia and rendered himself useful against Lord Dunmore. He here caused armed boats to be constructed for the rivers, and attempted to form a body of cavalry. He advised the seizure of General Eden. An intercepted correspondence between Lord George Germain and that gentleman, revealing that the purpose of the enemy was to proceed to the more southern colonies, Lee speedily moved towards North, and afterwards to South Carolina, where, at the head of an army hastily collected, he prepared to resist the enemy on landing, a contingency which did not occur, the gallant defence of Fort Sullivan rendering Lee's forces useless.

After being in command of the southern department six months, he was recalled to the north by Congress, and on the 14th of October, joined the army on the Hudson, where the charge of the right wing was committed to him. He arrived in time to urge strongly, in a council of war, the impolicy of garrisoning Fort Washington,

and the result justified his views; but Congress, had, in fact, decided in favor of the measure, by desiring the Commander-in-chief, "by every act, to obstruct effectually the navigation of the North River between Fort Washington and Mount Constitution." Subsequently, when the British forced the chevaux-de-frise and ascended beyond the forts, Washington wrote to General Greene, expressing an opinion in favor of abandoning the fort; but the latter was too sanguine, and hence the loss of the place. Now ensued the terrible retreat through the Jerseys. Up to this period the conduct of General Lee had been not only meritorious, but highly praiseworthy; but from this time it began to assume a dubious aspect. When the retreat commenced he had been stationed with the rear of the army, in number about seven thousand five hundred men; and Washington, every day more hard pressed by the enemy, continued writing for him to hasten to the main army. These messages were sent from Hackensack, Newark, Brunswick, and Trenton, at first requesting, then urging Lee to bring up his troops by the speediest route. Lee desired Heath, who commanded in the Highlands, to send forward two thousand of his men, but this he refused to do, when a sharp altercation ensued, Lee commanding as Heath's superior officer, Heath pleading the orders of Washington; the latter of whom, on being referred to, sustained Heath. At last Lee put his troops in motion, his force now consisting of three thousand men, the remainder having returned home on the expiration of their enlistments. Messages continually arrived from Washington, pressing the lagging General to hurry forward. It must be recollected that this was the crisis of the Revolution; that dark hour just before the battle of Trenton, when the patriotism of New Jersey was already shivering in the wind; when secret traitors in the American camp plotted desertion; when the cause hung by a single thread only, and everything depended on the strength and fidelity of Washington's little army. The tardiness of Lee at such a time, when the junction of his troops would have doubled the force of the Commander-in-chief, is inexcusable, and must fill all candid minds with distrust. The only rational explanation of his conduct is that he had already become alienated from Washington, and sought to plunge him into inextricable difficulties in revenge. Or, perhaps, that he hoped to be able to achieve some brilliant deed on his own responsibility, which should enable him to aspire to the supreme command, in case of the capture of Washington, of his death in battle, or of his removal by Congress.

But these calculations were frustrated by two unforseen events, the capture of Lee himself, and Washington's victory at Trenton.

Lee was made a prisoner at Baskingridge, on the 13th of December, ten days after he crossed the Hudson. For some reasons, never explained, Lee had taken up his quarters for the night, with a small guard, at a solitary house about three miles from his encampment. A tory, discovering this fact, communicated it to Colonel Harcourt, a spirited British officer, at that time scouring the country with a party of dragoons. Here, just after breakfast, the Colonel surprised Lee, and placing him on a horse, without a hat, clad only in a blanket-coat and slippers, galloped off with him in triumph to the British army at Brunswick. His capture, notwithstanding his late conduct, was regarded as a serious blow by the Americans. The public sympathy soon became warmly aroused in his favor, especially when it was understood that he was to be sent to England for trial as a deserter; and Congress immediately ordered five Hessian field-officers, and Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, then a prisoner in Boston, to be imprisoned until the British should consent to treat Lee as a prisoner of war, and exchange him on equitable terms. Howe, in this emergency, wrote home for instructions, and the Minister, taking counsel of prudence, yielded. The negotiation, however, consumed nine months, during all which time Lee was uncertain of his fate. He probably owed his life to the firm attitude assumed in his behalf, by Congress and the Commander-in-chief.

Lee joined the American army, after his exchange, at Valley Forge, in May, 1778. But he did not return to the service with his old popularity. Other officers, meantime, had performed brilliant deeds, and shorn him of the laurels which he might have gained if free. The mode of his capture wore an air of the ridiculous, and appeared such as no judicious officer could possibly encounter. Moreover, the remembrance of his conduct in delaying to join Washington produced unfavorable impressions towards him; for men said that a subordinate ought to obey, right or wrong, and leave the responsibility with his superior. There appeared, on a review of his career, a general assumption of authority on the part of Lee, a haughtiness, an irascibility of temper, a scorn and self-conceit which not all his chivalry, his frankness, and his devotion to the cause of liberty could make the public forget; and though pity for his late misfortunes, for the present kept these feelings in the background, a circumstance soon occurred, which revived them in all their force, and by exhibiting the unfavorable points of his character in a stronger light than ever, produced the permanent ruin of Lee. We allude, of course, to the battle of Monmouth.

No sooner was it known, in the American camp, that Clinton had

abandoned Philadelphia, and begun his retreat through New-Jersey, than Washington, about the middle of June, 1778, set his troops in motion for the pursuit. The Commander-in-chief was anxious to join battle with his adversary; but to this his officers were almost unanimously opposed. The British General's first intention had been to reach New York by the way of Brunswick, but after ascending the Delaware as far as Bordentown, he learned that Washington had already occupied the high grounds which commanded that route. He was accordingly forced to abandon his original design, and, turning off toward Crosswicks, he proceeded through Allentown to Monmouth Court House, intending to reach South Amboy in this more circuitous way. At Monmouth Court House he rested for several days, having chosen, for his position, a wooded hill, surrounded by swamps, and almost inaccessible.

During this retreat Washington had moved along the more elevated grounds to the northward, in nearly a parallel line to his enemy, thus retaining the power to give or withhold battle. No means of annoying Sir Henry, meantime, were neglected. A strong corps hung on his left flank, a regiment followed on his rear, and Colonel Morgan watched his right. Washington appears to have secretly wished for a battle during the whole march, and as the British approached the end of their journey he gradually drew his forces around them. He now again called a council of his officers, and proposed that battle should be given. But the measure was negatived a second time. It was, however, agreed that the corps on the left flank of the enemy should be strengthened, and that the main body of the army should move in close vicinity to it, so as to be at hand to support it in case of an emergency. Among those who opposed a battle were Generals Lee and Du Portail, and the venerable Baron Steuben. These officers considered the discipline of the Americans so inferior to that of the British, as to render defeat inevitable, in case the two armies should engage on equal terms; and the influence of their opinions brought over most of the junior officers to that side. Wayne, Cadwalader, La Fayette and Greene, appear to have been the only ones who differed from the council; and the two first alone were openly in favor of a battle. When the council decided so much against his wishes, Washington resolved to act on his own responsibility. The British were already approaching Monmouth; twelve miles further on were the Heights of Middletown. If the enemy reached these latter all hope of bringing him to an action, unless with his own consent, would be gone. The blow, if struck at all, must be given at once.

To bring on a battle, Washington resolved to strengthen still further the force on the enemy's left flank, now the advanced corps: and accordingly he detached Wayne to join it with a thousand men. This command, about four thousand strong, was thought of sufficient importance to be entrusted to one of the Major-Generals; and the post, of right, belonged to Lee. But having advised against the battle, and believing nothing serious was intended, he allowed La Fayette to take his place. Scarcely had he yielded, however, before he learned the importance of the post, and solicited Washington to restore it to him; "otherwise," to use his own phrase, "both he and Lord Stirling, (the seniors of La Fayette) would be disgraced." To spare his feelings, Washington suggested a compromise. He sent Lee to join the Marquis, with two additional brigades; but, in order that the feelings of La Fayette might not be wounded, he stipulated that if any scheme of attack had been formed for the day, Lee should not interfere with it. The intelligence of this change, and of the stipulation he had made, Washington himself communicated to La Fayette. No plan of attack, however, had been formed, and by the night of the 27th Lee, was in full command of the advanced corps.

His army lay at Englishtown, not five miles distant from Monmouth, where the British were encamped. Washington, with the rear division, was but three miles behind; and almost his last duty, before he retired, was to send word for Lee to attack the enemy as soon as Clinton should have begun his march. He also detached Greene, with a sufficient force, to move on the enemy's flank, taking a circuitous route in order to fall into the main road again, just before reaching Monmouth Court House. These arrangements were known at the outer posts, and a battle on the morrow prognosticated: so that the sentry, as he walked his rounds during that short summer night, speculated often on the fortunes of the coming day.

The morning had scarcely dawned, when the British army began its march, Knyphausen with the baggage going first, while Cornwallis, with the flower of the army, followed behind. This arrangement was adopted by Clinton, in consequence of having become aware of the movements of the Americans on his flank; and, like an able General, he strengthened his rear for the combat which he began to see was inevitable in that quarter. As there was but a single road for his army to traverse, the train of baggage wagons and of horses reached for twelve miles. Accordingly, although the van of the column began to move at four o'clock, the rear of it did not get into motion until nearly eight; and it was not until after this hour that the grenadiers of Cornwallis, with Clinton and him-

self at their head, left the heights of Freehold, where they had been encamped during the night, and began to descend into the wooded plain below, through which the road wound for miles, amid woods, swamps and low defiles. Meantime, Lee had received a second courier from Washington, who, hearing the enemy was in motion, sent orders to his subordinate to attack the British, "unless there should be powerful reasons to the contrary," promising to hasten up with the reserves and sustain the battle. Accordingly Lee began his march, and by nine o'clock reached the heights of Freehold, which the English rear had left just before. As the Americans gained the brow of the elevation they beheld the splendid grenadiers of the enemy, moving in compact masses, along the valley below; while further on was visible the long line of baggage wagons, toiling like some huge serpent through the dusty plain, here lost in the woods, there re-appearing in the open country, until finally vanishing in the obscure distance. This magnificent spectacle was seen only for a moment; for, descending into the level ground, Lee prepared to attack the foe. His plan was to let Wayne press on the covering party of the British rear, while he himself, taking a circuitous route, should gain its front and cut it off from the main body.

But Clinton was not thus to be surprised. His scouts having brought him early information of Lee's movement on his flank, he collected his forces with the intention of precipitating them in overwhelming volume on his antagonist. There was no other way, indeed, to parry the blow. The baggage was engaged in a succession of defiles, extending for several miles, and to protect it, it was necessary to turn boldly on the pursuers. By pressing them hard, Clinton hoped he might crush them before Washington could arrive to their aid; for the American Commander-in-chief was five miles in the rear of Lee, and separated from him by two defiles difficult to pass. Even if he should have eventually to meet the whole force of his enemy, Clinton trusted, in these defiles, to be at least able to hold him in check. But, in order to render his designs as sure of success as possible, he despatched word to Knyphausen to send back reinforcements to the rear. This succor was obtained without its being at first perceived by Lee, for the intervening forest hid the movement from sight. It was not long, however, before his scouts brought in the intelligence that Clinton appeared in greater force than they had expected; and when Lee, alarmed at this information, galloped to the front to reconnoitre, he was startled to find nearly the whole British army advancing against him, their dense and glittering masses swarming on the plain.

It is in moments such as this that great generals perform those prodigies of valor, and achieve those wonders of tactics, which make their names immortal! But Lee was under the influence of feelings which prevented his making any such splendid effort! We cannot suppose that the retreat which ensued was in consequence of any treachery on his part: we must therefore assign the cause to his want of self-confidence, or a secret resolution to make good his late opinion. He had a morass in his rear and a disciplined enemy in front: here was reason sufficient to induce a weak man to abandon the field. But he had received orders to attack, with an assurance of speedy support: this ought to have sufficed for a brave man and an obedient officer. The truth is, Lee had advised against a battle, and was not sorry to find his opinion apparently sustained by results: he saw sufficient in the present conjuncture to excuse him, he thought, in making a retreat. At first, indeed, he resolved to form and await the enemy, but some of his troops crossing the morass in his rear under a mistaken order, he changed his mind, and precipitately fell back in the direction of the main army, without firing a gun. Lee's exaggerated fear of the English veterans is shown in this little incident, as it had been before displayed at the attack on Charleston, when he advised the abandonment of Fort Moultrie; and, without any imputation on his courage or his fidelity, assists to explain his conduct.

Clinton, finding his foe retreating, briskly advanced to the attack, preceded by the Queen's light dragoons; these, charging a body of horse led by La Fayette, drove them back in disorder. The route of the retreating Americans lay along a valley, about one mile broad and three long, cut up by ravines and sprinkled with clumps of woodland. Into one of these bits of forest, the Americans now plunged themselves, from which they emerged in four columns, at a distance of twelve hundred paces, about a mile beyond the village of Monmouth. Here they made a temporary stand, and placed a battery; but on the approach of the British they fell back again without a discharge; at the same time a detachment formed in front of the village retired also without resistance. The whole of the advanced corps under Lee was now in full retreat. Flushed with what they considered a certain victory, though almost incredible at the ease with which it had been purchased, the British thundered hotly in pursuit, their long line of burnished muskets flashing in the sunshine, as they poured out from the woods and debouched into the open ground in front. The sight of these magnificent troops, and the splendid manner in which they manœuvred, increased Lee's want

of confidence in his men, and rendered him more eager to pursue his retreat. He accordingly fell back another mile, when he again halted. His position was now comparatively tenable, with a ravine in front, and woods on either flank. A couple of cannon, well placed, would have commanded the approaches, and enabled him to maintain himself until succor should arrive; but, overcome by fears, at the approach of the enemy, he once more gave the order to retire, and flung himself into the forest on the left. Into its recesses the British eagerly followed him, and soon the woods rang far and near with the rattle of musketry, the shouts of combatants, and the tread of charging infantry. Faster and faster the Americans retreated; but, hot and fierce, the enemy pressed in pursuit. At last a portion of the fugitives made a third stand, in the vicinity of some elevated grounds about three miles from their first position; but they had scarcely formed, when the British cavalry, shaking their sabres in the sun, poured down to the charge. Before this terrible onset the Americans speedily gave way: but, ere the retreat became a rout, a battery of two guns, hastily unlimbered by Colonel Stuart, checked the advance of the victorious horse. By this time murmurs of dissatisfaction began to be heard among the men; who declared that, if led with resolution, they could maintain their ground against twice the legions of Clinton. The discontent became almost universal: whispers of treachery on the part of Lee begun to circulate; and, at last, one or more of the officers galloped from the ranks, and, hurrying to the rear, conveyed the startling intelligence to Washington of the disastrous and unexpected retreat.

While these events were in progress, the main army had left the encampment and was advancing to sustain Lee. The day was excessively sultry, but, as soon as the report of the first cannon boomed across the distance, the troops broke into a quick-step: and shortly after, as the reverberations of the artillery increased, throwing away their knapsacks, they hurried impatiently forward. For a time the firing ceased, nor could the cause of this be explained. Anxious, and in doubt, Washington pressed on, in vain seeking some elevation in the road from which to gain a view of the country ahead: but no rising ground offered itself, or if it did, the prospect was shut in by dark masses of woods. The cannonade was now resumed, followed by faint reports of musketry: and soon the vicinity of the sounds proved that the battle was close at hand. At last Washington reached a partly elevated ground, where he paused a moment to allow his troops to come up. He was standing beside his reeking horse, seeking a momentary shade from the noon of that

awful day, when he discovered the first of the fugitives from Lee's command; and immediately afterwards, an officer hastening forward, begged him to press on, or the battle would be inevitably lost Astonished and indignant, he leaped on his horse, and galloped furiously through the retreating ranks. In a few moments he reached the head, where, drawing in his bridle at the side of Lee, he exclaimed sharply, "What is the meaning of this?" "Sir, sir," replied Lee, abashed at so severe an address. "What is all this confusion for, and retreat?" retorted Washington. "I see no confusion," replied Lee, "but what has arisen from my orders not being obeyed. The enemy are too strong for me." "You should not have undertaken this command, sir, unless you intended to fight," was the stern reply; and with this, Washington put spurs to his horse and pressing to the extreme rear of the fugitives, took a rapid view of the advancing enemy and of the capabilities of the surrounding ground for defence. His decision on the course to be pursued was instantaneous. His eagle eye seized the favorable points at once. His momentary anger had now passed away, or only sufficient of it remained to give a glow to his fine face, as riding hither and thither, his tall form towering above all, and his voice raised in short and stern commands, he sought to rally and dispose the troops. Never, it is said, was his aspect more heroic than on this occasion. He flashed to and fro like a god suddenly descended on the scene. His presence, his stirring appeals, but more than all his enthusiasm, at once restored courage and confidence to the men, and with loud cries they demanded to be led against the enemy. Hastily forming the regiments of Ramsey and Stuart, Washington left them to receive the first onset of the foe: and then hurried back to bring up his reserves. As he passed Lee, he ordered that officer to keep his ground, if possible, until succor should arrive. He had scarcely been lost to sight down the road when Hamilton, galloped across the fields, his horse in a foam. Reaching Lee's side, he grasped his hand and exclaimed, "My dear General, let me stay here and die with you: let us all die here rather than retreat!" With these words the battle again begun.

But Lee's troops could not long withstand the assaults of the enemy, who came pouring down on them, flushed and triumphant with success. The momentary enthusiasm produced by the presence of Washington had subsided; and though many were eager to perish where they stood rather than retire, the confidence of an army, once broken, is difficult to be restored; and hence, after a brief resistance, the division began a new retreat. By this time, however, Washing-

ton had formed his reserves, and, opening his ranks for the fugitives to pass, he directed Lee to retire to Englishtown, three miles in the rear, and there collect his troops. The ground chosen by Washington was low, but protected by a morass in front; while Knox, with six pieces of artillery, was thrown forward to a high ground overlooking the enemy's flank. Perceiving these able dispositions, Clinton checked the advance of his light infantry and turning to Washington's left, made a feint to attack there; but Lord Stirling, with some field-pieces, took post on an elevation in this quarter, and assisted by the infantry, drove back the enemy. Now, for the first time, the British received a positive check. Stung with mortification they made desperate efforts to redeem the day. In a few minutes the battle became furious. Detachment after detachment of infantry, issuing from the American lines, charged the British wherever they advanced; while, as often as the Americans retired, the British followed, like a returning wave. It had been ten o'clock when the retreat first began; it was twelve when Washington came up to Lee: an hour had been lost in forming the troops; and now for two hours more, the undulating ground on which the armies were drawn up, shook with the reverberations of artillery and was darkened with the smoke of battle. It was the Sabbath day, and just in front of the American infantry rose a quiet parsonage house: yet the uproar and slaughter of the strife grew momently more terrible. Far away, over the fields, the yellowing wheat stood motionless, for not a breath of air was stirring; while the atmosphere, along the lines of the low hills, seemed to boil in the sultry sunbeams. No Sabbath bell called worshippers to prayer: no quiet groups were seen wending their way to church: none of the usual holy repose of the sacred day hung over the landscape. But, as the sun traversed the unclouded zenith, and began to decline towards the west, the fury of the fight raged higher and fiercer, and the sulphurous smoke gathered denser along the ensanguined plain.

Wayne, with an advanced corps, had taken a position on a rising ground, twelve rods behind the parsonage, and about half way between the main body and the park of artillery under Knox. A fence ran across the field just in front. Several times the British grenadiers crossed this fence, in order to drive Wayne back from his position; but, as often, the fire of our troops and artillery stationed there repulsed them in disorder. At last Colonel Monckton, their leader, in a short address, nearly every word of which was heard by Wayne's detachment, then scarcely thirty rods distant, stimulated them to a last desperate assault. Placing himself at their head, Monckton or-

dered them to advance, which they did in silence, and in as beautiful order as on parade. For a moment the Americans gazed in hushed admiration on these splendid troops: then the batteries of Knox and the musketry of Wayne's infantry opened together. The slaughter that ensued was the most horrible of any that had happened yet, during the five hours of battle. The balls of the cannon tore up the solid ranks of the foe, in one instance a single shot disarming a whole platoon. The deadly aim of the Americans smote the British ranks incessantly, the officers falling as if pierced by the shafts of some invisible power. Colonel Monckton, while cheering at the head of his men, was mortally wounded. Instantly the Americans rushed forward to seize the body, while the British strove manfully to carry it off. Then ensued one of those desperate melees which Homer loved to describe, and which belong rather to romance than to history. Foot to foot and breast to breast the combatants fought, the men frequently throwing aside their arms and grappling in the death struggle; while, on every part of the field there was a momentary pause, and all eyes turned to where that dark body of commingled foes swayed backwards and forwards in the strife of life and death. Now, the smoke, clinging around the combatants, hid them from sight; now the white masses broke away and revealed the tumultuous conflict. The artillery ceased firing, for friend and foe were inextricably linked together. One moment the Americans appeared to have the advantage; the next they were seen slowly giving way. No cheers rose from the combatants in that mortal contest; the struggle was too earnest for words. At last the scene became one of apparently interminable confusion, where, around a pile of dead, groups of savage men, begrimed with smoke and covered with blood, flashed to and fro under the lurid canopy, like demons. Then the whole spectacle vanished behind that cloud of vapor; a minute of suspense ensued; and when the veil lifted, the British were seen driving in confusion across the fence. The Americans were victorious, remaining in triumphant possession of the body, now surrounded by a hecatomb of slain! On seeing this terrible spectacle, Clinton, despairing of success, abandoned his position and fell back behind the ravine, to the spot he had occupied when he received his first check, immediately after Washington met Lee.

The engraving represents this portion of the battle field. The view looks to the north. At the back of the spectator, and to the left, is where Knox, with his artillery was posted. In the distance, from between the two apple trees, stretching along to the left of the picture, is the ground occupied by Washington. To the

right, from the house to the end of the view, lies the elevated ground where the British army was stationed. Wayne's division came into action to the right, between Knox and the enemy.

When the British were thus driven back, they seized an almost impregnable position, that which Lee had once occupied; their flanks being secured by thick woods and morasses, and their front accessible only through a narrow pass. The day was now declining, yet Washington determined on forcing the enemy from his position. Two brigades were accordingly detached to gain the right flank of the British, and Woodford, with his gallant brigade was ordered to turn their left. Knox opened his terrible batteries, and the battle once more began. The British cannon replied. The ground shook with the earthquake of heavy artillery, and the fields where the enemy had lately stood, echoed to the cheers of the Americans advancing to the charge.

Night was now approaching, however. All through that long day, with the thermometer at ninety, the two armies had been engaged either in pursuing, in retreating, or in active strife; numbers had died from pure exhaustion, others had their tongues so swollen with thirst that they could not speak, and scores had crawled to the sides of the brook, or sank helpless under some friendly shade. Never, in the annals of modern warfare, had there been a battle so obstinately contested under so burning a sun. Hour after hour the two armies had struggled in that narrow valley. There, at high noon, the combut had begun; and there, though it was now sunset, the strife still raged. The purple tints of the declining day changed to a cold green, and this to sober grey, yet a desultory firing continued in spots across the field. The moon, then in her last quarter, began to show her faint horn in the western heaven; and then, but not till then, the dropping shots ceased, and silence gradually fell on the landscape. But long after this, the dun smoke, which no breath of welcome air stirred, hung over the scene of strife, and, growing darker as the night deepened, took the appearance of a vast velvet pall, flung, by the hand of pitying nature, over the unburied heroes that lay around. Completely worn out, the combatants of both armies sank to repose, each man making his bed on the ground he occupied. The troops of Washington slept on their arms, he himself reclining like the humblest soldier in their midst.

It was the intention of the American General to renew the battle on the following day, but toward midnight, when the moon had gone down, the British secretly abandoned their position, and resumed their march. So fatigued were the Americans, that the flight of the enemy

was not discovered until morning. Washington made no attempt at pursuit, satisfied that Sir Henry Clinton would reach the heights of Middletown before he could be overtaken. Accordingly, leaving a detachment to watch the British rear, the main body of the army was moved, by easy marches, to the Hudson. In this battle the enemy lost nearly three hundred; the Americans did not suffer a third as much. Never, unless at Princeton, did Washington evince such heroism. His presence of mind alone saved the day. He checked the retreat, drove back the enemy, and remained master of the field; and this, too, with a loss comparatively trifling when compared with that of the foe.

The battle of Monmouth, won in this manner, when all the senior officers had declared a victory impossible, left a profound impression on the public mind of America and Europe. The discipline of our troops was no longer despised. Soldiers who, under such disastrous circumstances, could be brought to face and drive back a successful foe, were declared to be a match for the veterans of Europe; and their General, who had been called the Fabius, was now honored with the new title of the Marcellus of modern history.

This is the proper place to refer to the subsequent disgrace of Lee. Though Washington had addressed him warmly in the first surprise of their meeting, it is probable that no public notice would have been taken of Lee's hasty retreat, but for the conduct of that General himself. Of a haughty, perhaps of an overbearing disposition, he could not brook the indignity which he considered had been put upon him; and almost his first act was to write an improper letter to Washington, demanding reparation for the words used toward him on the battle-field. The reply of the Commander-in-chief was dignified, but severe. He assured his subordinate he should have a speedy opportunity to justify himself, and on Lee's asking for a court-martial, the latter was arrested. The verdict of that body was,

First: That he was guilty of disobedience of orders in not attacking the enemy on the 28th of June, agreeably to repeated instructions. Second: That he was guilty of misbehavior before the enemy on the same day, in making an unnecessary, and, in some few instances, a disorderly retreat. Third: That he was guilty of disrespect to the Commander-in-chief in two letters. His sentence was, to be suspended from his rank for one year.

We shall not go into a minute examination of the question whether this punishment was deserved. Our own opinion is that it was. We must, however, be understood as saying that the two first charges were not made out clearly by the evidence; and that it

would have been fairer to have convicted Lee only on the last. We do not think him guilty in the retreat of anything but an error in judgment, arising, perhaps, from want of confidence in his men. But he should have kept the Commander-in-chief advised of his movements. It is clear that Lee considered himself a superior officer to Washington. Hence, he was overbearing, proud, sullen, and dogmatical throughout the whole proceedings, both before and after the battle. This point of his character was well understood by the army, with whom he was unpopular:—it was the real cause of his disgrace. He fell a victim, not so much to his error in the retreat, as to his haughty and impetuous character; for, unwilling to brook a superior, he assumed an attitude to the Commander-in-chief, incompatible alike with decency and discipline.

The verdict fell, like a thunderbolt, on Lee. He was still confident, however, that Congress, which body was to reverse or approve the decision of the court-martial, would annul the proceedings. He was disappointed. If there had, at any time, been a chance in his favor, it was destroyed by the intemperance of his language in reference to the court and to Washington. The court being, by his violent course, forced to take sides, naturally sustained the Commander-in-chief. The sentence was approved, after a delay of three months: and Lee, in a passion of indignation, retired to his estate in Virginia. Here he lived like a hermit. His personal habits had always been careless, and they now grew more so. His house was a mere shell, with but one room, which by lines of chalk on the floor he divided into his kitchen, his study, his chamber, and a place for his saddles and harness. His time was divided between his dogs and his books. It was while in this retirement that he wrote the celebrated "Queries, Political and Military," the object of which was to depreciate the character and military genius of Washington: these, finding their way into the Maryland Journal, raised such a storm of indignation that the printer had to make a public apology and surrender the name of the author. Shortly after, on the expiration of his term of suspension, having heard a rumor that Congress, from motives of economy, intended to dispense with his services, he penned a characteristic and insolent letter to that body, which produced a resolution that "Major-General Charles Lee be informed that Congress have no further occasion for his services in the army of the United States." In reply, Lee wrote an apology for his late epistle, attributing its tone to the fact that his temper was ruffled at the time; wishing Congress success in the cause; yet expressing his intention, by this letter, not to be, to court a restoration to rank, but

to excuse his late indecorum and impropriety. There is something redeeming in this last public act of Lee; something of the wounded lion, old and deserted, closing the scene with dignity.

The bitter malignity which Lee displayed towards Washington, at last induced Colonel John Laurens, one of the aids of the Commander-in-chief, to call him to an account. A duel between Laurens and Lee accordingly took place, in which the latter received a ball in his side. On a subsequent occasion, having been censured by Chief Justice Drayton, of South Carolina, in a charge to a grand jury, Lee angrily sent a challenge to the Judge, which the latter, however, declined, alleging that such a mode of adjusting the difficulty would be inconsistent with his official character. By this want of temper, Lee managed to involve himself in other quarrels, and create other enemies. Meantime his skeptical opinions on religion, which had now become generally known, led a large portion of the community to regard him with distrust. In short, a freethinker in every thing, and exercising no restraint over his passions, he now lost all his former popularity, and was falling from the lofty height in which he had formerly stood, like some star suddenly shooting downwards, and disappearing in the abyss of space.

The life of an agriculturalist did not suit him, and in 1782 he visited Baltimore and Philadelphia, intending to sell his estate and afterwards resolve on some plan of life. But death stepped in to put a close to his schemes and his vexations. At Philadelphia he was seized with a fever at a common inn. In a few days, notwithstanding the skill of his physicians, the unfortunate man finished his mortal career. He died on the 2nd of October, 1782, in the fifty-first year of his age. His closing scene has a grandeur in it worthy of his earlier fame. He lay motionless for a long time, muttering incoherently in the delirium of fever; but, as death drew on, he suddenly started up in bed, his eye kindled, he waved his hand, and shouting, "Stand by me, my brave grenadiers," fell back and expired. He was interred in the burial ground contiguous to Christ Church, where, long since, the particular spot of his sepulture has been lost to tradition.

In dismissing the character of Lee we can add little, which we did not say in the beginning. He had many excellent qualities, and much talent; but in temper he was reckless, bitter, and unforgiving. On the one hand, chivalrous, generous, constant in his friendships: on the other, imprudent, conceited, relentless in his hate. He never forgave Washington even the negative part which that great and good man took in the affair of Monmouth. In public and private he

vehemently declaimed against the Commander-in-chief, to whom he attributed those misfortunes which, in reality, were the fruit of his own passions. With many noble qualities, and every advantage in the morning of life, his career set, at last, in tempest and gloom!

# BENJAMIN LINCOLN.

BENJAMIN LINCOLN, a Major-General in the continental line, was an officer of respectable, though not of superior abilities. He had no genius, but some talent; was more prudent than enterprising; and belonged to the old formal school in the art of war. Lincoln was one of the unfortunate Generals of the Revolution. In no case where he commanded in person did victory attend our arms. Such a continuation of disasters could not have been accidental, but must have arisen, at least in part, from some peculiarity in himself. It is evident that Lincoln was a leader not altogether fitted for the times. He had neither the irresistible vehemence of Wayne, nor the comprehensive intellect of Washington. Yet he was not a bad General. His conduct was unexceptionable, judged by merely critical rules. No one can fairly censure him for the loss of Charleston, for the repulse at Savannah, or for the failure of the attack on Stono

Ferry. But the reflection will nevertheless arise that a commander of greater genius might have effected more.

Lincoln was born at Hingham, Massachusetts, on the 23rd of January, 1733. Until about the period of the Revolution he followed the vocation of a farmer. In 1775, however, he was elected a Lieutenant-Colonel of the militia, and subsequently chosen a member of the Provincial Congress. In 1776, he was commissioned as a Brigadier by his native state, principally on account of his extensive influence. He soon displayed an aptitude for the profession of arms and was of great assistance in preparing the militia for active service. The rank of Major-General having been bestowed on him by Massachusetts, he commanded a body of militia that marched to join the main army at New York. Washington speedily discerned that the abilities of Lincoln were superior to those of the great mass around him, and, anxious to secure his services permanently, recommended him warmly to Congress. In consequence he was appointed a Major-General in the continental line in February, 1777. For several months subsequent to this elevation, he continued with the main army under Washington, earning a solid reputation for courage, prudence and accuracy of judgment.

In July, 1777, he was detached to join the army under Gates. One reason for his selection was his popularity in the New England states, which it was hoped might be made available in obtaining recruits. He first repaired to Manchester, in Vermont, where a depot had been formed for the militia. Here as the different companies came in, Lincoln prepared and forwarded them to the main body. While at this post, on the 13th of September, he detached Colonel Brown, with five hundred men, to Lake George, where that officer conquered two hundred batteaux, and nearly three hundred soldiers of the enemy, besides liberating one hundred American prisoners. This vigorous blow, struck on the line of communications of Burgoyne, was a serious evil to that General. From the hour that he heard of it he despaired of retreat. Lincoln, after this success, despatched two other parties against Skeensborough and Mount Independence, and then proceeded to join Gates at head-quarters, where affairs were rapidly drawing to a climax. During the terrible battle of the 7th of October he commanded within the lines, and consequently escaped unhurt, but on the succeeding day, while reconnoitering in front of the army, he came unexpectedly upon a detachment of the enemy. A volley being discharged at him and his Aids, Lincoln was seriously wounded in the leg, and, for a time it was feared that the limb would have to be amputated. He was removed at first to Albany, and

several months subsequently to his residence at Hingham. Nor was it until August, 1778, that he was sufficiently recovered to repair to the camp of Washington. Meantime, however, large portions of the bone had come away from his limb. For several years the leg continued in an ulcerated condition, and being shortened by the loss of bone, rendered him lame for life.

The threatened invasion of the south had induced that section of the confederacy to apply to Congress for a General to command them in the Carolinas, and at the suggestion of the leading men there, Lincoln was elected to the new post. He arrived at Charleston in December, 1778, and found everything in confusion. In the chaos that reigned in all the various departments, in the want of supplies, the disorganization of the troops, the apathy of the inhabitants, Lincoln found ample exercise for energy, application, and an economic use of means. He inspired confidence by his bold front, gave coherence to the raw levies, infused a military spirit among all classes, and this so effectually that, in a few months, despondency gave place to exhilaration, and instead of being content merely to defend their homes the Carolinians aspired to carry the war into the heart of the enemy's positions in Georgia. Lincoln accordingly marched upon that province and was engaged successfully against the enemy in the upper part of the state, when Prevost, the British General, dexterously eluding Moultrie, who had been left to watch him, advanced into South Carolina, and made a bold dash at Charleston. This hazardous attempt had nearly caused the fall of that place. Fortunately, however, Lincoln, apprized of his enemy's movements, by a rapid countermarch, arrived before the capital in time to raise the siege. The battle of Stono Ferry followed; but, though the Americans displayed the utmost gallantry, Prevost succeeded in effecting his escape.

In September, 1779, Lincoln commanded the continental troops at the siege of Savannah; and when the fatal assault was suggested by d'Estaing, remonstrated, though to no purpose against it. The French Admiral refusing to remain longer, Lincoln reluctantly consented to the attack. The night before the storm, a deserter went over to the enemy and gave notice of the intended movement, so that Prevost was fully prepared. The principal assault was directed against the right flank of the works. On this side, a swampy hollow, affording cover, led up to within fifty yards of the fortifications. The allied troops were marshalled before day, the French in three columns, the Americans in one. D'Estaing and Lincoln in person marched at the head of their respective forces. The darkness was

intense—scarcely a star shining on high. The wind wailing through the pines, seemed to forbode the approaching disaster. The army was to move in one long column until it approached the edge of the wood, when it was to break off into the different columns as arranged, but in consequence of the thick gloom the troops lost their way and became involved in the swamp, so that some disorder ensued. At last, however, the ranks were formed anew, and the first column, headed by d'Estaing, dashed forward to the walls. The day was just breaking. As the assailants emerged from the gray fog of the hollow way, the defenders who had been on the look out all night, detected the flash of their muskets, and opened a raking fire of artillery that, at the first discharge, decimated the column. The French staggered an instant, but soon rallying, pressed on. Again that torrent of balls and grape swept past them, carrying with it many a brave soldier, and shaking the column to its centre. Yet still the storming party, breasting the current, endeavored to force their way into the works. At every step, however, the missiles of death, like thick falling snow flakes, drove wilder and faster into their faces. When they reached the abatis the carnage became frightful. The ground soon became strewn with the slain. The hardy veteran who had passed all his life in camps, and the young recruit fresh from the banks of the Loire fell together side by side; while the officer, as he mounted the fallen body of some soldier, to cheer on his men, tumbled dead across it. Speedily, a confused heap blocked up the approach to the ramparts, the blood that oozed in a thick stream from the mass of dead, flowing lazily off into the morass. The first column broke and fled, but the second now poured on to the assault. This, in turn, recoiled, when the third came dashing up. D'Estaing, gallantly leading his men, at last fell wounded, and had to be carried from the field. The troops, however, continued the attack, though, amid the smoke and fog, nothing could be seen of their progress, except now and then a banner rising and falling above the clouds of vapor, like a sail tossing on the distant surge!

The attack of the Americans was, for a while, more successful. Headed by Colonel Laurens, the gallant band pressed forward, in face of a withering fire, on the Spring Hill redoubt, and, after a tremendous struggle, a part succeeded in getting into the ditch. Serjeant Jasper, in charge of one of the colors of the second regiment, was among the foremost in the assault, and while the precious flag waved aloft, the enthusiasm of the men, never, for an instant, flagged; but, pressing forward, they carried everything before them. Across the plain; into the ditch; and up over the walls the living

tide poured on. As he reached the ditch, Jasper received a second and a mortal wound, and feeling the hand of death upon him, turned feebly to Lieutenant Bush and delivered the holy charge into his hands. The new standard-bearer had scarcely received the deposit, when a grape shot struck him, and he tumbled headlong into the ditch; but, with a dying effort, he grasped the flag, and fell with his body across it, so that, after the battle, it was picked up soaked with his blood. The other standard of the regiment, however, still waved aloft, its familiar folds, though riddled by shot, fluttering in the van. For a moment, as its bearer leaped into the ditch, it appeared to sink under the tide of battle; but soon it rose again, and, the next instant was seen waving proudly on the enemy's ramparts. Inspired by the sight, the column, which had wavered under the terrible fire, rushed forward, and endeavored to scale the walls. A few succeeded in the attempt. But the greater number, mowed down by the incessant discharges, sank at the foot of the ramparts. In vain the more athletic clambered up the parapet. Tempests of fire and shot swept the walls and hurled them back into the ditch, bleeding and dying. A few, for a second or two, gained a foothold in the works. But the British, finding others did not arrive to support them, made a sudden charge along the parapet, and pushed the successful assailants down. At this crisis, Serjeant Macdonald, seeing that retreat was inevitable, and unwilling to leave the standard as a trophy to the foe, seized it, and, with a shout of defiance, sprung back into the ditch. The enemy, following up his advantage, swept the ditch as well as the ramparts, and, excited to a phrenzy of enthusiasm, pursued the retiring foe through the abatis, and even to the open plain. The sally was as rapid as a flash of lightning, and smote the assailants with a like terrible effect. The whole four columns simultaneously recoiled from those blood-red ramparts. The fight had lasted an hour. A thousand brave men had fallen in that short space, and now lay far and near darkening the plain, here scattered about along the line of retreat, there piled in heaps where the battle had raged fiercest. Struck with horror at the spectacle, and satisfied that a second assault would be equally abortive, the allied commanders, after that last terrible repulse, drew off their forces, and beat a parley to bury the dead. Nine days subsequently the siege was abandoned.

Thus ended the unfortunate investment of Savannah. Nor was the next affair, in which Lincoln was engaged, more triumphant: we allude, of course, to the fall of Charleston, the garrison of which he commanded. By the loss of that capital, and the army collected

there, the whole south was placed at the mercy of the foe; and in consequence, a large number of his fellow citizens severely censured Lincoln for attempting to defend the town. But the three months delay gained by the siege was no unimportant advantage. It is easy, at this day, to state that errors were committed; but it is difficult to say how they could have been corrected at the time. The Carolinians placed an undue importance on their capital, insisting that it should be defended to the last extremity; and, as Lincoln had been promised reinforcements from the north, he considered himself imperatively bound to yield to their wishes. What General, in the same circumstances, would have done otherwise? For the last fortnight of the siege he was on the lines night and day, without once undressing. In consequence of the capitulation, Lincoln became a prisoner of war, but in 1781 he was exchanged, and joined the main army in time to witness the surrender of Yorktown. On that auspicious occasion Washington delegated to him the task of receiving the sword of Cornwallis, an honor delicately proffered by the Commander-in-chief, in order to heal the lacerated feelings of Lincoln. For, throughout all the adverse fortunes of the latter, Washington continued his advocate and friend, insisting that, at the worst, the argument in favor of defence at Charleston, had been as potent as that against it!

In October, 1781, Lincoln was chosen Secretary of War, in which office he remained two years. He now retired to his farm. But in 1786, when the insurrection of Shay occurred, Lincoln was appointed to command the militia called out to sustain the laws. Through his prudence and energy the rebellion was extinguished with scarcely any bloodshed. In 1787, he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts. In 1789, he was appointed by the President collector for the port of Boston. On various occasions he acted as a Commissioner to make treaties with the Indians. He lived until the 10th of May, 1810, when he died after a short illness.

## ANTHONY WAYNE.

ANTHONY WAYNE, a Major-General in the American army, was the Ney of the war of independence. A braver man, perhaps, never lived. His name, indeed, has passed into a synonyme for all that is headlong and unapproachable in courage. Men of Wayne's class have been, in all ages, the favorites of the masses. The refinements of a great strategic genius are above the comprehension of common minds, but any individual, however ordinary in intellect, can appreciate an indomitable spirit. What Decatur was to the navy, that Wayne was to the army! There was nothing he feared to attempt. He would do not only what others dared, but more. His active and

irrepressible energy hurried him forward on a battle-field to make attempts which often succeeded from their very audacity. An instance of this occurred at Jamestown Ferry, where he saved his corps from annihilation by charging a force, five times in number, with the bayonet. He stood alone among the American Generals in the terrible power which he infused into a column of attack. Had he been one of Napoleon's Marshals he would have rivalled Macdonald at Wagram, or Ney at Waterloo. He swooped across a battle-field like an eagle striking at its prey. If he had lived in the old heroic age he would have gone, like Hercules, to drag Cerberus from the gates of hell.

Wayne was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, on the 1st of January, 1745. Even while a boy he evinced military spirit. His preceptor writing to the father, in reference to Wayne, said, "One thing I am certain of, he will never make a scholar. He may make a soldier: he has already distracted the brains of two-thirds of the boys, under my direction, by rehearsals of battles and sieges." The old schoolmaster, however, was not exactly correct in his estimate: for Wayne, having been censured by his father, in consequence of this epistle, applied himself from that hour laboriously to his books, and was finally dismissed with a certificate that, "having acquired all that his master could teach, he merited the means of higher and more general instruction." Wayne accordingly was sent to the Philadelphia Academy. Here he remained until his eighteenth year, when he returned to Chester county, and assumed the profession of a surveyor. A company of merchants having associated to purchase lands in Nova Scotia, Wayne was chosen as surveyor, on the recommendation of Dr. Franklin, over numerous competitors. He was at this period but twenty-one years of age, and the choice proves the reputation for talent which he had even then obtained. In 1767 he married and settled permanently in his native county. Here he served as a member of the Legislature and of the Committee of Public Safety. As early as 1764, convinced that war was inevitable, he began to apply himself to the study of military science. He raised a corps of volunteers, and devoted his leisure to drilling them, with such success, as one of his biographers asserts, that in six weeks they had "more the appearance of a veteran than a militia regiment."

In January, 1776, he was appointed by Congress Colonel of one of the regiments to be raised in Pennsylvania. He soon filled his ranks, and early in the spring, was ordered to Canada. In the expedition against Three Rivers he signalized himself by his daring

bravery, and also during the subsequent retreat, so that he began already to be spoken of as one certain to rise to eminence. He was wounded in this campaign. In February, 1777, he was appointed a Brigadier. He joined Washington in May of that year, and rendered such important aid in driving the enemy from New Jersey, that the Commander-in-chief spoke of him with especial approbation, in his official report to Congress in June, 1777. When it became evident that Howe was about to attack Philadelphia, Wayne was sent to his native county to raise the militia there. In the action of the Brandywine, Wayne commanded at Chad's Ford. On this occasion his troops particularly distinguished themselves. The Pennsylvania line had already become celebrated for its high state of discipline, and to this was now added a reputation for unshrinking courage in the field —characteristics which it never lost throughout the war, and for which it was mainly indebted to the example and instructions of Wayne. On the 11th of September, five days after the battle of Brandywine, the American army had completely recovered from its defeat; and the van, led by General Wayne, had actually come into contact with the enemy, with the intention of giving battle, when a storm arose and separated the combatants.

Washington, discovering that Howe still lingered in his vicinity, despatched Wayne to watch the enemy's movements, and when joined by Smallwood and the Maryland militia, to cut off the baggage and hospital train. Wayne accordingly hovered on the enemy's rear, but not being joined by Smallwood, was able to effect nothing. Meantime the British were meditating an attack on his position. Wayne received a partial notice of the intended surprise about an hour before it occurred, but the information was not sufficiently reliable to induce him to shift his position. He held his men in readiness, however. At eleven o'clock, and while it was raining, the enemy suddenly appeared in sight. Wayne immediately ordered a retreat. The artillery and larger portion of his force, he directed to move off under Colonel Hampton; while he remained in person, with the first Pennsylvania regiment, the light infantry and the horse, to cover the rear. Through negligence or misapprehension, Hampton did not put his troops into motion until three distinct orders had been sent to do so; and in consequence about one hundred and fifty of his men were cut off and bayonetted by the British. The real offender, Hampton, in order to exonerate himself, charged the misfortune to the negligence of Wayne. A court-martial accordingly was summoned, the verdict of which not only exculpated the General, but declared he had done everything that could be expected of an active,

brave and vigilant officer. This affair has been misrepresented in popular history as a surprise, followed by an indiscriminate slaughter, and is generally known as the Paoli massacre.

At the battle of Germantown, Wayne led one division of the right wing; and in the retreat saved the army, by throwing up a battery at White Marsh Church. During the winter at Valley Forge, Wayne was despatched to New Jersey, which he foraged from Bordentown to Salem, and succeeded in bringing very important supplies to camp, though not until after many sharp skirmishes with the enemy. In the obstinate contest at Monmouth he signalized himself by the most daring courage, and was one of the few who sided with Washington in recommending a battle. For his conduct on this day he was particularly commended to Congress by the Commander-in-chief. Nothing of importance occurred in Wayne's career after this, until the storming of Stony Point, which took place on the 15th of July, 1779. This is the most brilliant affair of the war of independence. Stony Point is a precipitous hill, on the western shore of the Hudson, completely commanding King's Ferry, the then ordinary communication between the middle and eastern states. It had been seized by the British, who declared their intention to make it impregnable. Nature had already done much to assist their design. The hill was washed by the river on two of its sides, and covered on the third by a marsh, overflowed except at low tide. The enemy encircled this hill with a double row of abatis, and erected on its summit a strong breastwork bristling with artillery. Six hundred veteran troops were assigned as the garrison of the place. Washington sent for Wayne and proposed that the latter should assault it, at the head of a picked corps. Though the British had been foiled at Bunker Hill, under exactly similar circumstances, Wayne did not hesitate an instant in expressing his willingness for the task, or his confidence in success. Tradition has even placed in his mouth this characteristic reply to the Commander-in-chief's suggestion, "General, if you will only plan it, I will storm h–ll."

Wayne began his march from Sandy Beach, about fourteen miles distant from Stony Point, and by eight o'clock in the evening arrived within a mile and a half of his destination. He now made his final arrangements, and at half after eleven was once more in motion. The night had no moon, but the stars were out, and the deep shadows of the hill lay in huge black masses on the water, as the little army arrived at the morass. Across the Hudson, Verplank's Point was seen, rising huge and dark from the river shore. The time appointed for the attack had been midnight, but the uneven

nature of the ground had protracted the march, and it was now twenty minutes past that hour. The assault was arranged to be in two columns, one of the right, and the other of the left, which, entering the fort at opposite corners, were to meet in its centre. The regiments of Febiger and Meigs, with Hull's detachment, formed the column of the right: that of the left was composed of the regiment of Butler, and Murphy's detachment. They were all troops in whom Wayne had confidence, mostly of the Pennsylvania line, brave to a man! Each column was preceded by an advanced party. That on the right, of one hundred and fifty men, was led by Lieutenant-Colonel Herny; that on the left, of one hundred, was led by Major Stewart. Two forlorn hopes of twenty men each, went first, one commanded by Lieutenant Gibbon of the sixth, and the other by Lieutenant Knox of the ninth Pennsylvania regiments. The forlorn hopes marched with axes to cut away the abatis: behind them went the two advanced parties, with unloaded muskets; then came the main body of each column. Wayne placed himself at the head of Febiger's regiment. "The first man that fires his piece shall be cut down," was his short address, "trust to the bayonet. March on!"

The troops had nearly crossed the morass before the enemy took the alarm. But when the head of the column approached firm land, the drum within the works was heard beating to arms, and instantaneously the sounds of hurried feet and other signs of commotion came, borne by the night breeze, from the summit of the hill. The forlorn hope sprang forward, knowing that not a second was to be lost, and began to cut away the abatis, the column behind pressing densely on. The first blow of the axe had scarcely struck the palisades when the rampart streamed, right and left, with fire, and the next moment, a torrent of grape-shot and musket-balls tore furiously down the hill. Seventeen of the twenty members of the forlorn hope led by Lieutenant Gibbons fell. But the advanced party immediately rushed on to fill their places: the palisades were thrown down; and the column, like a solid wedge, advanced steadily up the ascent. The fire of the enemy continued without cessation, showers of grape and musketry raining down on the assailants. But, stooping their heads to the storm, the men, with fixed bayonets, and in perfect silence, rapidly pushed on. The hill shook beneath the concussions, as if an earthquake was passing. Shells hissed through the air, like fiery serpents, and plunging into the ranks of the Americans, tore them asunder with terrific explosions. Hurricanes of grape swept the lines, levelling whole lanes of soldiers. As Wayne marched in the van, a musket ball striking him in the

forehead, prostrated him, but staggering to his feet, the wounded hero cried, "March on, carry me into the fort, I will die at the head of the column." Seizing their leader, the men, at these words,

STORMING OF STONY POINT

rushed headlong forward. The incessant rattle of musketry, the roar of artillery, the crashing of grape-shot, and the lurid light flung over the scene by the explosions of shells and by the streams of fire pouring from the fort were enough to appal the stoutest hearts; but the Americans, nothing daunted, pressed steadily forward, advancing at quick-step up the hill, and sweeping like a living wave over the ramparts of the enemy. In vain the British maintained their destructive and incessant fire: in vain, when the assailants reached the fort, the defenders met them, breast to breast: silent, steady, with unbroken front, the Americans moved on, pushing the enemy, by main force, from his walls, and bearing down every thing before their torrent of glittering steel. The two columns were not a minute apart in entering their respective sides of the fort, and met, victoriously, in the middle of the enclosure. Here, for the first time, the silence of the Americans was broken; for, finding the place their own, loud and continued shouts rent the air. The enemy was now supplicating for quarters on all sides. And though the assailants

would have been justified, by the laws of war, in putting the garrison to death, every man was spared who asked for quarter, nor was a solitary individual injured after the surrender. The whole loss of the Americans was about one hundred. The British suffered in killed, wounded and captured, six hundred and seven.

For this gallant action, Wayne received a gold medal from Congress. Washington wrote, "He improved on the plan recommended by me, and executed it in a manner that does honor to his judgment and bravery." Lee, who had lately had a difference with Wayne, forgot it in the admiration of this dashing enterprise, and in a complimentary letter, said, "I do most sincerely declare, that your assault of Stony Point is not only the most brilliant, in my opinion, throughout the whole course of the war on either side, but that it is the most brilliant I am acquainted with in history; the assault of Schweidnitz by Marshal Laudon, I think inferior to it." The credit of this splendid action is chiefly due to the Pennsylvania line, from which most of the storming party were drawn. No veteran European troops could have behaved with more resolution. It is not known that a single trigger was pulled, on the part of the Americans, during the assault. The thanks of Congress, and of the Pennsylvania Legislature were unanimously bestowed on the officers and soldiers engaged in this gallant exploit. The wound of Wayne, on examination, proved slight; and he was able, an hour after the victory, to write the following characteristic letter to Washington.

"DEAR GENERAL:—

"The fort and garrison, with Colonel Johnston, are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free.

"Yours, most sincerely,

"ANTHONY WAYNE."

In July, 1780, Wayne was employed in beating up the refugees of East Jersey, and on the 20th of that month made a gallant, though not altogether successful attack on their depot at Bergen Neck. The next event in the life of Wayne was the revolt of the Pennsylvania line, and his agency in restoring order. The cause of this mutiny was entirely owing to the misery of the troops. Had common justice been awarded these brave men they never would have risen against Congress; but when to a neglect of pay, and a want of provisions, was added a fraudulent attempt to increase the term for which they had enlisted, the soldiers naturally rebelled. A few unquestionably took advantage of the mutiny to leave a service of which they were tired;

but that the majority of the Pennsylvania line deserves censure, no one, who understands the facts, is now prepared to say. The mutineers refused all the offers of Sir Henry Clinton, returning the

GENERAL WAYNE ATTEMPTING TO QUELL THE MUTINY OF THE TROOPS.

memorable answer that "their patience, but not their patriotism, was exhausted." Justice has never been done the common soldiers of the Revolution. Those humble, but brave men, endured every extremity of hunger, cold, and privation, and, at last, after years of service, were dismissed unrewarded, to beg their way home. No honors alleviated their misery, no prospect of plenty cheered their despondency. They were thrown aside like useless lumber that is no longer required. They saw the very persons whose liberties they fought to win active in doing injustice to them, and others making fortunes out of their necessities. What wonder they revolted! Few of the New England troops enlisted for such long terms as those of the middle states, and consequently were spared the protracted sufferings endured year after year, by the Pennsylvania line. We

may deplore this munity, on account of its pernicious example, but certainly never had mutineers such provocation!

On the 7th of June, 1781, Wayne joined La Fayette in Virginia, with the remains of the Pennsylvania Line, now reduced to eleven hundred rank and file. On hearing of the junction of the two Generals, Lord Cornwallis retreated to Williamsburg, and on the 5th of July, still retiring, prepared to cross the river James at Jamestown Ferry. La Fayette, believing that most of the British force had crossed, despatched Wayne with seven hundred men to attack the remainder. But, after driving in the pickets, Wayne found himself in the presence of the whole British army, instead of the rear guard. The enemy was but a hundred paces distant, and perceiving his small force, extended his wings to enclose Wayne. This was just such a crisis as fully awoke the genius of the American General. He saw that to retreat then would be ruin, and accordingly he ordered his men to charge with the bayonet. The little band, obedient to his word, dashed forward. The British, so lately on the point of advancing, fell back, confident, from Wayne's bold front, that he was supported by a large force near at hand. By this stroke the British were checked, and Wayne enabled to retire without being pursued. No incident of the war is more characteristic of the impetuous yet sagacious genius of Wayne than this affair. Cornwallis continued his retreat to Yorktown, where, three months later, he surrendered to Washington. Wayne was present at that siege, and, with his gallant troops, was of great service.

After the fall of the British army, Wayne was despatched to Georgia, his instructions being to bring that state under the authority of the confederation. His command consisted of about one hundred dragoons, three hundred continentals, and three hundred militia: yet with this paltry force, in little more than a month, he chased the British from the interior of the state and defeated the Creeks, their allies. On the 20th of May, 1782, he surprised a portion of the Indians at Ogechee, and repulsed them with great slaughter: and three days afterwards he met the remainder and almost exterminated them. On the 12th of July, 1782, the British evacuated Georgia. Wayne was now ordered to South Carolina by General Greene, Commander-in-chief of the southern department, who complimented him highly on his address, sagacity, prudence and energy during the late campaign. After this, no especial occasion arose for the services of Wayne, until the evacuation of Charleston, but on that eventful day he commanded the advanced guard of the Americans, to whom

was entrusted the taking possession of the town. Wayne's troops entered the city as soon as the British began their march to the water-side, and followed up the enemy so closely that the royal soldiers frequently turned and said "You press too fast upon us." On this, Wayne would check his troops, but, in a few minutes, in their exhilaration, they would again be at the heels of the foe: and thus, with martial music playing triumphant airs, and the windows crowded with ladies waving handkerchiefs in welcome, the long banished Americans re-entered Charleston!

In July, 1783, Wayne returned to civil life, settling in his native state. In 1784 he was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and served for two sessions. In 1792, after the defeat of St. Clair, Wayne was appointed, by Washington, to the command of the United States army. This selection, under the circumstances, proves the high estimate formed by the President, of Wayne's abilities. On the 1st of September, 1793, having vainly tried to negotiate

GENERAL WAYNE'S DEFEAT OF THE INDIANS ON THE MIAMI

with the savages, Wayne formed a camp near Cincinnati, and devoted his time, for the next month, to drilling his troops. He then removed

to a location he had selected on one of the branches of the big Miami River, and here established his winter quarters. About the middle of the ensuing year, having been reinforced by a body of mounted volunteers from Kentucky, he marched to attack the enemy, who had encamped near the Rapids, in the vicinity of a British fort, erected in defiance of the treaty. The van of his army consisting of mounted volunteers, was first attacked, and with such impetuosity as to be driven in. Wayne immediately formed his army in two lines. He soon found that the Indians were in full force in front, concealed in high grass and woods, and were endeavoring to turn his left flank. Accordingly he ordered the first line to advance with the bayonet, and rouse the savages from their coverts; at the same time he directed the mounted volunteers and the legion of cavalry to turn the right and left flanks of the enemy respectively. The front line advanced with such rapidity that neither the second line which had been commanded to support it, nor the cavalry on the flanks, could come up in time: the Indians being started from their hiding places by the prick of the bayonet, and driven in terror and dismay, for two miles in less than an hour, by half their number. The savages numbered about two thousand in this battle. After the victory, the commander of the British fort having sent notice to Wayne, not to approach within reach of the fire of his fort, the American General, with becoming spirit, burnt every thing of value within sight of the works, and up to the very muzzles of the guns. This signal defeat of the Indians led to the treaty of Greenville, by which large accessions of territory were gained for the United States. It struck such terror into the savages that, for nearly twenty years, there was no attempt on their part to renew the struggle. Nor was this all; for the British, who had fomented these disturbances, finding that their machinations would be of no avail, soon after consented to the Jay treaty, and abandoned the posts they had illegally seized. Through the whole of this Indian campaign, as through that in Georgia, Wayne evinced equal prudence, sagacity and boldness.

Wayne died at Presque Isle, from an attack of the gout, on the 15th of December, 1796. He was on his return from the west, whither he had gone to treat with the north-western Indians, and receive the surrender of the British military posts. In 1809 his remains were transported to the burial ground of Radnor Church, in Chester county, Pennsylvania. A monument, erected by the Pennsylvania State Society of Cincinnati, marks the present spot of his interment.

The soubriquet of "Mad Anthony," by which Wayne was popularly known in the Revolution, was first applied to him by a witless fellow about the camp, and was immediately adopted by the soldiers as expressive of his daring and headlong courage.

# COUNT PULASKI.

COUNT Casimir Pulaski, General of Cavalry in the American army, was born in Poland, in the year 1747. By birth and alliance he was connected with some of the noblest families of that kingdom, especially with the princely house of Czartorinsky. He came of age at a critical period. The election of Poniatowsky, produced as it had been by the armed interference of Russia, instigated a portion of the nation to revolt, and, at the head of the insurgents stood the father of Pulaski. The sons of this patriot, then scarcely arrived at manhood, embarked in the cause with enthusiasm,

and, in the civil war that followed, between the confederates and the monarch, signally distinguished themselves. Casimir Pulaski soon became renowned for his exploits as a cavalry officer. One by one his relatives fell in the struggle, yet still he maintained the contest. At last, an abortive attempt to carry off the person of the king, having been represented as an effort at his assasination, the odium became so universal that all who participated in it, directly or indirectly, thought it advisable to leave the kingdom. Among these was Casimir Pulaski, who had been in the secrets of the conspirators, though without any active share in the attempt. Before he bade adieu to his native soil forever he published a manifesto, in which he declared his innocence of the crime imputed to him. His departure was hastened by the arrival of Austrian and Prussian troops, which now began to pour into Poland, ostensibly to protect her monarch, but in reality to prepare for her partition.

Thus, at the age of twenty-five, Pulaski found himself an exile, homeless, fatherless, without brothers, without friends. But his name had gone before him. The memory of his miraculous escapes from the Russians, of the gallantry with which he had so often defeated them, of his generosity, patriotism and nobleness of heart was everywhere vivid in Europe; and when, towards the close of the year 1776, he suddenly appeared in Paris, after almost incredible perils and adventures in Turkey, he became the centre of curiosity to that mercuial capital. But his intention was not to remain in France. The American Revolution was beginning to attract the eyes of Europe, and Pulaski resolved to fight the battles of freedom on a distant shore. The Court of Versailles secretly encouraged his intention; and Franklin gave him letters of introduction to Congress. In the summer of 1777 he arrived at Philadelphia, and immediately joined the army as a volunteer. Hitherto there had been no cavalry force of consequence belonging to the Americans. There were four regiments of dragoons, it is true; but they never acted together, and, on Pulaski's arrival, the cavalry was under no higher officer than a Colonel. Washington had long felt the want of a competent force of this description, properly commanded; and now he hastened to solicit for Pulaski the post of General of the Cavalry, and the rank of Brigadier. Before a decision was made, the battle of Brandywine occurred. Pulaski was a volunteer, and remained inactive until the close of the action; but then, finding the enemy about to cut off the baggage, he asked the loan of Washington's body-guard, and with these thirty horsemen, and a few scattered dragoons he picked up, charged the British several times in so brilliant a manner as to drive

them back and secure the retreat. Four days afterwards he received the command of the cavalry, with the rank of a Brigadier.

Pulaski held this post for only five months, at the end of which period he resigned. The command had not answered his expectations. He was one of those fiery spirits who must be constantly in action. To carry out his daring plans, he required a force always ready and at his service. But the nature of the American warfare required that the cavalry should be separated into small parties, and at the disposal of the different divisions of the army. Pulaski saw that he would never be able, while at the head of such a force, to fulfil the expectations formed of him. Accordingly he solicited permission to raise an independent corps, which was to consist of cavalry armed with lances and of foot equipped as light infantry. The renown of his name soon drew recruits to his standard. In a few months he had enlisted three hundred and thirty, which was sixty more than at first proposed. The corps was called Pulaski's Legion, and was of vast service in the subsequent campaigns. It was the model on which Lee's and Armand's legions were afterwards formed. Its gallantry soon passed into a proverb. Whenever the towering hussar cap of Pulaski was seen in a fight, men knew that deeds of heroic valor were at hand.

His career, however, was soon cut short. In February, 1779, he was sent to the south with his legion. He was approaching Charleston when he heard of the movement of Prevost on that place. Selecting his ablest men and horses, he pushed forward by forced marches and entered the city on the 8th of May. Three days afterwards the enemy appeared before the town. The consternation was universal. But Pulaski, sallying forth at the head of his legion and a few mounted volunteers, made a dashing assault on the foe; and though the immediate results were not great, the boldness and spirit of the attack restored confidence to the alarmed citizens. On the retreat of Prevost, a few days after, Pulaski followed him up, harassing his army at every assailable point. In the autumn, d'Estaing appeared on the coast, and the memorable siege of Savannah was undertaken. When it was decided to attempt carrying the works by assault, Pulaski was assigned the command of both the French and American cavalry. The disastrous result of the day is well known. The allies were repulsed with immense slaughter. Pulaski was numbered with the slain. He had been stationed in the rear of the advanced columns, but when he heard of the havoc made among the French troops in crossing the swamp that lay between them and the works, he turned to his companions, and shaking his

sabre over his head, called to them to follow: then giving spurs to his horse, he rushed forward, though almost blinded by the smoke, and pressed right through the fire of the hostile batteries, his clear, ringing voice heard, continually, between the explosions of the artillery. Suddenly a swivel-shot struck him in the groin, as he was swiftly dashing on. He reeled back, the sabre dropped from his hand, and he fell to the ground mortally wounded.

He lingered, for some days, after the repulse; and at last died on board the U. S. brig Wasp, as she was leaving the mouth of the Savannah river. His body was committed to the deep. Congress, on hearing of his untimely death, voted that a monument should be erected to his memory. The resolution, however, has never been carried into effect; but a beautiful cenotaph has been put up in Savannah by private subscription. Pulaski died at the age of thirty-two. There is a melancholy fitness in the place of his sepulture: he had no country, and he has no grave!

# ROBERT KIRKWOOD.

ROBERT KIRKWOOD, a Captain in the continental line, was born in Newcastle county, Delaware, in the year 1756. He fell on the bloody field of Miami, November the 4th, 1792, being, at the time of his death, the oldest Captain on the list. His career is an example of bravery unrewarded, and patriotism continuing unabated notwithstanding neglect. He entered the army in 1776, as a Lieutenant in the regiment of his native state, and continued with it to the close of the contest, when he came out its senior officer. Yet, as the regiment had been reduced to a Captain's command by the casualties of the service, he had risen to no higher rank than a Captain, the regulations prohibiting his promotion under such circumstances. It must ever be a subject of regret that Kirkwood was not raised to a loftier position. Both personally, and in consideration of the services of his regiment, one of the most gallant in the army, he deserved a Colonel's, if not a Brigadier's commission.

This self-sacrificing soldier risked his life for his country oftener, perhaps, than any other officer in the army. The battle in which he fell was the thirty-third he had fought. He was present at Long Island, Trenton and Princeton as a Lieutenant. Being promoted to a captaincy in 1777, he fought in that rank, with his brave Delawarians, at Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. In 1780 he accompanied Gates to South Carolina. At the battle of Camden, the little band of Kirkwood, in conjunction with the Maryland line, desperately maintained the sinking fortunes of the day under DeKalb, and by their veteran courage, still struggling after all others had fled, covered themselves with immortal glory. One fact will forcibly present the heroic valor of Kirkwood's troops, and the awful carnage of the battle. Of eight companies of the Delaware

regiment that went into battle, but two came out, the remainder being either killed or made prisoners. In this conflict Colonel Vaughan and Major Patton, Kirkwood's superior officers, were made captive, and continued so until the close of the war, a circumstance which also would have prevented his promotion, even if it had not been forbidden by the regulation we have named.

After the fatal day of Camden, the two Delaware companies were attached as light infantry to Lee's legion. In this capacity they rendered invaluable service. With Kirkwood at their head, they formed part of the gallant rear-guard which protected the army of Greene during his retreat to the Dan. At Guilford Court House, at Hobkirk's Hill, and at Eutaw Springs, they fought valiantly, mindful of their past glories and eager for new laurels; until at last, disciplined by so many conflicts, no sooner did these scarred and impassable veterans appear on any part of the field than confidence immediately filled every heart. But it was at the Cowpens that the coolness of their leader, and their own more than Roman firmness shone forth conspicuously. When Colonel Howard was ordered to charge, at the crisis of that battle, Kirkwood was at the head of the first platoon of that officer's corps; and promptly springing forward ten paces in advance, he charged with his espontoon, calling, in a confident voice, for the men to "come on!" The example stimulated the whole regiment. The long line of bayonets was levelled on the instant, and the soldiers dashed forward to that memorable charge.

On the conclusion of the war, Kirkwood, through the influence of Washington, was made a Major by brevet. He now devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. But when the incursions of the Indians rendered it necessary to send an army to chastise them, Kirkwood again took the field, the oldest captain of the oldest regiment in the United States. In the battle of Miami, at which St. Clair was routed, Kirkwood, though he had been ill for several days, fought with the most desperate courage, cheering his own men on, and inspiring others also by his daring example. At last he was shot through the abdomen and fell. When the retreat was ordered he crawled to a tree, and in this situation a companion found him, and proposed to carry him off. "No," said the hero, "I am dying: save yourself, if you can; and leave me to my fate. But, as the last act of friendship you can confer on me, blow my brains out. I see the Indians coming, and God knows how they will treat me." His friend was affected to tears. He shook the dying soldier by the hand, and left him to his fate. Kirkwood was never heard of more!

## BARON DE KALB.

BARON DE KALB, a Major-General in the continental army, was born in Germany, though at what place is not known, about the year 1720. He served with distinction in the war of 1755, being attached to the imperial army, at the time it was in alliance with that of France. Towards the close of that contest he visited America as an agent of the Court of Versailles, and was so struck with the loyalty of the inhabitants, that he was accustomed, during the Revolution, to say, that nothing but a series of the most absurd blunders on the part of the British Government, could

have alienated such devoted adherents. He rose in the French service to the rank of Brigadier.

De Kalb, like Steuben and Pulaski, came to the United States at the instigation of the French Government; and it is even believed that he acted as a secret agent for the Court of Versailles. Such a confidential messenger it was of extreme importance for France to have here, in consequence of the conflicting accounts received at Paris of the strength, disposition and zeal of the colonists. The Baron was a keen observer of character; possessed of an accurate judgment; with great knowledge of men and things; simple in his manners, affable, winning and amiable. On his arrival in America he was appointed a Major-General in the army, and speedily won all hearts by his frankness and condescension. His experience was of great service to the cause.

The Baron served nearly three years in the armies of the United States, having arrived in this country with La Fayette in 1777. In his mode of life he was exceedingly abstemious, maintaining the same temperate diet, to which he had been accustomed in his youth and poverty. He lived chiefly on beef-soup and bread; and drank nothing but water. His habits were industrious. He was accustomed, in summer, to rise with the dawn; and in winter, before day. He spent much of his time in writing, employing hieroglyphics and large folio books. This favored the idea to which we have alluded, and which was generally circulated through the army, that he was an agent of the Court of France. He betrayed unceasing jealousy lest his journals should be perused; and seemed to be very anxious respecting the safety of his baggage, which could only have been valuable on account of these manuscripts. What became of his papers was never known. If they were such as has been presumed, they, perhaps, passed into the hands of the French Ambassador.

On the disastrous field of Camden, he commanded the regulars, and made the most desperate exertions to change the fortunes of the day. For three-quarters of an hour, at the head of these brave troops, he stemmed the tide of victory. He charged the enemy incessantly with the bayonet, and once took several prisoners. But even heroic courage was in vain. The struggle grew, every moment, more hopeless for De Kalb. The militia having fled in all directions, Cornwallis concentrated all his forces for a decisive attack on the continentals, and the cavalry coming up at the same time, penetrated through and through the opposing ranks, sabring them without mercy. De Kalb, fighting on foot in this last desperate moment, fell under eleven wounds. At his fall, the fog still

concealed the flight of Gates; and it was some time before the dying hero could be made to believe the Americans were defeated.

His loss immediately broke the courage of the troops. The flight now became general. A third of the brave regulars, however, were left on the ground, and, in their midst, lay the gallant old man who had rallied them to that terrible strife. Exhausted and bleeding, his uniform soiled by the struggle, he was undistinguishable from the common mass; and as the enemy came rushing on, a dozen bayonets were presented at his bosom. At this instant his Aid-de-camp, Du Buyssen, with a disregard of his own peril that should render his memory immortal, threw himself above the body and extending his arms, cried, "Save the Baron De Kalb—save the Baron De Kalb." The petition was not in vain. In the confusion of the moment a few additional wounds were received by the fallen General, but a British officer interposing, he was preserved from further danger and borne from the fatal field. Du Buyssen himself was wounded in several places, in consequence of this generous effort to defend his friend: but, instead of regretting this, he pointed to his wounds with pride, declaring he wished they had been greater, if that would have availed.

De Kalb lived several days after the battle. He was treated with every attention by the enemy, but no skill could save his life, and when he found his end approaching, he prepared to die like a soldier and a hero. His last moments were devoted to the gallant continentals of his division, the troops of the Maryland and Delaware line, who had stood by him on the field of Camden and performed such prodigies of valor. He dictated a letter to General Smallwood, who succeeded to the command of this division, expressing his sincere affection for the officers and men, dilating, at the same time, on the glow of admiration their late conduct had awakened in his bosom, and repeating the encomiums which it had extorted from the enemy. Then, finding the dimness of death stealing over his vision, he stretched out his hand to the faithful Du Buyssen, and said, "Tell my brave fellows I died thinking of them—tell them they behaved like veterans." After this, he closed his eyes, and sank placidly into the arms of death.

De Kalb was a friend to America, not from mercenary motives, but from a sense of the justice of her cause. When the British officer who had captured him, condoled with him on his approaching dissolution, the Baron replied: "I thank you for your generous sympathy, but I die the death I always prayed for; the death of a soldier fighting for the rights of man."

Years after his death, Washington, standing by his grave, said: "So, there lies the brave De Kalb: the generous stranger who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood the tree of liberty. Would to God he had lived to share its fruits!"

Congress resolved to erect a monument to his remains with a suitable inscription, and the city of Annapolis, in Maryland, was chosen for the place of its erection.

BATTLE OF CAMDEN.

YORKTOWN BATTLE-GROUND.

## MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.

GILBERT MOTTIER, Marquis de La Fayette, a Major-General in the American army, is celebrated for leaving a luxurious home, the splendors of rank, and a beloved wife, to fight the battles of a strange people, struggling, in a distant continent, for freedom. This generous act will render his name immortal. He was born of an ancient family in France, in the province of Auvergne, on the 6th of September, 1757. Possessed of an immense estate, and surrounded by all the temptations of a profligate court, it is a wonder that he was

able to preserve his heart so comparatively pure and fresh. At sixteen he was united in marriage to a daughter of the Noailles family, a union which, unlike most of those of the nobility, was attended by felicity. Adopting the profession of a soldier, La Fayette, at nineteen, was stationed, as Captain of Dragoons, at Metz, one of the garrisoned towns of France. It was while here, in the summer of 1776, that he met the Duke of Gloucester, brother to the King of England, at a grand entertainment given by the commandant to this distinguished visitor, and listened while the prince narrated the revolt of the American colonies and their subsequent Declaration of Independence. La Fayette was fascinated by what he heard. Naturally of a warm and somewhat imaginative spirit, he conceived the idea of offering his sword to the Americans. He consulted several of his friends, but received little encouragement. He did not, however, abandon his project. At last he met the Baron de Kalb, who was himself about to join the colonists, and through his influence was introduced to Silas Deane, the American Commissioner in Paris. Mr. Deane, by his vivid pictures of the struggle, enlisted more warmly than ever the sympathies of his young visitor, and finally La Fayette declared his fixed determination to offer his services to Congress. The rank of Major-General, in consequence, was promised him by the Commissioner.

La Fayette was still in Paris, however, when the news was received of the disastrous campaign of 1776. At the same time arrived Dr. Franklin and Arthur Lee, who had been sent to France to join Silas Deane. Both these gentlemen, under the altered circumstances of the case, endeavored to persuade La Fayette against prosecuting his original intention. But the young hero was not to be deterred. His wife secretly exhorted him to persevere, fired by an enthusiasm as holy as his own. He resolved accordingly to purchase a vessel, to freight it with supplies, and to set sail without delay for the shores of America. His intention having been discovered, a royal order was issued to detain his person; but making his escape to Spain, in company with De Kalb and ten other officers, he succeeded in embarking from that kingdom. His passage was protracted, stormy and perilous. He landed near Georgetown, South Carolina, and spent his first night at the house of Major Huger. Losing no time in unnecessary delay, he hastened to Charleston, and thence to Philadelphia, where he immediately sent his recommendations to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The answer was promptly returned that, in consequence of the number of such applications, it was doubted whether he could obtain a

commission. The truth is that Congress had already found itself embarrassed by the unreasonable promises made, on its behalf, by Silas Deane to numerous foreign adventurers. Without waiting, therefore, to scrutinize the claims of La Fayette, the Committee, fancying his case was similar to the others, returned this discouraging answer. But La Fayette was not to be repulsed. He had come to America from a sincere desire to aid the struggling colonists, not from mere love of rank or desire for emoluments. Accordingly he sent a note to the President, offering his services as a volunteer, and refusing to accept pay. This language, so different from that usually employed, induced an examination of his letters. The obstacles which he had overcome in reaching our shores soon began to be whispered about, moreover; and the result of all was an instant acceptance of his offers, and the tender of a commission as Major-General.

It was at a dinner party that La Fayette was first introduced to Washington. The Commander-in-chief took him apart and conversed with him in the most flattering manner, and this little attention so fixed the gratitude of the young noble, that from that hour, he was entirely devoted to the hero. With that insight into character which was one of the prominent traits of Washington, he saw, at once, the excellent heart, the modesty, and the abilities of the Marquis; and when he recalled to mind the dangers La Fayette had braved, as well as the risk he had run, the Commander-in-chief could not withhold his affection. He invited La Fayette accordingly to make head-quarters his home. The love that grew up between the young noble and the august hero is one of the most beautiful incidents in our Revolutionary history. It was on the one part something of the affection of a parent, tempered with that of a brother; on the other, not unlike that of a son, sweetened by a more equal relationship. On one side the consciousness of superior wisdom and talent only increased the love of the elder; on the other the reverential respect of the younger hallowed, while it exalted his devotion. No subsequent events ever disturbed the harmony of that mutual regard. When Lee, at the battle of Monmouth, after first refusing, insisted on receiving the command of the attacking party, it became necessary to displace La Fayette, yet the latter submitted without a complaint, satisfied with the explanations of Washington. When the Conway cabal, at the head of the Board of War, planned the expedition against Canada, it appointed La Fayette to the chief command in order to detach him from the interests of the Commander-in-chief: but the Marquis no sooner penetrated the designs

of the conspirators, than he took occasion to express, in plain terms, his dissent from them, and in consequence the enterprise was suffered to drop. At the close of the war, before sailing for his native country, La Fayette visited Mount Vernon, and on his departure, Washington rode several miles with him. They never met again!

The services of La Fayette, during the war, were many and important. He first fought at the battle of Brandywine, where he served as a volunteer, and where, exposing himself with the greatest intrepidity, he was severely wounded in the leg. For two months, in consequence of this injury, he was debarred from active service. In the succeeding winter, the expedition to Canada was projected. In May he distinguished himself by his retreat from Barren Hill, in the face of a much superior force of the enemy. At the battle of Monmouth, in June, 1778, he acted with the highest spirit. During the siege of Newport, after d'Estaing had signified his intention to visit Boston to re-fit, La Fayette rendered the most important services to America, by healing the breach which the obstinacy of the French Admiral and the heat of Sullivan's temper had caused. The war which broke out between England and France at this period, the result of the treaty between the latter power and America, altered La Fayette's relations, in his opinion, towards his native country, and he considered it his duty accordingly to return to Paris, and offer his aid to his King, in whose service he still continued. Congress granted him an unlimited leave of absence, and caused a sword to be presented to him, with suitable devices. He reached the shores of France, on the 12th of February, 1779, after an absence of about two years, and was immediately hailed with enthusiasm, especially by the people; and though for awhile the Court behaved coldly towards him, he was finally received into favor, and a command in the King's own regiment of dragoons bestowed on him.

In March, 1780, after a sojourn of a year in his native land, La Fayette returned to the United States. He came, bringing intelligence of the resolution of France to sustain the colonies with a large army, and in consequence was welcomed with the most rapturous enthusiasm, and hailed, after Washington, as the saviour of the country! Congress noticed his return with complimentary resolutions. One of the first acts he was called on to perform, was to sit as a member of the Board that tried Andre. In the spring of 1781 he was sent into Virginia, where his manœuvres against Cornwallis gained him the highest credit. He acted, in this campaign, with such consummate judgment, that though the English General often exclaimed "that boy cannot escape me," every plan for his capture

was frustrated, and he finally enjoyed the pleasure of seeing his boastful antagonist reduced to the mortification of a surrender. Nor was the devotion of La Fayette to his adopted country less conspicuous than his military ability. On one occasion, his men being in want of necessaries, and the treasury empty, he raised the sum required, in Baltimore, on his personal responsibility. He was present at the siege of Yorktown, where he commanded the detachment of American troops that stormed one of the two redoubts of the enemy. There had been some playful remarks among the allies, as to whether the French or Americans would carry their respective redoubts first. La Fayette stormed his with such impetuosity that the men rushed in without waiting for the abatis to be removed. He sent word of this success to the Baron de Viomenel, who commanded the French detachment. "Tell the Marquis we are not yet in, but shall be, in five minutes," was the reply, and the Baron was as good as his word.

MOORE'S HOUSE—YORKTOWN—WHERE THE CAPITULATION WAS SIGNED.

After the fall of Cornwallis, La Fayette sailed for France, but re-visited America in 1784. He was received with enthusiasm wherever he came. Cities and states, Legislatures and Congress vied with each other in demonstrations of respect towards him; and when he departed for his native shores, the world witnessed the spectacle of a young man, scarcely twenty-five, carrying with him the regrets of a whole nation. In France almost equal honors

awaited him. He had been appointed a Major-General in the French army, his commission to date from the surrender of Cornwallis; and the Revolution, which soon after succeeded, elevated him to new honors, and a power superior to that even of royalty. His career, during the troubled times that succeeded, it does not become us to paint. He has been charged with imbecility, but without justice, for his conduct throughout was temperate and patriotic, if not always sagacious and wise. There were two things in the character of La Fayette which prevented his permanent ascendancy in the French Revolution. He was too honest himself for the men who labored with him, and he mistook the condition and wants of the people. He fancied a republic, like that of the United States, could be established on the ruins of the diseased monarchy of France, and that those who had been ignorant subjects could, by mere volition, become competent rulers. Never was there a greater mistake. America, in shaking off her allegiance and establishing a republic, in reality altered her form of government but little, and the difference between the old state of things and new consisted more in names than in things; but in France the change was radical, and affected the social as well as the political frame of society. The intellect of La Fayette was more imitative than original. He had learned to reverence the counsels of Washington, and consider the government of the United States the most perfect in the world; and hence concluded that nothing could be better adapted to France. But he totally forgot the vast difference between the people of the two countries, and other circumstances, of which a more profound statesman would not have lost sight.

On the 12th of July, 1789, the bastile was destroyed, and, from that hour, the violence of the Revolution increased every hour. The old spirit of brutality and massacre, the elements of which the prophetic eye of Burke had seen existing as far back as 1774, now broke forth with insatiate fury, and, for four years, Paris was delivered over to all the terrors of anarchy. The Tuilleries were stormed on the 10th of August, 1791, and the constitutional monarchy overthrown. In the succeeding month the massacres in the prisons occurred. In July, 1792, the King was beheaded. In the Spring the Girondists were overthrown, and after them Danton; and then, for one long year of horror, Robespierre raged, like a wild beast athirst for blood. The reign of terror froze every heart with fear. But La Fayette did not remain to witness this sanguinary drama. Finding himself, after the execution of the King, beset by suspicion, and satisfied that purity of motive would be no defence

against the men who then ruled at Paris, he determined to fly; and accordingly, on receiving secret intelligence that he had been denounced as a traitor in the National Assembly, he abandoned the command of the army, and rode hastily toward the enemy's posts. At Liege he was seized by the Austrians, who, in defiance of his coming as a fugitive, and not as an enemy, delivered him to the Prussians, who were then at war with France. By these he was confined in the fortress of Magdeburg, in a damp, gloomy and subterraneous vault. On an exchange of prisoners taking place between France and Prussia, La Fayette was transferred to the charge of Austria, in order to avoid including him in the cartel. He was now thrown into a dungeon, in the fortress of Olmutz, in Moravia.

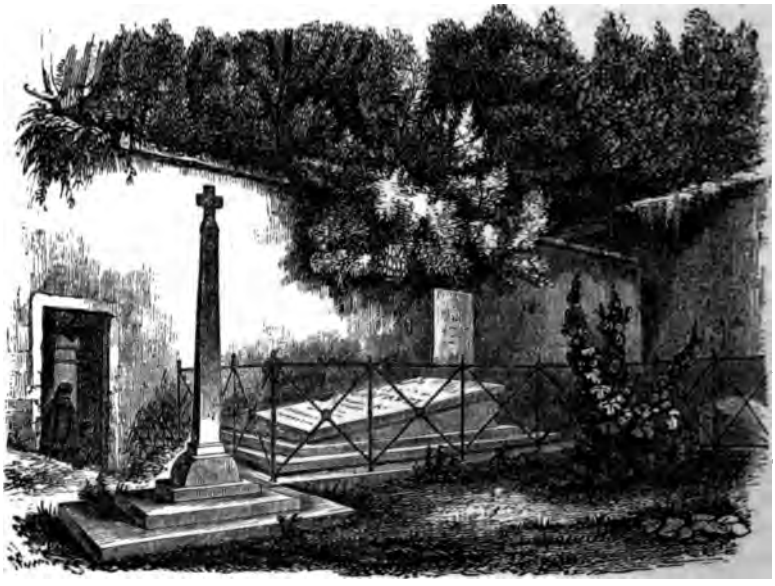
Here, excluded from all communication with the outer world, and deprived of a knife and fork, lest he should commit suicide in his despair, he lingered out several years. During his imprisonment an unsuccessful attempt at his liberation was made on the part of a young American named Huger, and a German named Bollman, both of whom, being detected, were chained by the neck to the floors of separate cells, for a space of six months. At last, towards the close of 1795, the rigor of La Fayette's confinement was mitigated in part, and his wife permitted to join him, though only on condition that she should never again return to freedom. Finally, through the intercession of Washington, and what was even more effective, the threats of Napoleon, La Fayette was set at liberty, though with shattered health and broken fortunes.

On the fall of the Directory, which soon occurred, La Fayette returned to France and established himself at Lagrange. Napoleon was now First Consul, and, with that sagacious policy which always distinguished him, sought to make La Fayette his partizan. But the pupil of Washington was too true a republican to be thus seduced. He constantly opposed the arbitrary course of the Emperor, and assisted to produce his fall in 1815.

In 1824, La Fayette visited the United States for the last time. Forty years had passed since he had departed from our shores, and in that time one generation had passed away and another filled half its allotted period. The republic which he had left in its infancy had grown into a mighty nation. Where there had been pathless forests were now populated towns. In all the chief cities he was welcomed with processions, with civic banquets, with the unbought huzzas of thousands of spectators. Occasionally, in the crowds that flocked to greet him, he would distinguish some grey-haired veteran, the companion of his revolutionary campaigns, and the two would

rush together with tears that affected all who beheld the scene. When he returned to France, a national vessel was offered to carry him home. In the whole range of history, ancient or modern, there is no instance of similar honors being paid to any hero, by the free and spontaneous will of a whole people. It stands alone in the world's annals, a glorious example to future times!

La Fayette took an active part in the Three Days' Revolution of 1830. But the administration of Louis Philippe soon disgusting him, he retired again to private life, from which nothing could induce him subsequently to emerge. He died at his seat at Lagrange, in 1834. With characteristic modesty he shunned, even in death, the pomp of this world. He lies buried in a rural cemetery near Paris, sleeping between his heroic wife and daughter!



GENERAL GREENE'S ENTRANCE INTO CHARLESTON.

# NATHANAEL GREENE.

NATHANAEL GREENE, a Major-General in the American army, was, after Washington, the ablest of the revolutionary leaders. His mind, indeed, was strikingly similar to that of the Commander-in-chief. He possessed the same calm judgment, the same patient investigation, the same energy, perseverance and capacity of adapting himself to circumstances. He differed from Washington, however, in a nature less disciplined to annoyances. He had the boldness and originality of the Commander-in-chief; yet, like him, he long adhered to a cautious policy. The same considerations, in fact, governed both

in thus surrendering the native bent of their genius. They saw its necessity, and did not hesitate in abandoning present fame for future victory. When Washington, year after year, stood on the defensive, and when Greene made his memorable retreat through North Carolina, there were many, even among the wisest and purest patriots, who openly charged them with incapacity; but both these great Generals, conscious of the superior comprehensiveness of their views, persisted in the course they had laid down for themselves, and finally triumphed. It is now clear that any other system would have failed. But Greene, though equal to Washington in many respects, was still his inferior. He was at times rash, especially in his earlier career. The loss of Fort Washington is to be attributed to his too sanguine assurances. But as the war progressed, experience went far toward correcting this error, for, in his southern campaigns, he rarely, or never ventured too much. His boldness was then tempered with prudence, and had become filed down until it formed his best quality. Nothing can exceed in daring, the resolution he took to abandon Virginia to Cornwallis, yet it was based on the soundest rules, and eventually led both to the ruin of that General, and the emancipation of the Carolinas.

Greene had great self-confidence. He rarely called a council of officers, but revolved and decided his measures in the silent depths of his own mind. He governed his movements very much according to his estimate of his opponent's character. In his campaign against Cornwallis he evinced a profound insight into the foibles of that Commander, and availed himself of this knowledge with consummate skill and effect. He omitted nothing which could assist to win success. Hence he was indefatigable in his labors, as well of body as of mind. In examining whatever subject came under his notice, he first thoroughly mastered the details, and then formed his opinion. When he assumed command of the southern army, he perused the whole correspondence of his predecessors, and, in every other way, strove to become acquainted with the condition, resources and character of the south. In consequence, the instant he was installed, his plans for the campaign were already formed. He was unfortunate in never gaining a decided victory, yet his defeats he so managed as to be more permanently injurious to his antagonist than to himself. He soon inspired the enemy with the same dread of him which they entertained of Washington. Like that great commander he never could be brought to battle until he was ready for it. Now retreating and now advancing; by times prudent and bold; fertile in expedients; profound in combinations—the triumph which

eventually crowned his arms is to be attributed, as in the case of the General-in-chief, rather to his successful strategy than to any decisive victories he gained. He was fond of the excitement of battle. In moments of emergency, he exposed his person with the same recklessness as if he had been a common soldier: thus, at Hobkirk's Hill, he thrice led up the Virginia regiment to within twenty paces of the enemy. He shared every privation with his troops, besides enduring an amount of personal labor almost incredible. Frequently he did not undress for weeks except to change his linen. From the day he set out to join the camp of Morgan, at the beginning of the retreat through North Carolina, to the hour when he saw his little army landed in safety on the northern shore of the Dan, he never took off his clothes to sleep. He was a rigid disciplinarian, yet beloved by his troops. When he joined the southern army he found the different corps, with but few exceptions, in a lamentable state of disorganization. He had to hang one man for insubordination, and, after that, all went well. Within a year, at the battle of Eutaw, his army proved itself, in discipline, equal to the best English veterans.

He waged war in the south under disadvantages that would have crushed any other man but Washington. At first he had neither men, arms nor money: yet he managed to preserve the two first, and to fight without the last. No General better understood the moral effect any given movement would have on his own forces or those of his enemy; and many of his actions are to be traced rather to the desire to inspirit the patriots than to produce an immediate effect on the foe. The battle of Guilford was of this description. Its result, even with defeat, was to dishearten the tories. His movement on the left of Cornwallis, which led to the battle of the Cowpens, and which has been condemned by so many, was made with this design; for, if he had not thrown Morgan in that direction, even at the risk of the latter being cut off, he could neither have victualled his troops, nor imparted that confidence which was so necessary to obtain recruits. He early saw the value of cavalry in a southern campaign. Of the militia he had no very high opinion, nor do they appear generally to have deserved it. The brigade of Marion was indeed of invaluable benefit, and the services of that General deservedly rank second only to those of Greene; but the men of Marion were useful merely as light troops, and could not be depended on in battle, unless under the eye of their leader. Greene was rarely disheartened. After a repulse, instead of wasting time in useless regrets, he set himself at work to repair the disaster. A blow might stagger him, but could not strike him to the earth, for,

rallying immediately, he returned to the strife, and wore out his antagonist in the end by his superior powers of endurance. In short, he was the Washington of the south.

Greene was born at Warwick, Rhode Island, on the 27th of May, 1742. His family were Friends, in which denomination his father was a preacher; and Greene himself continued a member of that sect until he was disowned in consequence of assuming arms. He early displayed a taste for study, especially for the mathematics; and the seat was still pointed out, a few years since, in his father's forge, where he used to pore over Euclid while the iron was heating. He became acquainted with Dr Stiles, of Newport, and subsequently with Lindley Murray; and the study of Watts' Logic and Locke on the Understanding was the result of those intimacies. Gradually he acquired a small library. Having few books he studied these thoroughly; and to this, perhaps, is to be attributed the force and originality of his subsequent opinions. He enjoyed high animal spirits, however, and was more fond of fun and frolic than comported with the decorum of a Quaker. This exuberance continued with him through life, except in the gloomiest periods of the southern war; and when peace was declared, at the age of forty, he used to amuse himself at Newport, by playing with his wife the old game of Puss in the Corner. His father, on Greene's approach to manhood, took him into business, and soon the whole care of one of the mills and forges, those of Powtohomnet, fell under his charge. His eminent abilities were not long without being discovered by his neighbors, who, in 1770, elected him to the General Assembly; and he continued to be returned by them, year after year, until some time subsequent to his assuming command of the southern army. He took part with the colonists from the first, and, as if guided by a secret instinct to his future destiny, began to turn his attention to the study of military science. A company of volunteers being formed in 1774, at East Greenwich, called the Kentish Guards, and Greene having failed to obtain votes sufficient for a Lieutenancy, he patriotically enlisted as a private. Finding that there were no arms to equip his fellow soldiers, he secretly visited Boston, and not only procured a supply, but induced a deserter to return with him as drill master. When the news of the battle of Lexington reached Rhode Island, the drum of the Kentish Guards beat to arms, but the Royal Governor requiring them to return, none of the officers dared to disobey. Greene, however, pushed forward, with four others, whom he influenced to follow his example. This conduct was remembered when the Assembly proceeded, shortly afterwards, to raise an army of

sixteen hundred men; and Greene, whose ability was well known in that body, was at once raised over all competitors to the post of Major-General. He repaired immediately to Cambridge. When Congress placed the forces on the continental establishment, Greene was appointed a Brigadier, a descent in rank which he accepted without complaining, but which was destined not to be of long duration.

Greene was one of the first to see the necessity of a Declaration of Independence, a measure which he recommended as early as the 4th of June, 1775. The similarity of mind existing between him and Washington soon drew them into terms of comparative intimacy. Greene was of opinion, with the Commander-in-chief, that an attack should be made on Boston. When the army moved to New York, Greene was selected to command at Brooklyn, a proof of the high estimation in which he stood already with Washington and the army. He immediately began a careful study of the ground on which the expected battle was to be fought; but unfortunately, just as he had completed his preparations, he fell ill of a bilious fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave. It is possible, if he had continued well, that the struggle on Long Island might have terminated differently. During the battle, he lay on his pillow in New York, scarcely able to raise his head; and as the sound of the cannon boomed on his ears he exclaimed, "Gracious God, to be confined at such a time!" When the news was brought him of the havoc made in Smallwood's heroic band, his favorite regiment, he burst into tears. On his recovery he was among the most active in the operations that succeeded. He had just been raised to the rank of Major-General, and strongly advised the abandonment and burning of New York, but Congress had resolved that the city should be held to the last extremity, a fatal error! When it became advisable to evacuate Fort Washington, Greene opposed it, declaring the garrison fully competent to defend the place; and, perhaps, his conduct on this occasion, arising from excessive confidence, is the great blunder of his life. Had his wish been complied with, however, and the command entrusted to himself, the result might have been different, as he always contended. He was with Washington at Trenton, and besides the Commander-in-chief and Knox, was the only one for following up the blow by an attack on all the posts in New Jersey. From this hour he was secretly the first in Washington's estimation. In the battle of Brandywine he commanded the reserve. At Germantown he led the right wing. When the Conway cabal began its machinations, Greene was selected as one of its first

victims, in consequence of the consideration in which he stood with Washington; and he continued, for years, to feel the evil effects of the prejudices excited against him then, both as an officer and a man.

In 1778 he was appointed Quarter-Master-General. The army immediately felt the benefit of the reforms he had introduced into his department. When he accepted the post, he reserved the right to command according to his rank in the day of battle, and consequently, in the fierce struggle at Monmouth, he took a prominent part, first advising an attack on the enemy, and afterwards leading the right wing. He next is seen at Newport, when, during the siege under Sullivan, he commanded one division of the army. Some difficulties having arisen between him and Congress, in reference to his duties as Quarter-Master-General, Greene sent in his resignation of that post, and came near throwing up his commission in the army. To narrate the particulars of this dispute would extend this sketch too far. It is sufficient to say that Congress was unjust, and acting evidently under the influence of prejudice; while Greene, though perhaps justifiable in his resentment, did not emulate the calmness and forbearance of Washington under like treatment. On the 22nd of June, 1780, Greene was attacked at Springfield, New Jersey, while at the head of but thirteen hundred men, by two divisions of the royal army numbering twenty-five hundred each. By the skilful manner in which he not only escaped destruction, but managed to frustrate most of the enemy's designs, in part saving the village from the flames, besides harassing the British retreat, he gained universal credit, both in our own army and that of Sir Henry Clinton. When the treason of Arnold was detected, and Washington scarcely knew, for a while, whom to trust, the post of West Point was assigned to Greene, as one of the few in whom the General could place perfect confidence. But scarcely had he entered on his duties when a letter from head-quarters summoned him to the command of the southern army, recently made vacant by the removal of Gates.

He stopped at Philadelphia on his way to his new post, and there learned, to use his own words, that the army he was called to lead, "was rather a shadow than a substance, having only an imaginary existence." Congress could give him neither arms nor clothing, nor could it hold out any definite hopes for the future. He could, with difficulty, procure sufficient money to defray his personal expenses. He visited the capitals of the various states lying in his route, and spent a few days at each in endeavoring to arouse the different Legislatures to the necessity of action. His sagacious mind at once

perceived the possibility of a retreat being necessary, and accordingly he chose Virginia as his depot for stores, in consequence of being further from the scene of war than North Carolina, and therefore safer. On the 2nd of December, 1780, he reached the camp at Charlotte, and having courteously met and parted with Gates, set himself at once to the task before him. We cannot follow him through all the events of the next three years. We shall select two portions of his career only, as illustrative of the whole, the retreat through North Carolina, and the battle of Eutaw. The first at once raised him to the rank of a master in strategy, and has been so ably depicted by the grandson of the hero, that, in describing it, we can scarcely hope to improve on that account. The retreat began immediately after the battle of the Cowpens. Greene's first movement had been that of a giant in military science. In order to gain the initiative, or at least obtain some control over the measures of the enemy, as well as better to supply his army and raise the drooping spirits of the country, he divided his little force, sending Morgan, with six hundred men, across the Catawba, while he took post himself in a camp judiciously selected by Kosciusko at the junction of Hick's Creek with the Great Pedee. Cornwallis was puzzled by this bold movement, and for some time hesitated what to do. At last he resolved to effect a junction with Leslie, and afterwards to direct the whole force of the army against Morgan, whom Tarleton meantime was to follow up, while Cornwallis held himself ready to cut off his retreat. Tarleton began his pursuit on the 12th of January, 1781, and on the 17th came up with Morgan, who had resolved to await him in hopes of a victory, which might throw an eclat around the American arms, and conceal, in part, the disgrace of a retreat. The battle, known as that of the Cowpens, succeeded, in which Tarleton met with a signal defeat.

The conflict was scarcely over before Morgan took measures for continuing his retreat; for he well knew that delay would bring Cornwallis, hot for revenge, upon him. Crossing the Broad River the same evening with his prisoners, he pushed onward to the fords of the Catawba. Meantime, the news of the defeat reached Cornwallis in his camp at Winnsboro. Chagrined, but not disheartened, he resolved on pursuing the victorious Morgan, who was but twenty-five miles distant, and whose retreat he yet hoped to cut off. Having been joined on the morning of the 18th by Leslie's detachment, he devoted the rest of the day to collecting the fugitives of Tarleton; and early on the morrow put his troops in motion, by a road which intersected the line of Morgan's retreat, and strained every nerve to over-

take them in season. But it was in vain. On the 22nd the American General reached the Catawba, and transported his army in safety to the opposite shore, so that when, soon after, Cornwallis came up, he had the mortification to see that his enemy had eluded his grasp. The consequences of the measures into which the strategy of Greene had hurried him, now rose in all their force before the British General's mind. He saw the fruits of Camden already slipping from his hold. The inhabitants, after the success of the Cowpens, hesitated to declare for him. He beheld himself, a second time, cut off from his march on North Carolina. One resource only was left him. By a rapid pursuit, he might hope yet to crush Morgan before the latter could join the main army; and then, if with one vigorous push, he could overtake Greene, the American cause would be ruined. To the execution of this bold scheme, Cornwallis accordingly now devoted all the energies of his rapid mind. It was first necessary, however, to convert his army into light troops, and to do this, he resolved on the hazardous expedient of destroying the baggage. The example was set by himself. The baggage of head-quarters was first given to the flames. That of the soldiers promptly followed. Only a small supply of clothing, and a few wagons for hospital stores and for the sick were preserved. Two days were devoted to this task. On the third, stripped for the race, the British army renewed the pursuit.

But Greene, meanwhile, had not been idle. His inferior force did not allow him as yet to entertain the thought of giving battle; but he was incessantly occupied in strengthening it, with the hope of soon being adequate to the trial. At the same time, however, he prepared, with far seeing sagacity, for a protracted retreat, in case it should prove necessary. He ordered all provisions to be brought to camp that did not lie along the contemplated route; the stores at Salisbury and Hillsboro were held in readiness to move, at a moment's warning, on the upper counties of Virginia; and, to provide for the most remote contingencies, the Quarter-Master-General was directed to form a magazine on the Roanoke, and hold his boats in readiness on the Dan. The prisoners taken by Morgan, who had been sent on in advance, the instant that General crossed the Catawba, were despatched to Virginia with General Stevens, under the escort of a number of the troops whose terms of enlistment had expired. Having completed these arrangements, Greene left the main army to pursue its march to Salisbury, and throwing himself on horseback, started to join Morgan, in order to lend the influence of his garrison to extricate that officer. His way lay across the

country for a hundred and fifty miles, yet he could only allow himself, for protection, a single aid and a Serjeant's guard of dragoons. He reached the camp of Morgan on the 30th of January. On being told that Cornwallis had destroyed his baggage, the prophetic mind of Greene saw, through the long vista of events to come, the consequences of the act. "He is ours," he cried exultingly. And a day or two after, having determined on his memorable retreat, he wrote, "I am not without hopes of ruining Lord Cornwallis, if he persists in his mad scheme of pushing through the country."

To understand the series of movements that followed, it is necessary to look at the map. Three rivers rise in the upper parts of the Carolinas, and flow in a south-easterly direction towards the Atlantic. The first is the Catawba; the second the Yadkin; and the last and most northern the Dan. This latter river at first follows the same course with the others, but finally, changing its direction, winds backwards and forwards over the Virginia line. To retreat from the Catawba north, the route of Greene would cut each of these rivers in succession. To place a deep river between a pursuing army and the pursued, is to give the latter a breathing spell; while for the pursuing to overtake a retreating army between two rivers, is almost certain ruin for the latter. Accordingly the efforts of Cornwallis were directed to entrap his adversary in this situation. It had been apparent to Greene from the first that his enemy intended crossing the Catawba as soon as the heavy rains, which had swollen the river, should subside sufficiently to allow a passage. On the 31st it became evident that the waters were falling. Morgan was accordingly ordered to push on with the regulars for the Yadkin, while at the same time an express was despatched to the main army, directing it to rendezvous at Guilford instead of Salisbury. Morgan would have sought the refuge of the mountains, and openly declared he would not answer for the consequences unless this was done. "Neither shall you," replied Greene, who never shrunk from responsibility, "for I will take the measure upon myself." Having thus sent forward the regular troops, Greene left a body of militia to harass the enemy in crossing the Catawba. They were about five hundred in number, chiefly drawn from the neighboring districts, and were under the command of General Davidson, in whom they placed unbounded confidence. Greene himself retired to a place selected for the rendezvous, sixteen miles in advance on the road to Salisbury. Day was just breaking, on the morning of the 1st of February, when the British column advanced to the ford. The rain fell in torrents; the prospect was dark and lowering; and

the waters whirling and foaming by, flashed back the fitful glare of the American watch-fires on the opposite bank. It was a scene to appal an ordinary enemy; but the soldiers of Cornwallis, without a pause, plunged into the roaring torrent. The waters soon rose to their waists. Frequently the men were swept from their foot-holds. General O'Hara was carried down the stream and came near losing his life. But the cavalry struggled manfully on; while the grenadiers, leaning on each other, presented an adamantine wall to the rushing waters. When half way across, the muskets of the Americans blazed through the gloom, and the battle began. Nothing intimidated, the gallant veterans of Cornwallis pressed on, and though numbers continually dropped from the ranks, the rest steadily persevered, and gaining the bank, after a sharp conflict, dispersed the handful of militia. General Davidson, in mounting his horse to direct a retreat, was shot dead, on which his men fled in every direction, most of them taking to the woods. Cornwallis himself had a narrow escape. His horse was wounded while yet in the water, and though the noble animal struggled to the shore, he fell the moment he reached it. Tarleton pursuing the advantage, overtook some of the fugitives about ten miles from the ford. The militia, trained to fire from their horses, received him with a volley, and dashed into the woods. A pursuit was useless, and the British Colonel was forced to return with a loss of seven men and twenty horses.

Meanwhile Greene remained at the rendezvous, ignorant of the result of the skirmish, and tormented with anxiety. The rain still fell in torrents and he was drenched to the skin. At last, about midnight, a messenger arrived with the news of the defeat. Turning his horse's head to Salisbury, he alighted at that place towards morning completely worn out. His friend, Dr. Read, had been waiting his arrival, and observing the expression of his face, anxiously inquired how he was. "Fatigued, hungry, alone and penniless," was the almost despondent reply of Greene. The last word struck the ear of his landlady, and when he had sat down to breakfast, she entered the room, and cautiously fastening the door, drew from under her apron two small bags of specie. "Take these," said she, "for you will want them and I can do without them." This simple offering touched the heart of the defeated commander. He took the money, for he was truly without a penny; and the gift proved afterwards of the greatest value in procuring intelligence. What more beautiful than this touching incident of a woman's patriotism?

The army of Morgan had meantime gained a day on that of

THE LANDLADY OFFERING HER MONEY TO GENERAL GREENE.

Cornwallis. But the latter General, mounting a part of his infantry on the horses left by the destruction of the baggage, hastened to send them forward, with the cavalry, in order to overtake the enemy. Greene, however, had now joined the little army, and, under the eye of their leader, the men pressed on, regardless of the toil. It was the height of the southern winter. The rain fell incessantly. The roads were of clay, deep and miry. But the same torrents which retarded the troops would also swell the Yadkin; and could the fugitives only place it between them and their foes, they might repose again in safety. Sustained by this hope, they struggled forward, until, on the third day, they gained the banks of the river. The boats provided by the foresight of Greene, in contemplation of this emergency, were fortunately in readiness, and, in a short time, the main body of the army was transported to the other shore. Midnight arrived before the rear guard had crossed, when suddenly the advanced column of the enemy came up. Though almost broken down by toil, the Americans sprang at once to their arms, and a sharp skirmish ensued. O'Hara tried in vain to seize some of the boats. The rear guard succeeded in crossing, and, in a few minutes, the British General beheld his enemy quietly encamped on the opposite bank, while the river, swollen so as to be no longer fordable, roared in wild volume at his feet. Mortified at seeing the foe thus

slip from his very grasp, he opened a furious cannonade, but to little purpose, the camp of the Americans being sheltered behind a low ridge. Not far from the river, half concealed by a pile of rocks, stood a solitary cabin, in which Greene sat down to write his despatches, stealing for the purpose the hours allotted to sleep. Suspecting its inhahitant, the British directed the fire of their batteries on this spot. The shot soon bounded on the neighboring rocks, and shivered into splinters the pine saplings around. Still Greene wrote on. As the aim of the artillerists improved, the balls were heard whistling over the hut. Still he wrote on. At last a shot struck the roof, knocking the clapboards in every direction. Unawed, the General wrote on, and continued to do so through the night, though the roar and blaze of the artillery went on without cessation.

Greene remained but a day upon the banks of the Yadkin, when, having recruited his troops, he advanced to the forks of Abbott's Creek, a secure position, where he passed four days. He was extremely eager to give Cornwallis battle, and made this halt in order, if possible, to induce the militia to join him. But he was doomed to disappointment. His accessions of force were inconsiderable, and on the 9th, when the main body joined the division of Morgan, at Guilford, the returns showed only a force of twenty-six hundred men, fit for duty. Cornwallis, it was well known, had nearly three thousand, superior in discipline, accoutrements, and, more than all, in the prestige of success. To hazard a battle, with such a disparity, would have ensured defeat; and defeat would have been followed by the loss of both North Carolina and Virginia. It became necessary, therefore, to continue the retreat. Meantime Cornwallis, growing more eager than ever to crush his enemy, had passed up the Yadkin until he found a ford where he could cross. Having been foiled in preventing the junction of the two divisions of the American army, he was now intent on bringing it to battle before it could reach the shelter of the Dan. Twice had Greene eluded him when at the very moment of victory. He was resolved that, this third time, there should be no escape. The Dan was only fordable high up, and Cornwallis being nearer to those fords than his enemy, supposed that no course was left for Greene but to meet his pursuers or fly to the lower ferries, where there were no means of transportation. The British General had satisfied himself from the manœuvres of his antagonist, that the latter intended to retreat on a ferry called Dix's, and accordingly he had taken a position on Greene's left, which brought him as near to that place as the American General.

The sagacity of the latter instantly penetrated this design, which he saw with secret exultation, favored his own plan. He would have gained nothing by placing a fordable river between himself and his foe, for he was deficient in artillery, so necessary to defend the passage of such a stream. It had never been his intention, therefore, to retire on the upper ferries of the Dan. On the contrary he had, long before, prepared boats at the lower ferries, for the possible contingency of a retreat in that direction. He chose this route, moreover, because it would bring him nearer the base of his operations. The magazines he had collected at Roanoke were in this quarter, and here also was he to look for the reinforcements from Virginia. But it was all important for the safety and ease of his troops that Cornwallis should not suspect his true design, and consequently the American General hastened to take such measures as would effectually maintain his enemy's delusion. The distance from Guilford to Boyd's Ferry, where his boats were collected, was about seventy miles, considerably less than the distance of Cornwallis from the same place. To deceive the enemy as to his course and thus still further to increase the distance between the two armies. Greene formed a covering detachment of seven hundred picked men, partly composed of the conquerors at the Cowpens, partly of militia riflemen, and the remaining part of Washington's cavalry and Lee's celebrated legion. The whole was placed under the command of Col. Otho Williams. With this chosen band Williams was ordered to throw himself between the two armies and taking the road towards the upper ferries, hang back so close on the foe as to conceal the movements of the main body of the Americans. When Greene should have safely crossed the Dan, Williams was to unmask, and make a forced march on Boyd's Ferry.

The whole nation was, meantime, watching the struggle. Nearly a month had passed since the desperate trial of skill began. The news of the victory at the Cowpens had first arrested the public attention to the proceedings of Greene, and turned every eye in the direction of the Carolinas. Then had followed the pursuit of Cornwallis, the bloody passage of the Catawba, and the continued retreat of the Americans. Greene's masterly manœuvres had taken the country by surprise! The existence of such genius in him had not been imagined, and all awaited with breathless interest the conclusion of the drama. The struggle was now drawing to a close. On the 10th of February the two armies were only twenty-five miles apart. There lay but one river more between Cornwallis and Virginia, and the slightest blunder on the part of Greene would crush the Ame-

ricans forever. The fate of the south trembled in the balance. At last Greene put his main army into motion for Boyd's Ferry, and Williams, as directed, threw himself on the van of the British General, and took the route for Dix's. As the army of Greene stretched away on its march, the devoted band left behind gazed with strangely mingled feelings, for few ever expected to behold it again. On fled the fugitives, scarcely allowing time for food or rest,—on through storm and sunshine,—on through ice and thaw,—on, from early dawn till long after dark. The roads were drenched with rain one day, and frozen stiff the next, and for miles the track of the fugitives was marked with blood from their lacerated feet. There was but one blanket among four men. Such was the haste with which they marched that they were compelled to dry their wet clothes by the heat of their bodies. At every step of their progress they feared lest Cornwallis should discover the truth, and thundering fast in pursuit, overtake them yet before they reached the Dan. Greene himself was such a prey to anxiety and watching that he did not sleep four hours during the whole period occupied in reaching the Dan. At last, on the evening of the fourth day, the army gained the welcome river, and by the ensuing morning all the troops had crossed. The American General, now despatching a courier to announce his safety to Williams, remained on the southern shore, in deep anxiety, awaiting his arrival.

When the main body of the Americans had moved in the direction of the lower ferries, Williams, as we have seen, by pressing close on the enemy's van had effectually concealed that movement. When he reached the road where Greene had turned off, he had kept the one leading to Dix's; and, with secret joy, he beheld the success of his stratagem, as Cornwallis, neglecting the other route, pressed close after him. The legion of Lee, being admirably mounted, was left in the rear. Numerous detachments were sent out in every direction to observe the enemy and give the earliest intelligence of an opening for attack. Every night the camp was pitched at a considerable distance from the foe. So manifold were the duties each soldier had to perform, that but six hours out of forty-eight were allowed for sleep. The troops were always in motion before day-break. By forcing a march, a breakfast and halt of an hour in the forenoon, was secured; and this was the only meal eaten during the day: for at night, when the camp was made, the men were so exhausted that sleep triumphed over hunger, and those off duty, flinging themselves on the ground, were immediately lost in slumber. More than once the rear-guard of Williams and the advance of Cornwallis approached within mus-

ket shot, and it was with extreme difficulty that the respective commanders could restrain their troops from engaging. But the British General wished to reserve himself for the last struggle, which he was confident was close at hand; and Williams was unwilling to strike until he could give some terrible blow. Thus four days passed. At last Williams, thinking that sufficient time had elapsed for Greene to reach and cross the Dan, cautiously drew off his men in the direction of the lower ferries. On the same day Cornwallis learned, for the first time, the trick played upon him, and hastily crossing into the proper road, found himself, on a sudden, once more in the rear of the light troops.

And now ensued a closing struggle, the parallel to which is scarcely to be found in history. On the one side Cornwallis, chafed by his incessant repulses, resolved to revenge himself and exterminate the little band before him; on the other hand Williams, knowing that the race was for life or death, strained every muscle to effect his escape. The night came, chill and damp; the roads were broken and deep; and the men, worn down by a month's marching, staggered feebly on. In vain they hoped that Cornwallis would halt; still onward he stretched through that gloomy night. The darkness increased; the rain began to fall; and the way grew more difficult; yet still the sullen tramp of the enemy was heard in pursuit, and still the Americans toiled on. At last the gleam of watch-fires was seen in the distance ahead, and at the sight, Williams, fearing that Greene had not escaped, resolved to offer himself up, with his heroic corps, to save the main army; but happily it was discovered in time that what he saw was only the embers of the camp, and that the Americans were far in the advance, sweeping onward through the gloom and rain. Finally the British halted, and then Williams gave his men a few hours respite. But at midnight the troops were roused and the retreat recommenced. Nor was it long before Cornwallis was also in motion. He still hoped to find Greene cooped up between him and the Dan, for want of boats to cross. But he knew that everything depended on speed. Forty miles only lay between him and the river, and this distance he was resolved to traverse, if possible, before he allowed his troops repose. Williams was equally aware of the value of the next twenty-four hours. Mile vanished after mile, hour succeeded hour, and as the goal drew nearer, the struggle became more close and fierce. The usual time was scarcely allowed for refreshment, and then the Americans resumed their hurried march. The strife now grew thrillingly interesting. All through the hours of that long, dark night; all through the early portion of that wintry morn-

ing; over roads at first slippery and frozen, but now thawed and yielding, the one army had fled, and the other pursued; and as the Americans hastily swallowed their frugal breakfast, they fancied they heard again the tread of the foe, and resuming their ranks, taxed their sinews again in a last desperate strain to reach the goal.

Noon at last arrived, and with it an express announcing the safety of Greene. The joyful intelligence passed along the line, and the soldiers, re-invigorated, pushed forward with renewed alacrity. The infantry of Williams went first, then followed the legion of Lee. By three o'clock the river was only fourteen miles distant. The infantry now turned off by the shortest route, and hastening to the ferry, were borne in safety across. Cornwallis, finding himself approaching the Dan, and seeing no signs of Greene, began to suspect the truth, and redoubled his exertions to overtake the rear-guard, vowing angrily to sacrifice it to his vengeance. But Lee, no longer caring to watch the foe, bent every effort only to gain the ferry. The boats which carried Williams across had scarcely returned when the legionaries stood on the bank. The men instantly leaped in and took their seats; the horses were led by the bridles and made to swim; and the last of the fugitives finally left the shore. The night, by this time, was beginning to fall; the river surged dark beneath; and only a few stars glimmered through the stormy rack of heaven. All was desolate and forbidding in the landscape—yet not all, for on the further bank of the Dan gleamed welcome watch fires, and there stood Greene and Williams waiting to receive their companions in arms! When the boats touched the bank, and the legions had safely landed, a shout went up from the assembled host that shook the forests around and echoed far down the sky. As Lee stepped on shore he rushed into the arms of Williams; then looking back across the turbid waters, he saw the shadowy forms of his pursuers just emerging on the other bank. But he had escaped, and the Carolinas were free!

Greene did not, however, remain long in Virginia. Having received a reinforcement, he crossed the Dan again, within a few days, and began that series of masterly manœuvres which led to the battle of Guilford Court-House. After this sanguinary struggle, Cornwallis determined to invade Virginia; for he already found himself in a dilemma in consequence of having been led so far away from his base. Greene immediately conceived the bold plan of returning into the Carolinas. He accordingly retraced the route over which he had so lately retreated. At the news of his approach, consternation seized the tories and even the royal troops. Lord Rawdon, as the

last hope, resolved to attack him, and the battle of Hobkirk's Hill ensued, in which Greene met a repulse. But the check did not amount to a positive defeat, and in a few days, the American army being again ready for combat, Rawdon considered it advisable to abandon the vicinity of Camden and retire towards Charleston. The operations against Ninety-Six followed. Having spent the hottest of the summer months in the salubrious heights of Santee, Greene advanced, in the beginning of September, to the lower country, resolving to employ his forces in expelling the British from the few towns they still occupied in South Carolina. As the Americans advanced, the royalists retired. At Eutaw Springs the enemy halted and entrenched themselves. Greene followed them up, and on the 8th of September, 1781, attacked them. The battle was, perhaps, the fiercest of the whole war: one-third of the American army being left upon the field; while the royal troops suffered even more.

The British, on this bloody day, were commanded by General Stewart. They numbered in all two thousand three hundred men, a force rather superior to that of the Americans. They were drawn up with great skill in a highly advantageous position. Greene set his army in motion for the attack about an hour after daybreak. The sky was cloudless, and the road lying through an open wood, where the dew had scarcely yet dried on the blades of grass, the troops were invigorated, rather than fatigued by their march of a few hours. When about four miles from Eutaw, the advance of the Americans came into collision with a detachment of the British, sent out to reconnoitre. The enemy broke and fled. The Americans, with Lee in the front, followed up their victory, and arriving at the little river at Eutaw, beheld the main body of the enemy drawn up in a single line within the border of a wood, the right resting on the Charleston road, but the left wholly unprotected. The American militia, led by Marion and Pickens, moved in the advance, with the artillery of Gaines. The fight immediately became furious. The militia, behaving with the intrepidity of veterans, stood unmoved before the British fire, while unremitting streams of musketry poured from flank to flank along the American line. The enemy, astonished to find raw troops so stubborn, increased his efforts to break their line. His artillery soon dismounted the two pieces of Gaines, though not until the American battery had dismounted one of the guns of the enemy. At last, after they had delivered seventeen rounds a man, the militia in the centre began to retire. Greene promptly hurried up the corps of Sumter to fill the chasm. The

battle was now renewed with more obstinacy than ever. The British General, trembling for the fate of the day, brought up his reserves at this crisis, and the next half hour witnessed the most superhuman exertions on his part and that of his troops to achieve a victory. At last, after a desperate struggle, the centre of the Americans again gave way; and the British, seeing this, pressed forward with loud shouts, and with such ardor that their line became disordered. This was the critical moment for which Greene had waited. Bringing up the tried battalions of Williams and Howard, which he had reserved for the crisis, he ordered them to advance with trailed arms, and, retaining their fire, sweep the field with the bayonet.

It would have warmed the coldest bosom to have witnessed that gallant charge, and the equally gallant manner in which, for a while, the enemy withstood it. Howard came splendidly to the encounter! For a few moments while he advanced the air rung with huzzas from the contending armies. Showers of bullets from the enemy rapidly thinned the ranks of the brave Marylanders; but still they pressed on, not a man pulling a trigger until they were within a few paces of the hostile line. At sight of that unshaken front the British regiments began to give way, the panic beginning at the left and extending to the centre. But here a crack corps, the Bluffs, was posted, which, instead of shrinking from the bayonet, came resolutely to the charge. With loud shouts the two parties met in full career. Some fell at once pierced to the heart. Others, losing their footing, tumbled headlong and were instantly trodden down. The bayonets of both sides speedily becoming interlocked, the combatants swayed to and fro, like a mass of foliage tossed by contending winds. At last the British line broke. Seeing this, Howard sprang to the front and ordered his brave Marylanders to pour in their fire, on which the enemy fled in confusion, the Americans sweeping in a solid mass after them, like a wave of glittering steel. So utter was the rout that many of the royal soldiers did not pause in their flight until they reached Charleston, where such tales of the prowess and numbers of the Americans were told, that every able bodied man was impressed to defend the capital in this its last extremity.

But, during the pursuit, the Americans had reached the camp of the enemy, where the tents were still standing and the stores lying invitingly in view. Most of the militia hastened to avail themselves of the unusual luxuries. But the legion of Lee still pressed on, in hot chase of a detachment which was straining to gain a brick house, defended in the rear by a garden with palisades,

and on the right by a ravine and thicket, rendered impassable by low, craggy shrubs. The enemy reached the entrance first, and rushed in; yet so close was Lee upon him, that one of his men got half way within the door, and for a moment there was a sharp struggle, his companions endeavoring to push him in, and the British to thrust him out. At last the enemy prevailed, though several of his own men and officers were excluded. A heavy fire was instantly opened from the upper windows, on which the assailants, holding their prisoners before them, retreated. Meantime the British left, which had been posted in a thicket, under Major Majoribanks, had, until this period, resisted every effort to dislodge it. The troop of Washington, which had been led up to charge it, was completely shattered, with the loss of every officer but two, Washington himself having his horse shot under him, and being made a prisoner. But now, the rest of the line having retreated, Majoribanks became exposed on the flank, and fell back slowly towards the house, still clinging to the cover of the woods and ravine.

Here, resting on the picketed garden, he took a new position. On the right, the British cavalry under Coffin had drawn up in an open field to the west of the Charleston road. Thus supported on both flanks, and protected by the fire from the house, Stewart rallied his broken regiments and stubbornly prepared to contest the day anew. Greene, hastening to complete his victory, had brought up his artillery to batter the house, but the pieces proved too light to make any impression on the walls; while the rattling volleys that blazed unceasingly from the windows soon smote down every man at the guns. At this instant, and while some of the militia were still in the tents, Coffin charged with his cavalry, while Majoribanks on the other flank advanced with his brave veterans. In vain the American horse dashed forward to repulse the assailants; though successful for a while, the tremendous fire of Majoribanks checked them at last; and then, perceiving his advantage, the enemy sprang forward, seized the artillery, and driving wildly on, swept up and regained his camp. This being done, and the last scattered Americans chased from the tents or made prisoners, the British formed their line and prepared to renew the battle.

But Greene, appalled by the slaughter that had already taken place, and satisfied that his enemy had received a blow that would force him to retreat, wisely declined renewing the strife. He had attacked Stewart, because the latter had intended to establish a post at Eutaw, and now that this purpose would be abandoned, there

was no longer any object to be gained by protracting the battle, of sufficient importance to compensate for the loss of life. The wisdom of Greene was shown in this decision. Many a General, excited by the struggle, or smarting under the imputation of having received a check, would have returned to the contest and uselessly sacrificed hundreds of lives. But Greene never lost his self-possession on the field of battle, never allowed his judgment to be affected by its excitement. He saw that he had gained his purpose, and he decided to retreat. He fell back, however, no farther than to the spot from which he had started in the morning. And he would probably not have done this, but retained his position on the field, but for the impossibility of its furnishing sufficient water for his thirsty and fainting men.

The loss of Greene, in this battle, was five hundred and fifty-five, rank and file, or nearly one-third of his whole army. Of this number one hundred and thirty had been killed on the field, including seventeen commissioned officers. The British suffered not less severely. It was a sad task, on that day, for the American commander to visit his wounded. When he entered the miserable hovel where the officers of Washington's mutilated corps lay, and beheld those gallant young men, some of whom were destined never to rise from their beds, his feelings gave way, and he exclaimed in a choking voice, "It was a trying duty imposed on you, but it was unavoidable: I could not help it!" Those brave men, however, lived to hear that their blood had not been shed in vain; for, on that very night, Stewart, destroying his stores and abandoning about seventy of his wounded, hurriedly retreated to Charleston. For this victory, as it has always been regarded, Congress voted Greene a conquered standard and a medal of gold.

During this battle an incident occurred, so poetical in its character, that but for the most unimpeachable testimony in favor of its truth, we should hesitate to be the first to place it in print. After the repulse of the British, one of Lee's legion galloped to the enemy's camp, intending to set it on fire, and by a spectacle so disheartening to the foe, complete his rout. Alighting and snatching up a brand, he drew aside the canvass of a tent, in order to apply the fire to the straw within. But a sight there met his eyes which made him draw back irresolute. A wounded soldier lay on the rude pallet, and by his side sat a woman, wringing her hands and weeping bitterly as she gazed down on the face of the dying man. She looked up an instant at the intruder, with a glance of mute entreaty, while

the tears rolled down her cheeks. The American hesitated. If I set fire to the camp, he thought, this poor woman must see her husband consume before her eyes: and others, perhaps, will perish as miserably. I may reduce the enemy to as great straits as ourselves, but will that assist in terminating the war? At this consideration he dropped the canvass, flung down his brand, and left the camp. The hero of this little incident still lives, almost the solitary survivor of that bloody day. From his lips we have heard that, after the battle was over, the British and American soldiers were frequently found lying side by side, transfixed with each others bayonets. Where the American artillery had been posted, there now remained only the dismembered cannon. An oak sapling, about eight inches in diameter, stood close by this battery; and the trunk of this tree showed, within ten feet from the ground, twenty-eight marks of balls.

In the beginning of the year 1782, the House of Representatives of South Carolina bestowed on Greene the sum of ten thousand guineas, "in consideration of his important services." He was now, indeed, universally regarded as the saviour of the south. He had broken up all the enemy's posts in the interior, and confined him to a small circle in the vicinity of Charleston. The people, so lately despondent, were now full of hope. The tories were overawed. The royal troops themselves were giving way to despair. All parties saw that the evacuation of the southern capital must speedily occur, unless Great Britain was disposed to begin again the attempt at conquest, now foiled after eight years of war. At last, on the 14th of December, Charleston was evacuated. Greene entered the town amid the acclamations of the inhabitants, Governor Rutledge riding at his side, and a brilliant cortage of officers and guards accompanying him. Every door, balcony and window was crowded. Tears of joy were shed freely, and the cry, "God bless you!—welcome home, gentlemen," broke from many a surcharged heart.

Greene did not long survive the war. His last days, too, were embittered by financial difficulties, arising out of some bills he had become liable for, in order to purchase stores at a critical period in his last campaign. But his country was not ungrateful. South Carolina, as we have seen, had voted him ten thousand guineas, and Georgia presented him with a handsome estate. He removed his family from Rhode Island to Charleston, in 1785, intending there to spend the remainder of his days; but these were destined to be of short duration. On Tuesday, the 13th of June, 1786, while on a visit to

a neighbor, he walked out to see a rice crop, the sun, at the time, being intensely hot. A headache was the consequence, followed by a violent fever and inflammation of the brain; and by Monday, the 15th, he was a corpse. His death was considered a public misfortune, and the inhabitants of Savannah, where he was interred, joined unanimously in paying the last tribute to his remains. Thus, at the age of forty-four, perished the second General of the Revolution!

## OTHO H. WILLIAMS.

CONSPICUOUS among the heroes of the Revolution was Otho Holland Williams, a Brigadier-General in the continental line. He was born in Prince George county, Md., in the year 1748. His abilities were of a high order. He was sagacious in counsel, systematic in camp and in battle brave as a lion, yet perfectly self-possessed. Few men were purer in their patriotism. He served his country, not for emolument or rank, but from a consciousness of duty alone. In morals he was rigid, like his great chief, evincing his dislike of wrong even with asperity. He scorned hypocrisy and the low arts of intrigue, nor would he ever depreciate others in order to exalt himself.

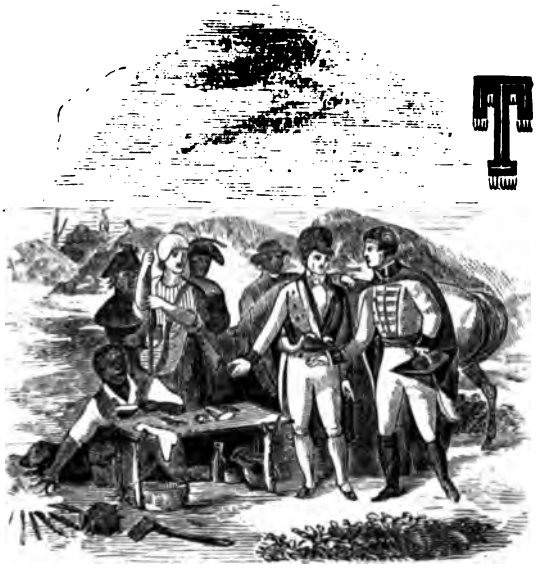
Williams was at the head of the clerk's office of the county of

Baltimore, when the war of independence began, but he immediately abandoned his emoluments, and accepting a Lieutenant's commission in a rifle corps, marched to join the army at Boston. In 1776 a rifle regiment was formed, of which he was appointed Major. He was present in Fort Washington when the assault of that place occurred; and it was his regiment which so gallantly met the Hessian column, and had nearly repulsed it. But Fort Washington fell, and Williams became a prisoner. He was now subjected to all those horrors which the captives, at that early period suffered, and which have made the name of Sir William Howe execrable wherever humanity has advocates. The seeds of the fatal disease, which subsequently carried off Williams, were sown during this imprisonment. At last, after the surrender of Burgoyne, he was exchanged for Major Ackland; and, rejoining the army, found he had risen in due course of promotion to the rank of a Colonel.

Williams accompanied De Kalb to the Carolinas. When Gates succeeded to the command, he bestowed on Colonel Williams the post of Adjutant General, an honor which was continued to him, with the most flattering acknowledgements, by Greene. He was in the battles of Camden, Guilford, Hobkirk and Eutaw. During Greene's famous retreat across North Carolina, Williams commanded the light troops which covered his rear. What Ney was to Napoleon in retiring from Russia, that Williams was to Greene in this emergency! Never was a General-in-chief better seconded by any merely executive officer. When Greene re-crossed the Dan, Williams was conspicuous in the manœuvres that ensued. Cornwallis had resolved to force the American commander either to fight at a disadvantage or retreat; but, the latter, determining to do neither, changed his camp daily, now advancing and now falling back, until the English General, lost in a maze of perplexity, knew not where to find him. Subsequently at the battle of Guilford, and afterwards at Eutaw, Williams highly distinguished himself. In the latter contest he headed the charge which was so decisive.

On the return of peace, Williams, who had been raised, meantime, to the rank of a Brigadier, retired to his native state, where the collectorship of the port of Baltimore, the most lucrative office in Maryland, was bestowed on him by the authorities as a token of the appreciation of his services. Washington, on acceding to the Presidency, continued Williams in this post. In 1794 Williams died of pulmonary consumption. His wife, whom he had married just before, soon followed him to the grave, her days being shortened, it is said, by grief for her loss.

# FRANCIS MARION.



THERE are few American readers, to whom the name of Marion is not a spell. It conjures up images of the forest camp, the moonlight march, the sudden attack, and all the romance of that daring warfare which fascinated us when a boy! In the popular fancy Marion holds the place of a great champion, not unlike King Arthur, in English legendary story. Yet there was nothing chivalric, in the ordinary sense of that term, about the south-

ern hero. His personal prowess was inconsiderable. He never slew a man in single combat. He was small in stature, hard in manners, cautious, scheming and taciturn. No act of knightly emprize is recorded of him. But his achievements were so brilliant —they were performed with such apparently inadequate means— they followed each other in such rapid succession—and they were begun in so disastrous a period, and exercised so astonishing an influence in arousing the south, that we gaze on his career as on that of some Paladin of old, suddenly raised up by enchantment, to discomfit all comers with his single arm.

Marion was of Huguenot descent. He was born in 1732, near Georgetown, in South Carolina. His youth was spent chiefly on a farm, except during one short interval, when he went to sea. On this occasion he came near losing his life by drowning. When he returned, at his mother's anxious solicitation, he took up the pursuit of agriculture. The restless spirit of his boyhood appeared to have been now totally subdued. Ambition seemed no longer a part of his nature. He followed the quiet life of men of his class, and was respected, beloved and honored. No one fancied that the name of Francis Marion would ever become great in history.

The Indian war of 1760 found him in this condition. The Cherokees, on the western frontier of the Carolinas, had long been troublesome neighbors. They inhabited a luxuriant district, partly in the lower country and partly in the hilly region to the west. Their villages were well built, their corn-fields in high cultivation. They were a bold and turbulent nation, always doubtful allies, ever ready to lift the tomahawk at the slightest provocation. On the present occasion they had taken up arms at the instigation of the French. As the only means of ensuring tranquillity in future, it was determined to break the heart of this proud people by penetrating to their most impregnable fastnesses, and laying the whole district waste with fire and sword. A strong force from the Canadas was despatched for this purpose to South Carolina. Marion joined the army as a Lieutenant, and now first distinguished himself. After all the lower country had been devastated, the troops advanced to the higher grounds. But at the famous pass of Etchoee, a narrow valley between high hills, the bravest of the Cherokees had made a stand, resolved, with a spirit worthy of old Rome, to shed the last drop of their blood on this threshold of their nation. They occupied a strong position on the flank of the invading army. Before any progress could be made it became necessary to dislodge them, and a large corps was sent in advance for this purpose, preceded by a for-

lorn hope of thirty men. The command of this latter party was given to Marion. Their ascent was through a gloomy defile, flanked by impenetrable thickets, the very lurking places for a savage foe. Yet that gallant band went steadily forward, their leader marching in the van! As the head of the column entered the defile, a savage yell was heard, as if from every bush around, and immediately a hundred muskets blazed on the assailants. Twenty-one of the forlorn hope fell. But their leader was unhurt. Waving his sword, he called on the few that remained to follow him, and dashed up the ascent: he was soon reinforced by the advanced corps, which, stimulated by such heroism, followed close behind. The contest that ensued is to this hour spoken of with awe by the miserable remnant of that people. Never, perhaps, in the annals of Indian war was the carnage greater. For four hours the fight raged without intermission. The savages fought like men who cared not to survive a defeat. Driven by the bayonet again and again from their positions, they returned, like wounded lions, fiercer with agony and despair. But their heroism was of no avail. Discipline at length triumphed over untaught bravery. The Cherokees fled. Nor did they ever after rally. And for thirty days, the fire-brand and the bayonet went through their beautiful vallies, making once happy villages heaps of ruins, and reducing the whole district to a blackened and smoking desert. This work of devastation smote the heart of Marion with pity. In a letter attributed to him, his feelings are described with picturesque force. "I saw everywhere around," he writes, "the footsteps of the little Indian children, where they had lately played under the shelter of the rustling corn. When we are gone, thought I, they will return, and peeping through the woods with tearful eyes, will mark the ghastly ruin poured over their homes, and the happy fields where they had so often played. 'Who did this?' they will ask their mothers. 'The white people, the Christians did it!' will be their reply." Whether Marion wrote this letter, or, which is more probable, Weems invented it, the sentiments are characteristic of that tenderness of heart, which, notwithstanding Marion's firmness and decision, was one of his most prominent qualities.

For fourteen years after this campaign Marion was occupied on his farm. But he had acquired a reputation for skill and spirit during the Indian troubles, which was not forgotten, and subsequently, when the storm of war began to darken the horizon, men turned to Marion with anxiety, as mariners to the veteran pilot. In 1775, he was a member in the Provincial Congress of South Caro-

lina, and was among the most active in procuring the vote committing that colony to the Revolution. It was during a partial adjournment of this body that the news of the battle of Lexington reached Charleston by express. Instantly the chivalric Carolinians took fire. The Congress was called together. Public spirit ran high. Two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry were raised; a million of money was voted; and an act of association was passed, by which all persons were declared enemies of the state who should refuse to join in resisting by force of arms the aggressions of the King.

In one of the new regiments Marion received a Major's commission. His Colonel was the celebrated Moultrie. He proved himself an excellent disciplinarian, and the superiority of the regiment was, on all hands, attributed to his skill. During the attack on Sullivan's Island, he was actively occupied in the fort, except when, with a small detachment, he boarded the armed schooner Defence, to obtain powder. For his services on this occasion, he was raised by Congress to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army. For the next three years, the war languished in the south; but in 1779, when the British invaded Georgia, Marion re-appears upon the scene. He was only prevented from being captured in Charleston on the fall of that place, by having broken an ankle: a misfortune which compelled him to leave the city when, just before the siege, all sick persons and officers unfit for duty were ordered to depart. The manner in which this accident occurred is characteristic. Marion was dining with some friends, when the drinking became deep, and the host, to prevent the escape of any one, locked the door: on which Marion, who was habitually temperate, leaped from the window and fractured his ankle.

Charleston fell. Four thousand men—all the available force at the south—came into the hands of the enemy; and organized resistance in South Carolina was at an end. Then the seven vials of wrath were opened on that devoted colony. Deceit was added to cruelty; and the miserable inhabitants, seduced by fair promises into swearing allegiance, soon learned that there is no refuge for the conquered, but in unmitigated and hopeless slavery. They had at first been asked only to remain quiet. They were now told that neutrality was impossible, and that they must either take up arms for the King or be punished as rebels. In vain they remonstrated, in vain they entreated: their masters were inexorable. One or two districts at length ventured to resist. It had been better for their inhabitants if they had never been born. Old men and immature boys were hung up without trial, and females of tender nurture

brutally thrust from the doors which had been kept sacred to them since they were brides. The land was ravaged as no other had been since the Conqueror desolated the New Forest. One region, seventy miles long and fifteen broad, through which the British army passed, became a desert. A wife who asked to see her husband in prison was told to wait, and her request should soon be granted; they left her, and returning with a brutal jest, pointed to their victim, suspended from the jail window, and yet quivering in the agonies of death. But God at last raised up an avenger! Suddenly, in the very heart of the oppressed districts, there arose an enemy; bitter, sleepless, unforgetful; seemingly possessed of miraculous powers of intelligence; whose motions were quick as lightning; who dealt blows successively at points where no human foresight could have foreseen them; and who, by a series of rapid and brilliant successes, made the British power tremble from centre to circumference. The secret of this was soon noised abroad. Marion had recovered, had raised a troop, had began the war again on his own account. His name became a terror to the foe, and a rallying word for the patriots. Wherever a surprise took place—wherever a convoy was cut off—wherever a gallant deed was done, men said that Marion had been there. And the aged widow, who had seen her bravest sons dragged to the shambles, gave thanks nightly to God that a defender had arisen for Israel.

We can at this day have but a faint idea of the re-action that followed the successes of Marion. It was like the first feeling of hope after a shipwreck, in which every plank has gone down beneath us. It was like the cheering word of pardon to the criminal on the scaffold. Instantly, the colony rose from its sackcloth and ashes. It put off its garments of humiliation; it assumed the sword; it went forth to battle rejoicingly. In every direction around the British posts, men suddenly appeared in arms. They had no weapons; but the huge saws of the timber-mills were fabricated into sabres. They had no camp equipage; but Marion slept on a forest couch, and so could they. They flocked to him in crowds. Mounted on fleet horses, they traversed the country under him, often marching sixty miles between sundown and daybreak, striking blows now here, now there, until the perplexed enemy scarcely knew which way to turn, and began to regard, with nameless fear, this mysterious foe, who, if followed, could never be caught, but who was always at hand, with his terrible shout and charge, when least expected.

The favorite rendezvous of Marion was at Snow Island. This is a piece of high river swamp, as it is called in the Carolinas, and was

surrounded on three sides by water, so as to be almost impregnable He rendered it more so by destroying the bridges, securing the boats, and placing defences where they were required. The island, thus cut off from the mainland, was of some extent, and abounded with game. No one unacquainted with its labyrinths could have well found his way among its tortuous paths, overgrown with a luxuriant tropical vegetation and tangled with vines. Here Marion had his camp. From this fastness he issued forth at pleasure to ravage the enemy's granaries or capture a straggling party of his troops. Secure in his retreat he had no fear of pursuit. The imagination kindles at the picture of that greenwood camp, and we are carried back to the days of old romance, when Robin Hood held court in Sherwood Forest. There, with the laurel blooming over them, his bold followers slept as sweetly as under canopies of silk; there, with the free, blue sky for their tent, they felt that liberty was theirs, in defiance of the British arms; there, while the stars kept watch above, they dreamed of peace, and happiness, and plenty, yet to come, of pleasant homes and smiling wives, and of children prattling at their knee!

For carrying on a partizan warfare, such as now ensued, Marion was peculiarly fitted. Governor Rutledge had given him a commission as Brigadier-General in the militia; and no man understood better how to manage a volunteer force. His maxim was "feed high and then attack." When in the open field he never required his men to wait for a bayonet charge; but after they had delivered their fire, he ordered them to fall back under cover. By these means he kept them self-collected and confident; and in consequence we know of but one instance of their having become panic-struck. The celerity of his movements supplied the place of numbers. His genius defied the want of arms, ammunition, and all the material of war. He was wary, scheming, clear-sighted, bold, rapid, energetic. No man but one possessing such a rare union of qualities could have made head against the British power after the defeat of Gates. At times, indeed, he suffered from despondency. Once he talked, despairingly, of retiring to the mountains. But no mind can be always on the rack, without giving way occasionally to the strain. To be melancholy at times, is the destiny of lofty natures, and few have achieved greatness without feeling often as if life were a burden gladly to be laid down.

The war was conducted with savage ferocity. The tories hung their prisoners, the whigs retaliated on the tories. The British burned the dwellings of the patriots, pillaged their barns, ravaged their

fields, and set free their negroes. The Americans shot down sentinels at their posts, cut off picquets, and laid ambuscades for officers. Neither party for a while paid much respect to flags. Private revenge entered deeply into the contest. At the taking of Georgetown Lieutenant Conyer sought out and murdered an English officer, from whom he had once suffered an indignity. A serjeant, whose private baggage had been captured, sent word to the British leader that, if it was not returned, he would kill eight of his men; and the plunder was given up, for it was known he would keep his word. The same man shot at an English officer at a distance of three hundred yards. Yet there were occasional glimpses of chivalry shown on both sides. When Colonel Watson garrisoned Blakely's mansion, it was the residence of a young lady whose lover belonged to the American force, which at that time, partially beleaguered the Englishmen; and every day the fiery youth, like a knight of old, either singly or at the head of his troop, rode up to the hostile lines, and in sight of his mistress, defied the foe to mortal combat. Among the British officers, Major MacIntosh became distinguished as the most humane. But the general character of the contest was such, that those who had been accustomed to the comparative courtesy of European strife, declared that the Americans fought like devils rather than like men. Greene himself wrote back to the north, that the war was one of butchery. But we doubt whether it could have been waged successfully in any other way. When a foreign invader has given your roof-tree to the flames, and driven you forth to herd with wild beasts, it is an instinct of human nature to slay him wherever he appears, to assail him in darkness, to "war even to the knife." The want of numbers must be supplied by incessant watchfulness. It may do for kings playing at the game of war to talk of conducting it politely, but men fighting with a rope around their necks are not apt to be over nice.

It would be impossible, in a sketch like this, to follow Marion through all his enterprises. He planned, with Lee, the surprise of Georgetown, which an accident only prevented being completely successful; he defeated the tories at Black Mingo and at Tarcote; he captured Forts Watson and Motte; he made a second and victorious attack on Georgetown; he nearly annihilated General Frazier's cavalry at Parker's Ferry; he scattered the English horse at St. Thomas; and, to the very close of the war, continued striking that series of sudden and decisive blows which made his name a terror to the foe, and which, in subsequent times, renders his career so brilliant and fascinating. We can pause on one only of his numerous

achievements. This was the deadly ambush at Parker's Ferry. It was just before the struggle at Eutaw that it occurred. Greene and the British General were silently watching each other, when Marion suddenly set forth from the American camp, with two hundred picked men, on one of his many secret expeditions. Not even his officers knew the purpose of his march. His object, however, was to relieve Colonel Harden, at that time hard pressed by a British force of five hundred men. After traversing the country for a hundred miles, Marion came up with the Colonel. The enemy was close at hand, thundering in pursuit. The Americans, thus reinforced, were hastily concealed in a swamp, and a small party sent out to lure th · English into the ambuscade. The stratagem succeeded. Imagining he had no one to contend with but Colonel Harden, the British leader led his cavalry at full charge almost up to the muzzles of the concealed riflemen. But when the deadly fire of the American sharp-shooters opened on him, the enemy recoiled in horror and dismay from that incessant torrent of missiles. Yet soon, with unfaltering bravery he rallied, and dashed again to the charge. A second time he was hurled back. And now began a fearful carnage. Hemmed in on the narrow causeway, unable either to advance or retreat, that gallant cavalry was fast melting away beneath Marion's fire, when the ammunition of the Americans gave out and they were forced to yield their ground. But so horrible had been the slaughter, that, at the battle of Eutaw, the enemy had scarcely a single troop of horse left to bring into the field.

Marion continued with his brigade until after the evacuation of Charleston, when he retired to his farm, which he found a scene of ruins. He now resolved to apply himself seriously to agriculture, in hopes to repair his shattered fortunes. But his native state claiming his services, he was first a Senator to the Legislature, and afterwards military commandant at Fort Johnson in the harbor of Charleston. In his senatorial capacity he opposed the continuance of the Confiscation Act, wishing, now that peace had been gained, to forget and forgive all political delinquencies. He married a lady of wealth, but had no issue. He died on the 20th of February, 1795, in the sixty-third year of his age.

SUMPTER'S ASSAULT ON THE BRITISH AT ROCKY MOUNT.

# THOMAS SUMPTER.

UMPTER and Marion are names indissolubly connected in the memory with all that was gallant and successful in the partizan warfare of the south. Both were leaders in the militia, both obtained signal victories, and both were possessed of a superior genius for war. Yet, perhaps, no two men ever differed more in character. Marion was cautious, scheming, careful of his troops; Sumpter bold, rash, and often prodigal of his men. The one could never be induced to fight unless nearly certain of success: the other was always ready for the contest, even when wisdom counselled a retreat. In the one prudence amounted almost to a foible; in the other daring sometimes degenerated to folly. The difference between the two men is well described in the remark which Tarleton is said to have made respecting them, at the end of an unsuccessful pursuit of Marion:

"let us leave this d—d swamp-fox," said the irritated Colonel, "and seek Sumpter; he is a game cock always ready for a fight."

Sumpter was born in Virginia, in the year 1734. While still a youth, his activity and intelligence in scouting recommended him to the notice of Lord Dunmore, who is said to have employed him on the frontier in a trust of equal hazard and importance. He was present at the battle of Monongahela, where he was so fortunate as to escape without a wound. At the close of the war he removed to South Carolina. He speedily acquired a commanding influence in the district where he settled; and in consequence, in March, 1776, was recommended to the Provisional Congress for the post of Lieutenant-Colonel of the second regiment of riflemen. In this command he continued for some years, but without any opportunity of distinguishing himself. The war in fact languished at the south, and his regiment was confined to overawing the tories. At last, in 1780, Charleston fell. The patriots generally fled in dismay. Not so Sumpter. He had seen his wife driven from her dwelling, and the torch applied to the habitation, while the enemy, like savage bloodhounds, hunted around the swamp whither he had fled for concealment. Hidden in that covert he had sworn to avenge his own and his country's wrongs. Nobly did he keep his vow!

Aware that little could be done as yet in his adopted state, he passed into North Carolina, and visiting the patriot settlements, urged a rising against the British. At first those whom he addressed, appalled by the conquest of Charleston, hesitated. But his eloquence, his lofty enthusiasm, and his bold decision of character finally prevailed, and it was not long before he found himself at the head of a considerable force. An anecdote is preserved of the manner in which he obtained his famous soubriquet; and as it also illustrates his tact in enlisting recruits, we insert it as characteristic. There was a family of Gillespies, all large and active men, all celebrated for their love of cock-fighting. They had in their possession, among other game birds, a blue hen, renowned for her virtues. These men were engaged at their usual sport when Sumpter called upon them. "Shame on you," he said, "to be wasting your time in such pursuits at a crisis like this; go with me and I will teach you to fight with men." They looked up in amazement. But his fine soldierly aspect and his kindling eye, warmed up their patriotism as they gazed. They sprang to their feet and grasped his hand. "You are a Blue Hen's chicken," they said; and enlisted almost to a man. He soon found himself at the head of a larger force than he could arm. In this emergency the saws of the mills were fabricated into

sabres, lances were made by fastening knives at the end of a pole; and pewter dishes were melted into bullets.

His first enterprise was directed against a party of tories who had collected at Williams' plantation, in the upper part of South Carolina. The enemy was surprised, and in a few minutes utterly defeated. Colonel Ferguson, the commander of the party, and Captain Huck, a tory leader, notorious for his brutality, were among the slain; indeed, not twenty of the whole number of the foe escaped alive. This brilliant stroke was the more exhilarating to the Americans because wholly unexpected; and being accompanied almost simultaneously, by the successes of Marion in another quarter of the state, cheered the patriots with a prospect of eventual redemption from the yoke of the conquerer. Recruits flocked to both commanders. Governor Rutledge promptly sent Sumpter a commission as Brigadier in the militia, a rank which he also conferred on Marion, dividing the state between the two leaders. Sumpter was now at the head of six hundred men. He left the enemy scarcely time to recover from his first blow before he dealt a second. On the 30th of July he attacked the British fort at Rocky Mount, but, though he thrice assaulted the works, they proved too strong to be reduced without artillery, and he was compelled finally to draw off his men, with a heavy loss. The action, however, had assisted to discipline his troops, to give them confidence in their leader, and to whet their appetite for new enterprises. Without losing a moment, Sumpter now turned on Hanging Rock. This post was defended by five hundred men. The attack was so impetuous that the first line of the British instantly gave way and fell back on the second, composed of one hundred and sixty of Tarleton's infantry. This also retired in confusion, after a desperate struggle. Nothing now remained but the centre of the foe, which, however, was so well posted that it could not be routed; and in the end, Sumpter abandoned the enterprise, though so terribly had the British suffered that they did not dare to pursue him.

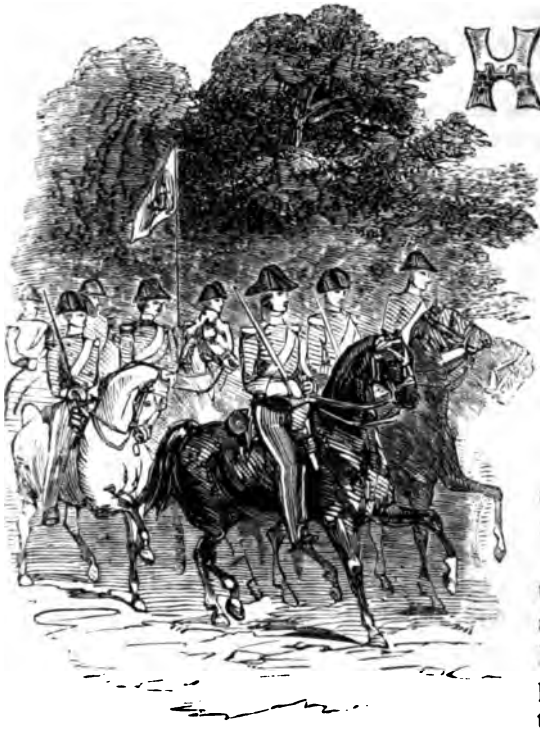
Hitherto he had been either decidedly victorious, or had engaged the enemy with such comparative success, that his enterprises had possessed all the moral force of triumphs. But a reverse was at hand. On the 16th of August he captured a British train of wagons at Carey's Fort, and was retiring negligently with his plunder, when Tarleton, two days after, overtook him at Fishing Creek, and completely routed him. Undismayed, however, Sumpter hurried to North Carolina, recruited his shattered forces, and was speedily in the field again, as active, daring, and dreaded as ever. Taking up a position at Fishdam Ford, he was assaulted here on the 5th of No-

vember, by Colonel Wemyss, at the head of the sixty-third regiment and corps of dragoons. A total defeat of the British was the consequence. This success was the more inspiring to the patriot because it was the first important one since the defeat of Gates at Camden. Mortified at the check, Cornwallis now despatched Tarleton a second time against Sumpter, who meantime had moved from his former position. The Americans retreated over the Tiger river, where they took up a strong position, intending to hold it during the day, and retreat as soon as night should throw its protecting mantle around. But the impetuosity of Tarleton having led that officer, with a portion of his force, to advance some distance before the main body, Sumpter seized the advantage thus afforded, and issuing boldly from his position, in a few minutes put his antagonist to flight. One hundred and ninety-two of the British were left on the field. The Americans suffered comparatively little. Sumpter, however, was severely wounded. Suspended in an ox-hide between two horses, he was now conveyed to North Carolina, where he lay, for a long time, incapacitated for service. The best testimony, perhaps, to his merits, was that paid by Cornwallis, on hearing of his wound. Writing to Tarleton, the British General said: "I shall be very glad to learn that Sumpter is in a condition to give us no further trouble. He certainly has been our greatest plague in this country."

Sumpter was able to take the field early in 1781, in order to assist in diverting the attention of the enemy during the retreat of Greene through North Carolina. On the return of the army to South Carolina, Sumpter assisted in reducing the British chain of forts. For a period he now retired from active service. To this he was compelled by exhaustion and wounds. During his absence the terrible battle of Eutaw was fought; but though not present himself, his brigade was, and did good service. When he rejoined his command, recruited in health and spirits, the war was virtually at an end.

Little remains to be said of the subsequent life of Sumpter, except that it was prosperous, happy and honored. He was a member of Congress and afterwards a United States Senator. His term of years was extended far beyond that usually allotted to mankind; and he lived to see one after another of his brother Generals drop into the grave, while he remained the last. His death occurred at his residence near Bedford Springs, South Carolina, June the 1st, 1832, when he was in the ninety-eighth year of his age.

## HENRY LEE.



HENRY LEE, Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of the partizan legion, was born in Virginia, in the year 1757. At the age of nineteen he entered the continental army as Captain of cavalry in the line of his native state; and speedily becoming distinguished for his activity, enterprise and daring, rose to the rank of Major. In 1778, he planned an attack on Paulus Hook, a British post opposite New York. He surprised and captured the garrison, and safely carried off his prisoners to the American lines, the exploit being

performed without the loss of a man. This brilliant affair ensured him the esteem and favor of the Commander-in-chief. Soon after he was appointed to raise a legionary corps, to act under him as a partially independent commander; and the renown of his name speedily enabled him to enlist his complement of men.

Lee accompanied Greene to the south immediately after the disastrous battle of Camden. His earliest exploit was in the retreat towards the Dan, when, in conjunction with Col. Otho Williams, he covered the rear in the most brilliant manner. From this period his services were constant, and generally crowned with success. He usually hung on the skirts of Greene's army, annoying the enemy at every opportunity and in every way. Occasionally he was detached from the main army to co-operate with others. It was at one of these periods that he and Marion made their gallant, though unsuccessful attempt on Georgetown. Subsequently, in conjunction with that General, he played an important part in the reduction of the British chain of posts, contributing more than any other man to the redemption of the south, if we except Greene and Marion.

The legion of Lee was in constant motion. It endured privations of all kinds, not only without a murmur, but with enthusiasm. Most of its recruits were from the middle states. They were generally enterprising young men, of superior intelligence, education and condition in life to the ordinary privates of an army. Their leader was of their own age, and regarded them as brothers. Their numbers were not large, and they lived consequently in the closest intimacy with each other. Distinguished by superior privileges, and proved by the many gallant deeds they had performed, they acquired gradually a feeling of conscious superiority and confidence in themselves, which, as in the case of the Old Guard, went far towards making them irresistible. Together they endured a thousand privations; together they conquered a thousand difficulties; together they shared a thousand perils. At the distance of half a century from the period of their separation, they still remembered each other's faces as if they had only parted the day before; and it is said that when two of their number happened to meet after that long separation, they rushed instinctively together, and with tears, ejaculated each other's name.

Lee resembled Marion rather than Sumpter in character. He mingled caution with enterprise, was exceedingly careful of the lives of his men, and never exposed them to unnecessary toils, or to risks too great for the expected benefit. Yet he was bold at times, almost to a fault; and his prudence resulted more from necessity than instinct. For one so young to have displayed such qualities merits

the highest praise. We cannot rank Lee among the ordinary leaders of the Revolution. He deserves to be called the Murat of America—though he had far more intellect—and needed only the same enlarged sphere and vast means to rival that chivalrous officer. It must be borne in mind, when forming an estimate of our revolutionary heroes, that the slender resources of the country continually crippled their exertions, and that they were frequently compelled to be cautious, when bolder measures would have better suited their tastes. It is a remarkable fact that every leader who disregarded prudence, and attempted to carry on the war as war was carried on in Europe, failed with signal disgrace. That Lee, at twenty-two, should have been what he was, proves his extraordinary genius. Cornwallis said of him, "that he came a soldier from his mother's womb."

The legion was continually in the most critical positions. Once, when the siege of Ninety-Six was relieved, it had barely time to escape, so sudden was the approach of the enemy. It may give an idea of its mode of life to introduce an anecdote here. Some peas and beef had been procured, and the men were eagerly watching the process of boiling, when the alarm was given. Instantly every man was in his saddle. But, loathe to leave the dinner for which they had been hungrily waiting, each soldier grasped what he could get, some a piece of beef, others a cap full of peas, and galloped off: and, perhaps, a more ludicrous spectacle was never seen than the troops in their flight, leaning over towards each other and bargaining beef for peas and peas for beef, all eating so fast they could scarcely speak. Another anecdote will illustrate Lee's caution. He always, at night, posted guards around the house where he expected to sleep, yet often, after the troopers generally had sunk to repose, he would steal out into the open air and share the blanket of some favorite. This he did to prevent having his person surprised.

When the war terminated, he returned to his native state. Here honors were heaped on him by the grateful citizens. He was elected to the Legislature, chosen a delegate to Congress, and appointed one of the convention by which the present federal constitution of the United States was adopted. He was also, for three years, Governor of Virginia. Subsequently he was a member of Congress under the federal constitution. He appeared in military life but once, after the peace of 1780: this was when he joined the army sent to quell the whiskey insurrection in Western Pennsylvania. He lived to the age of sixty-one, and died at Cumberland Island,

Georgia, on his return from the West Indies to Virginia. The prudence which distinguished him as a military leader, unfortunately did not follow him into the transactions of private life, and, after having lived hospitably and generously, it was his lot, in old age, to die poor. His last hours, however, were sweetened by being permitted to die in the arms of the son of an old mesmate, whom he had loved as a brother.

We cannot close this sketch without referring to a story which has been propagated respecting Martin Rudolph, one of Lee's legion. It is said that this individual secretly went to France, at the period of the revolution in that country, and entering the army of the Rhine under an assumed name, subsequently became the renowned Marshal Ney. The disappearance of Rudolph from America in 1792; the similarity of his character to that of the impetuous Ney; and an assertion that the French hero denied being a native of France, are the chief grounds on which this romantic story is based. We have the authority, however, of a surviving member of Lee's legion, who was Rudolph's companion for years, to say that, in the published portraits of Marshal Ney, there is no resemblance to the American hero; and knowing, as we do, the informant's accurate memory in such things, we should regard this evidence as conclusive, even if the fiction was sustained by stronger proofs than those yet adduced. The gentleman to whom we refer is Captain James Cooper, of Haddonfield, N. J. We believe that, with a single exception, he is the sole surviving member of the legion.

MORGAN AT THE BATTLE OF STILLWATER.

# DANIEL MORGAN.

DANIEL MORGAN, a Major-General in the American army, was born in New Jersey, in 1736. He belonged to the same class of military heroes as Putnam, Wayne and Arnold, and was known, among his cotemporaries, as "the thunderbolt of war." His intellect was not comprehensive, nor his education extensive; but he had great prudence, an invaluable gift, especially when combined with high personal courage. His early life was spent in Virginia, where he followed the occupation of a wagoner. While attending Braddock's army in this capacity, he was subjected to the indignity of receiving four hundred and fifty lashes, for having struck an officer who had insulted him. He endured his horrible punishment without flinching, though he fainted at last from extremity of anguish; and, what is creditable to his heart, forgave the man who had injured him, when the latter, discovering that he had been in fault in the original difference, asked Morgan's pardon. In consequence of being disabled by this punishment, Morgan was not present on the fatal field of Monongahela.

On his recovery he was appointed to the rank of Ensign, and soon became distinguished for his enterprise, activity and courage. He attracted the notice of Washington and secured the friendship of that great man. On one occasion he had an almost miraculous escape from death. Accompanied by two scouts, he was carrying despatches to a frontier fort, when the crack of rifles was heard, and his companions fell dead beside him. At the same time a ball, entering the back of his neck, passed out through his cheek, after shattering his jaw. Looking around, he saw several savages start from a neighboring thicket, one of whom gave pursuit with his tomahawk raised to strike. Though believing himself mortally wounded, Morgan resolved not to yield his scalp without an effort, and, grasping the mane of his horse, dashed spurs into the sides of the animal and shot off towards the fort. At this the savage, perceiving the chase likely to be an abortive one, threw his hatchet, but the weapon fell short, and Morgan succeeded in gaining the fort. For many years afterwards, Morgan lived at Battletown, in Virginia, where he was celebrated for his devotion to pugilistic exercises. Nor was this trait singular. In his humble sphere he played the bully, as, in a loftier one, he would have been a duelist: for men of his temperament are impelled to action restlessly, and if not heroes, must be profligates.

When the war of independence began, Morgan was appointed a Captain, and immediately began to raise a rifle company, which proved the nucleus of the celebrated corps that afterwards was of such service during the contest. Morgan, in three weeks, with his new recruits, completed the march from Virginia to Cambridge, a distance of six hundred miles. A short time after his arrival at head-quarters, he was detached to join the expedition of Arnold against Canada; and, in the fatal attack on Quebec, in which Montgomery fell, signalized himself by an exhibition of the most desperate bravery. He belonged to Arnold's division, and, assuming the command after that General was wounded, stormed the defence, and even gained the second barrier. But here, notwithstanding every exertion, his assault failed, and he was taken prisoner with most of his men. His dashing courage during the attack had attracted the notice of the British Governor, and the rank of Colonel in the royal army was proffered him as an inducement to desert his countrymen. The proposal was rejected with scorn. His conduct in this affair met the approval of Washington and of Congress to such a degree, that, on being exchanged, he was immediately raised to the rank of Colonel, and the rifle brigade, which had now increased to the number of five hundred men, consigned to his command.

When Burgoyne, in 1777, was advancing into the heart of New York, attended by hordes of Indian allies, Morgan was despatched to join Gates, in order, as Washington wrote, that there might be a man in the American camp "to fight the Indians in their own way." His services, during the campaign that ensued, were of the most signal value. He opened the battle of Stillwater, and drove in the Canadians and Indians; but being, at last, overpowered by numbers, was forced back on Arnold's main position. In the ensuing skirmishes between the two armies, Morgan's corps was in constant requisition. But when Burgoyne surrendered, Gates meanly overlooked his subordinate in the despatches. It is narrated that, at a dinner given to some English officers, the General was waited on by a person in uniform, whose appearance so struck the guests that they enquired his name: when what was their astonishment to learn that this was the redoubtable Morgan, whose prowess they had so often felt, and an introduction to whom they had vainly desired since their capture. The cause of this neglect of Gates, as subsequently discovered, was a refusal to join in the cabal against Washington. During most of the ensuing years of the war, Morgan served with the main army. In 1780, however, he retired to his farm in Frederick county, Virginia, completely disabled by a rheumatism brought on by exposure during his campaigns.

When Charleston fell, and Gates was appointed to the southern army, Morgan, although but partially recovered, accepted the rank of Brigadier-General, and consented to serve under his old leader. He did not arrive at head-quarters, however, until after the battle of Camden; but came with General Greene, when sent to displace Gates. Soon after he was despatched to the country in the vicinity of the Pacolet River, in order to rouse the spirits of the patriots in that quarter, as also to make a demonstration against Ninety-Six. Tarleton was immediately sent in pursuit. Morgan halted to receive the British at a place called the Cowpens. A sharp, but decisive battle ensued, the particulars of which we have narrated at sufficient length in another place. The victory was owing, in part, to Morgan's admirable positions, in part to the firmness of Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, at the head of the Maryland line. Knowing that Cornwallis, who was but twenty-five miles distant, would be upon him if he delayed, Morgan, on the same day, continued his retreat, and succeeded in crossing the Catawba in safety with his prisoners, though the whole British army was pressing rapidly in pursuit. The moral effect of the battle of the Cowpens was so great as to be almost incalculable. It strikingly exemplifies

Morgan's military character. In the judicious tempering of courage with prudence, so eminently exhibited on that day, we recognize the quality to which he was indebted for success and glory throughout his whole career.

It was shortly after this famous battle that Morgan retired from the southern army. He had differed from Greene as to the course to be pursued in the celebrated retreat across North Carolina, and to this fact many have attributed his return to private life; but the more charitable supposition is, that his rheumatism, from which he still suffered acutely, led to this result. Lee, in his narrative of the campaign, exonerates Morgan from any unworthy motive in retiring. On the advance of Cornwallis into Virginia, Morgan again took the field, and served until the capitulation at Yorktown. He now returned to his farm, which he had called "Saratoga," in memory of the earlier days of his glory; and here, devoting himself to agriculture, and to historical reading, he spent the chief part of the remainder of his days. In 1791, when the Indian war broke out, it is said that Washington desired to place him at the head of the expedition sent to chastise the savages; but the pretensions of St. Clair were, perhaps, too well sustained. In 1794, however, at the crisis of the "whiskey insurrection," Morgan was appointed to the force marched against the insurgents. After this, he served for two sessions in Congress. In 1802, he died at Winchester, in Virginia.

The intellect of Morgan was keen, and if it had been suitably informed, would have left him few superiors. In physical courage he resembled Ney, Macdonald and Murat. His early life was reckless in some respects; but this was merely the result of high animal spirits; for, even during his residence at Battletown, he was acquiring, by his prudent sagacity, a comfortable farm. In later years he became eminently pious. He had always, indeed, possessed strong religious feelings, and was accustomed frequently to pray before going into battle. He used afterwards to say, that when he saw Tarleton advancing, at the Cowpens, his heart misgave him, and it was not until he had retired to a clump of woods concealed from sight, and there prayed fervently, that he felt relieved. "Ah!" he remarked, recounting this incident, "people said old Morgan never feared—they thought old Morgan never prayed—they did not know—old Morgan was often miserably afraid." This constitutional depression of spirits on the eve of great emergencies, has always been characteristic of the bravest men. And, in fact, does not the almost superhuman courage such individuals exhibit in battle arise from the rebound? In Morgan's case, at least, it would seem to have been so.

## THADDEUS KOSCIUSZKO.

NEVER, perhaps, was there a more chivalrous soul than burned in the bosom of Thaddeus Kosciuszko! This gallant soldier, better known as the hero of Poland, served, in his early life, in the continental army of the United States, in which he held the rank of Brigadier-General.—He was born on the 12th of February, 1756, of an ancient and noble family in Lithuania. Having been educated in the military school at Warsaw, he received a Captaincy through the influence of Prince Czar-

toriski; but, endeavoring to elope with a lady of higher rank thar himself, he was pursued, wounded and obliged to leave Poland. From that hour he appears to have romantically made his sword his mistress. The Revolution in America having just broken out, Kosciuszko, inspired by a passionate love for freedom, hastened to our shores and offered us his aid. His abilities were immediately perceived by Washington, who took him into his family; and subsequently sent him with Greene to the south, with the rank of a Brigadier. Here he acted as principal engineer to the army. At the attack on Ninety-Six, where he directed the beseiging operations, he won the highest credit, behaving with unusual personal intrepidity, and evincing profound military science. At the close of the war he returned to Europe, carrying with him an enviable reputation.

But it was the part he took in the struggle of Poland, in the years 1792 and 1794, which has made the name of Kosciuszko immortal. The prodigies of valor he performed, the terror his mere presence struck into the foe, scarcely belong to modern warfare, but carry the imagination back to the fabled knights of old. At Dubienka, in 1792, at the head of four thousand men, he thrice repulsed the attack of the Russian army, eighteen thousand strong. On the submission of Stanislaus, Kosciuszko retired in disgust from Poland. But, in 1794, when the last and greatest struggle of the Poles occurred, he hastened once more to unsheath the sword for his native land. His appearance at Cracow, the ancient seat of the Jagellons, was hailed with tumultuous shouts. As the friend of Washington, and the hero of many a bloody field, he was looked up to as the only man who could rescue Poland; and accordingly, on the 24th of March, notwithstanding his comparatively early years, was proclaimed Dictator and Generalissimo. A victory gained within a fortnight over twelve thousand Russians, while Kosciuszko had but four thousand Poles, filled the nation with enthusiasm. Troops flocked to his banner, and he soon found himself at the head of thirteen thousand men. But, alas! they were not such as in the days of Sobieski, when it was the proud boast of the Polish horsemen, that if the heavens were to fall, they would support it on the points of their lances. Ill armed and worse disciplined, the Polish army could not always command victory, even with Kosciuszko at its head. On the 6th of June he was defeated by a superior force of Russians and Prussians, and compelled to retire on his entrenchments at Warsaw, to preserve himself from utter ruin.

Here he was speedily beseiged by an army of sixty thousand men. Day and night his little band watched and fought, until weeks grew

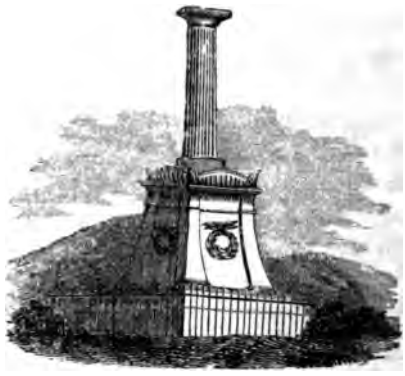
into months, and the summer was nearly past. But the enemy could make no impression on the works. At last a general assault was ordered. It was manfully repulsed by Kosciuszko, at the head of ten thousand men, though sixty thousand Russians and Prussians swarmed to the attack. This repulse set Poland in a blaze. The tocsin of freedom sounded through the land, and her population rose in a living mass. The siege of Warsaw was raised. Troops crowded to the banner of Kosciuszko. He was hailed with rapture as the deliverer of his country. But the exultation of his fellow citizens was destined to be of short duration. Kosciuszko himself scarcely dared to hope for permanent success, surrounded as he was by three mighty empires, all sworn to his destruction! The defeat at Warsaw was no sooner known in Russia than the most extensive preparations were made to prepare an army which should crush forever the Polish patriots.

This gigantic force, numbering sixty thousand, met Kosciuszko, at the head of twenty thousand, on the plains of Maciejowice. Three times the Russians assaulted the Polish lines, and three times they were repulsed; but on the fourth attack they succeeded in breaking the ranks of the patriots, now weakened by a loss of one-third their number. Kosciuszko, seeing the day going against him, made a desperate effort to retrieve the field. Calling a few equally brave souls around him, he rushed headlong on the assailants; and for a while they shrank appalled before his impetuous charge! But, soon rallying, they hemmed in the hero, who fell, at last, pierced by numerous wounds. "Poland is no more!" were his words, as he sank to the earth. His army, hearing he was down, fled in every direction. With him the cohesive principle of the struggle departed, and the war was terminated, in a short time, by the complete subjugation of the nation.

Kosciuszko spent some time in the dungeons of Russia, but on the accession of Paul, was released. That monarch even strove to propitiate the hero, and would have presented his own sword to Kosciuszko; but the latter declined the gift, saying that "he who no longer had a country, no longer had need of a weapon." True to his word, he never wore a sword again. He now visited America, where he received a pension. In 1798, he returned to Europe, and was presented by the Poles, in the army of Italy, with the sword of John Sobieski. Napoleon would have made use of him as an instrument in conciliating the Poles, and for this purpose endeavored to flatter the now aged hero with hopes of the restoration of his native land. But Kosciuszko was not to be deluded, and he constantly

refused the sanction of his name. Having purchased an estate near Fontainbleau, he lived there in retirement until the year 1814. He now spent a year in Italy. In 1816, he fixed his final residence at Soleure, in Switzerland. A fall from his horse, over a precipice, on the 10th of October, 1817, occasioned his death. The Emperor Alexander, who had long entertained a high admiration of the hero, caused the body of Kosciuszko to be removed to Poland, and deposited at Cracow, in the tombs of the ancient Kings.

Kosciuszko was a General of the very highest talent, and a patriot of the most self-sacrificing character. As Washington was the hero of the American Revolution, so Kosciuszko was that of the Polish struggle of 1794. How different their fates! The one, crowned with success, died in the midst of a nation founded by his victories; the other, a hopeless exile, devoured by bitter melancholy, perished alone, and in a foreign land. The one lies in his ancestral shades. The other cannot, even in death, repose on Polish soil! The tombs of the Jagellons, that should ever have been held sacred, are, by a late act of perfidy, transferred to Austria dominion.



## ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Inspector-General of the American army, was born at the island of St. Croix, in the year 1757; but came to the city of New York at the age of seventeen, with his mother, who was an American. In 1775, he entered the army as an officer of artillery. He soon attracted the notice of Washington, who selected him for an aid, and in whose military family he continued many years.

Some men are distinguished for excellence in one department: such were Adams, Putnam, Henry, and a host of other! A few excel in all things. Of this class was Hamilton. The versatility of his mind was not less remarkable than its depth. Quick to apprehend, clear to reason, comprehensive to judge, he filled in succession the

parts of soldier, jurist, statesman and author, with a brilliancy that dazzled his cotemporaries, and almost taxes the credulity of posterity. Yet there was nothing of the charlatan in his assuming so many characters. His intellect was one of those evenly balanced ones which can master every subject to which it turns its energies; and Hamilton never trusted to his abilities alone, but fortified himself by long and ardent study. His distinguishing trait, like Napoleon's, was a mathematical precision, which, in the vast recesses of his mind, reduced all things to syllogisms, and thus seemed, in its results, to be infallible. His majestic bust, as preserved to us by the chisel of the sculptor, is the type of intellectual power. In every lineament of that striking yet beautiful countenance, in the lofty forehead, the serene mouth, the brow knitted in thought, there is revealed that colossal mind, whose counsels, when uttered, come with the force of prophecies!

Hamilton is one of those characters in history who are more known by results, than by any single act of peculiar brilliancy. He did not blaze out in successive flashes, but shone with steady and continual effulgence. His political career, like that of the younger Pitt, is still a theme for controversy. No one can deny that he exercised a mighty influence over his age. No one can refuse to admit that he meant well. No one but acknowledges that his measures were productive of present, when not of permanent good. Yet his political creed, at least in its original strictness, is a dead letter. It has no advocates. It boasts few even secret friends. Those who approximate nearest to it, would have been considered by him and by his party not less heterodox in their belief than his worst antagonists. But it does not follow that Hamilton was not a great statesman for his times, any more than that the mighty intellects of the present day are over-rated, because, fifty years hence, new discoveries in political science may scatter what are now popular theories to the winds. The law of the mind is progress. Each generation, moreover, has its atmosphere of prejudice, which imperceptibly affects modes of thought; and frequently one age condemns another for want of wisdom, when the foolishness is in itself. Without assuming to pass judgment on Hamilton, we shall hastily sketch his portrait, as well as that of the times in which he moved.

Hamilton is conceded to have been a great military genius, yet, at this day, we can scarcely see on what this reputation was based. It rests more on general consent than on any one brilliant act. It is said that his suggestions, on several occasions, led to the most decisive results; and the surprise at Trenton has been attributed to him

by more than one writer. But there is no evidence in favor of this. It is, on the contrary, certain that Washington was the first originator of that splendid attack. Yet, though no particular act of his can be quoted as proof, we cannot refuse credit to the military genius of Hamilton. His cotemporaries, who knew his abilities from personal observation, could judge of what he might have done, if the opportunity had been presented, while we, who can only measure him by what he achieved, are comparatively in the dark. He carried with him, out of the war, a reputation for dashing courage, brilliant tactics, profound and comprehensive strategy. Judging, as impartial men, we must pronounce this opinion right. Hamilton could not have been less than a great military leader; for, in analysing his character, we find all the necessary qualifications. He possessed vast mathematical ability. He was always cool, rapid, and of the keenest insight. At Monmouth, where he rushed on death to check the retreat, and at Yorktown, where he stormed the batteries without pulling a trigger, he showed himself as brave, yet as self-collected as any Paladin of old. To crown all, he had been brought up by Washington. With these advantages a weaker man than Hamilton would have become a great Captain.

When he returned to civil life he adopted the profession of the law, and soon become as celebrated here as in his military career. Yet he had received little, or none of that training, which is considered indispensable to the great advocate. His eloquence, as it has came down to us by tradition, bore the impress of a rich, but uncultivated mind. It was strong, direct, commanding, rather than gentle, seductive, or ornamental. It had nerves of iron, and fibres of silver. It was the eloquence of a man in earnest. It endured no trifling. Yet it was not bold, like that of his great rival, Burr. On the contrary, it gave evidence of the luxuriant source from which it sprung; and, while rushing and irresistible, was still broad and deep. His principles were such as were worthy of his intellect. He loathed duplicity, scorned meanness, hated villainy. He was honorable and high-minded. Yet, in some things, he allowed his zeal to outstrip his justice. He was often indiscreet. He could make others, when he wished, dislike him cordially; and he could dislike in turn. He had not the stern virtue of Jay, at all times, to resist the temptations of policy or the fear of public opinion. Yet he was, on the whole, a pure man; purer than most of his cotemporaries; and his death, when he fell by the hand of Burr, made a vacancy never since filled.

It would be the best epitaph for Alexander Hamilton, that he

contributed, more than any other man, to procure the adoption of the Constitution of these United States. The peace of 1783 found the colonies united under the articles of the old confederation. But, having been chosen during the hurry of the war, they were crude and clumsy, exhibiting in every feature the mutual jealousies of the states. Each commonwealth was, to all purposes, an independent sovereignty. The power of Congress was merely advisory. No compulsion could be exercised by that body over the separate members of the confederacy. Neither taxes could be levied, nor duties raised in any state where the tax or duty was unpopular. Meanwhile the revenue was inadequate to pay the interest of the debt, much less to liquidate the principal. The holders of scrip complained: the soldiers clamored for arrears. Officers who had spent their all in the service of their country, and who only asked a return of what they had expended, in vain petitioned for relief, and died, with their families, in miserable destitution. The indifference to obligations, exhibited by the states, began to spread to private individuals: the force of contracts was less and less regarded; disorganization everywhere infested political and social life. Massachusetts was the scene of insurrection. It was evident that, if this state of things continued, anarchy must ensue. Confidence in republicanism began to give way. Men of fortune trembled for their property. Commerce was dead; manufactures, there were none; even agriculture languished in the general decay.

At last the evil became endurable no longer. All parties agreed that a change was necessary, and the result was a proposal for a general convention, in which some form of government, more pliable than the old confederation, might be adopted. The convention met in 1787. Never, perhaps, will a more august body assemble. It numbered, among its members, the purest as well as the ablest of the land: men eminent for wisdom, for learning, for immaculate probity. But it was soon found that their sentiments were as diverse as their modes of life, or the states from which they came. The secrecy which, for a long time, veiled the transactions of that body, has now been drawn aside, and we can speak of its proceedings with accuracy, if not with impartiality. Two great parties divided the convention. On each side was arrayed vast ability, and an honesty of purpose that could not be questioned. One section, fearing that anarchy was at hand, declared in favor of imitating the British Constitution; another, unwilling for the sovereignty of the states to be absorbed, wished to patch up the old confederation. It is difficult, at this day, to place ourselves sufficiently on a level with

that period to do equal justice to both parties. It must be recollected that no republic had then ever successfully preserved its liberty, and that England was confessedly the freest country on the globe. It must be remembered, also, that monarchy was familiar to the people, and that, scarcely twenty years before, America had been over zealous in loyalty. It was not so strange, therefore, that men should lean to a strong government, especially when they saw no guide by which to carry the nation through the anarchy that threatened on all hands. Hamilton was one of those who favored consolidation. He may even have distrusted the capacity of the people for self-government; but he was willing to give them a fair trial, and pledged all the influence of his talents on that side. The result was a compromise between the two parties, and the adoption of the Constitution in its present shape. In favor of this instrument Hamilton successfully exerted his eloquence, in order to procure its adoption by the states.

For a while the friends and enemies of the new government united to give it a fair trial. But this did not continue long. Hamilton had been appointed Secretary of the Treasury; and the first object that claimed his attention was the making a provision for the public debt. He boldly proposed to fund this, and fund it without deduction. But, as the original creditors had long since parted with their claims, at a depreciated price, it seemed unjust to some, that the speculators who had bought up the scrip should be paid off at par. At once the country split into two factions on this question. A nucleus having been thus formed, the tendency to assimilation increased, and two great parties gradually grew from this slight beginning. One numbered in its ranks those who wished for a strong government, the other, those who had desired a weak one. One was for a liberal, the other for a strict construction of the Constitution. One was for high taxes, a funded debt, a bank, a full discharge of all obligations; the other for light imposts, no bank, and a discrimination between the original creditor and speculators holding his rights. The one found most adherents at the north: the other at the south. Both parties were, in the main, honest. At the outset, however, the federalists had the ablest men. But, as the strife waxed fiercer, it was found that the latter labored under many disadvantages, fatal to their permanent popularity. The leaders had been in the army and were thought to be despotic in their views. They had formed the Cincinnati, a society, as at first established, having the appearance of a self-constituted aristocracy. They openly avowed their leaning towards consolidation. Some were

even thought to desire a monarchy. A few, inflated by vanity, longed for the pomp and display of courts. But they were all, or nearly all, honest men. No one has ever raked up, from the ashes of expired faction, a single well authenticated charge against the integrity of Washington, Marshall, or Jay.

Their opponents were of less ability, were less known by their services, and enjoyed, originally, less of the consideration of their fellow men. But they possessed a more alluring creed. They professed unlimited confidence in the good sense and virtue of the people, and were for pushing the experiment of self-government as near to a pure democracy as possible. But these opinions had never, at that day, been tested by trial; and men of timorous minds shrank from them in fear, especially when they found that, in both Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, the people had risen against their own laws, passed by their own representatives. The contest between the two parties waxed hotter and fiercer. New questions became continually involved in the dispute, new subjects of acrimony arose, until, in the Presidency of John Adams, when the rebuking aspect of Washington was withdrawn, the nation boiled and seethed to its lowest depths. Each side viewed the other through a distorted medium. Misrepresentations abounded. The fever of the French Revolution, and the wars growing out of it, infected the nation, and tended to madden the two factions still more. The federalists were declared to be in the British interest; their opponents were charged with selling the country to France. The insults of the Directory provoked one; the haughtiness of England irritated the other. A noisy riot, in which some windows were broken, was said by the republicans to have been an abortive attempt at a general massacre of their party; a street mob, in which men and boys, wearing the Jacobin cap, danced around a liberty pole, was cried down as the prelude to a Reign of Terror. The republicans were said to covet spoilation and anarchy because Jefferson had fraternized with Volney, Barras, Marat and Barére; the federalists were charged with intending a monarchy, because John Adams wore a bag and sword, because Callender had been imprisoned for a libel, because Washington received company once a week at a levee.

In this tumultuous ocean of politics Hamilton was a leading element. He had become an ardent advocate for the Constitution the moment it had been chosen by the convention, and had contributed materially to its adoption by a series of essays since entitled the Federalist. On the elevation of Washington to the Presidency, he had been selected for the Treasuryship, and had given, as we have

seen, the first occasion for the foundation of party by his funding system. He and Mr. Jefferson soon came to be considered the leaders of the two opposite factions, and frequently, while both were members of the Cabinet, it was with difficulty Washington could restrain them in his presence. Each, finally, retired to private life, bitter political enemies. Yet, when John Adams succeeded to the Presidency, Hamilton did not implicitly adopt the creed promulgated by that honest, but obstinate, and far less able man.

On the contrary, he made no secret of his preference in favor of Pinckney for the Presidency; and by so doing, he probably contributed indirectly to the elevation of Jefferson and Burr. Whatever may have been its faults and its virtues, and the time has scarcely come to canvass them freely, the federal party could scarcely have survived much longer than it did; for there were defects inherent in it, as a party seeking popular favor, which must, sooner or later, have produced its downfall, even if it had triumphed in the election of 1801. But, on this subject, we shall speak more at length, when we come to the biography of Burr.

In 1798, when a war with France was threatened, and a provisional army was raised with Washington at its head, Hamilton received the appointment of Inspector-General, and, in a short time, carried the organization and discipline of his forces to high perfection. On the termination of the dispute with France, he resumed his profession. In 1804, he took a conspicuous part in defeating the election of Burr for Governor of New York. During the campaign, he had publicly expressed his want of confidence in the Vice-President as a politician and a man; and the latter, fixing on this to revenge years of fancied wrong, and certainly injured in position by the accusation, challenged him. A duel was the consequence, in which Hamilton fell. Impartial history must record the fact that Burr had deliberately resolved on the murder of his great rival. Posterity will ever regret that Hamilton could be induced on any consideration to engage in a duel. It was a mode of adjusting differences abhorrent to his sense of right, and he seems to have entered on it with a presentiment of his fate.

Thus perished, in the forty-seventh year of his age, one of the most remarkable men this country has yet produced. His death was followed by almost universal mourning. Even his political adversaries, now that the grave had closed over him, forgot their differences, and mingled their tears with those of his immediate partizans and friends. In several of the chief cities of the Union, funeral orations were pronounced on the occasion. At others the

bells tolled and the flags were displayed at half mast. In New York, from a stage in the portico of Trinity Church, Governor Morris, attended by the four orphan boys of Hamilton, pronounced an extemporaneous oration over the remains, interrupted only by the sobs of the multitude. How different the obsequies of his great rival, Aaron Burr!

# AARON BURR.

AARON BURR, a Colonel in the American army, was born on the 6th of February, 1756, in Newark, New Jersey. On both the paternal and maternal side he was descended from those illustrious for talent. His father was a divine of celebrity, the President of Princeton College. His grandfather was the renowned Jonathan Edwards, the greatest metaphysician since the days of Chillingworth. His mother was famed not less for talent than for exemplary piety. With every advantage of birth, fortune and education at the opening of life, Burr was destined, before his death, to become a memorable example of

talents abused, opportunities neglected, and a virtuous name covered with obloquy.

At the age of eighteen Burr entered the army. This was immediately after the battle of Bunker Hill. His parents being dead, he was under the care of a guardian, who sent a messenger to bring him back, but Burr, with the headlong and daring nature that belonged to him so eminently, threatened to have the man hung, unless he returned, for tampering with a soldier's duty. He subsequently accompanied Arnold to Canada, in that terrible expedition across the wilderness of Maine. He was one of Montgomery's aids, and present at the battle of Quebec, and throughout the whole campaign that ensued he conducted himself with so much courage and ability, that when he returned to the United States, Washington conferred on him the high honor of a post in his family. But even at this early day Burr was a profligate in morals, and this becoming known to Washington, the Commander-in-chief and his young aid parted, on the one side with pitying reproof, on the other with enmity and a smothered desire for revenge. Burr now joined the line, where he served with credit. But, in a few years, he quitted the army, partly from ill-health, partly because he thought himself neglected. Washington, to the last, acknowledged the great abilities of Burr, but, as he believed the young Colonel not a man to be trusted, Burr was never honored as others were, with any of the marks of his regard.

Burr now devoted himself to the law, in which profession he rose rapidly. He became one of the leaders of the New York bar, was made Attorney-General of the commonwealth, and shortly after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, was elected a United States Senator. As a lawyer he was distinguished for tact rather than for erudition. He was expert in all the trickery of the courts. Shrewd, persevering, subtle, ever assailing his adversary on points least expected, he gained, right or wrong, a large portion of the cases confided to him. He brought to the bar that profligacy of opinion which few, besides Washington, had yet detected. His maxim "that the law is whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained," forms a key to his principles. His character is admirably illustrated by an anecdote current of this period of his life. Burr was employed in a great land suit, in which his opponent had all the right on his side. On the day of trial, however, Burr trumped up evidence, to the astonishment of every one, to prove that an old deed, necessary to the chain of his antagonist's title, was a forgery. No one had ever before called in question the authenticity of the deed, and consequently his opponent was unprovided with the necessary testimony. Burr gain-

ed the cause accordingly, and his client lived and died in possession of the estate, though two verdicts have since established the authenticity of the deed and restored the land to its rightful owners.

As a politician Burr rose rapidly. Affable, munificent, easy of access, full of popular arts, he was admirably calculated for success in public life. His ascent was so rapid as almost to seem miraculous. First, Attorney General of New York, then Senator, in a few years he was Vice-President, and had barely missed the Presidency itself. And this success he owed to his genius for intrigue. We cannot better illustrate the character of this extraordinary man than by describing the part he played in the election of 1800, when the two great factions which then divided the nation, were grappling, in their death struggle. The whole story is as strange and fascinating as anything in Arabian fiction.

Burr early foresaw that the result would be determined by the vote of the city of New York. But there existed at that time, an apparently irreconcilable breach in the republican faction of that place. To heal this breach Burr set himself industriously to work. He harmonized by his wonderful address the discordant elements, and procured the nomination of a legislative ticket agreeable to both divisions of the party. He was indefatigable day and night; he wheedled, he cajoled, he made large promises. On the morning of the election he met General Hamilton at the polls and argued with him, before the people, the great questions on which they differed. Burr triumphed. The republicans elected their ticket; this gave their party a majority in the legislature, and as that body then chose the electors, the vote of the great state of New York was cast for Jefferson, and was thought to decide his elevation to the Presidency. Never before had such a triumph been achieved by the genius of one man.

Congress met. The federalists were sullen and in despair; the republicans could not conceal their extravagant joy. But suddenly a discovery was made which changed the emotions of both parties. In consequence of a neglect in the customary practice of dropping a vote, it was found that Burr would count as high as Jefferson, and consequently there being no choice by the people, the election would go into the House, where the federalists having the majority, threatened to elect Burr.

A more scandalous intrigue, if this were true, was never projected. The whole country was paralyzed at the intelligence of it. The partizans of Jefferson filled even the remotest towns with their clamors of indignation, which grew louder and more threatening as the terrible ballot that ensued in Congress was protracted from day to day. This

ballot, by a resolution of both Houses, was to continue without intermission until an election took place. The vote was by states. On the first ballot Jefferson had eight, Burr six, and two states were divided. Ten were necessary to a choice. The balloting continued for eight days without the variation of a vote. The hall of the House, during this protracted interval, presented a singular scene. Every member was in his place. Those who were sick attended in beds; those who became wearied slept at their desks. Thirty-six ballotings had now been taken. Terror and alarm seized on all men's hearts. The republic seemed to be at the verge of ruin. It was rumored that the federalists intended to prevent an election, choose a Vice-President of the Senate, and forcibly hold the government for the next four years. If this was attempted, the republicans threatened to rise in arms. A meeting was convened at Philadelphia which resolved to equip at a moment's notice, march on Washington, and purge the House of Representatives. The days of Cromwell seemed about to visit us. Every timber of the republic quivered in that awful crisis. At last the federalists gave way, and Jefferson was elected.

It was not until some time afterwards that Burr was accused of having tampered with the federalists for the office of President. We do not believe the charge. Not, however, that we think him incapable of the act. He was a man so thoroughly reckless of principle, so ready to grasp at any and every means of self-aggrandisement, that if he could have believed in the sincerity of the federalists, and been certain of their full support in case he made advances, he would have promptly come forward and abetted the plot. But Burr knew that if he made overtures which proved unsuccessful, he would be ruined with both parties: with his own for having betrayed it, with the federalists for being their dupe. He therefore stood aloof. In addition, he had too much good sense not to foresee that, in case he was chosen to the Presidency, all his own party, and the most honest of the other, in short, nine-tenths of the community, would execrate and desert him. In fact, he hesitated. The federalists themselves exonerate him from any active agency in the intrigue; they gave up the struggle, they said, only because they found he would do nothing for himself.

But Burr gradually lost the confidence of his party. Jefferson ever after mistrusted him. In his own state, the two great families which then, as of old in patrician Rome, divided the suffrages of the republic, resolved on his ruin. At first the charge of having tampered with the federalists was vaguely hinted. Then it was repeated with statements of time, place and person. Soon the administra-

tion journals took up the accusation: and finally it began to be spoken of as a matter placed beyond the reach of cavil. For a long time, Burr treated the charge with that contemptuous scorn which was one of his characteristics. But finally he found himself forced to reply. It was then too late. The public ear had been pre-occupied; and to this day the belief in his guilt is almost universal with the people. The fact is, his character was found out; he was deemed capable of any baseness; and he fell from his dizzy elevation with a rapidity equal to that of his ascent.

The duel with Hamilton completed his ruin. As a last throw in the political game, Burr had run for Governor of New York, supported by a portion of the republican, and the mass of the federal party. Hamilton, by lending his influence to the regularly nominated democratic candidate, had defeated Burr. The baffled aspirant resolved on revenge. Hamilton had expressed, on one occasion, his belief that it would be dangerous to confide in the integrity of Burr. This was sufficient for that person to fasten a duel on his great rival. Burr, resolving to kill Hamilton, as he afterwards admitted to Jeremy Bentham when in England, practiced daily with his pistols for a week before the meeting. If this was not premeditated murder we know not what is. Hamilton fell at the first fire.

Instantly a storm of indignation was raised throughout the country, such as never before had been heard of; men at once pronounced the death of Hamilton a virtual assassination; all parties went into mourning for him; New York and New Jersey each indicted Burr for homicide; and he who had lately traversed the Union amid the acclamations of crowds, now skulked from village to village with a price set on his head. He went out like Cain, with the brand of God upon him. His slow and noiseless step; his glittering eye; the ready smile on his inscrutable brow, as they are depicted by the men of that generation, conjure forcibly up the image of the intriguer, the traitor, the assassin.

He was now a desperate man. His term as Vice-President had expired, and his party cast him out with loathing and scorn. His fortune was squandered, his business as a lawyer gone. He wandered for some time over the southern and western states. Ordinary men would have yielded, without a further struggle, to fate. But Burr, in the vastness of his adventurous mind, now conceived a project whose magnitude carries the imagination back to the times when Cortez plundered the Montezumas, when Pizarro put an Inca to ransom, when cities were sacked by the free rovers of the seas.

Far away to the south-west, a thousand miles beyond the plains

of Louisiana, lay a vast and wealthy empire, governed by tyrants whom the people hated, and defended y troops whom soldiers should despise. For centuries the riches of that kingdom had been the theme of travellers. Her mines were inexhaustible, and had flooded Europe with gold. Her nobles enjo ed the revenues of Emperors. Her capital city was said to blaz wi jewels. It was known to look down on the lake into whose waters the unhappy Gautamozin had cast the treasures of that long line of native princes of which he was the last. Men dreamed of that magnificent city as Aladdin dreamed of his palaces, as Columbus of Cathay. Costly statues, vessels of gold and silver, jewels of untold value, troops of the fairest Indian girls for slaves, all that the eye delighted in, or the heart of man could desire, it was currently declared, would form the plunder of Mexico. A bold adventurer, commanding an army of Anglo-Saxon soldiers, could possess himself of the empire in less than a twelve-month. The times were favorable to the enterprise. The priesthood throughout Mexico was disaffected, and would gladly lend its aid to any conqueror who secured its privileges; and the priesthood then, as now, exercised a paramount influence over the weak and superstitious Mexicans. America, too, was thought to be on the eve of a Spanish war, when the contemplated expedition might easily be fitted out at New Orleans. Burr saw the glittering prize and resolved to sieze it. He was an outcast in his native country, but he would become the ruler of a prouder land. He would conquer this gorgeous realm. He would realize in the new world, as Napoleon in the old, a dream of romance. He would surround his throne with Dukes and Marshals and Princes of the empire. The pomp of chivalry, the splendors of the east should be revived in his gorgeous court. And when he had founded this empire, and girt his throne with these new Paladins, he would look back with scorn on the country which had cast him off. And who knew what further conquests he might achieve? Realms equally rich, and even more easy of spoil opened to the south, to whose conquest his successors, if not himself might aspire. Perhaps nothing would check his victorious banner until he had traversed the continent, and stood on that bold and stormy promontory where the contending waters of the Atlantic and Pacific lash around Cape Horn.

Such were the dreams of Burr. He proceeded at once to realize them. He sounded men in high station, and from many met encouragement. Officers of rank eagerly embraced the enterprise; politicians of commanding influence united themselves to his party The adventure dazzled young and ardent temperaments. Hundreds

held themselves in readiness to join the expedition as soon as war should be declared, and funds were secretly provided in our eastern cities to forward this romantic enterprise. In the private papers of some of our most distinguished families, rests ample evidence of the magnitude and brilliancy of this plot.

It was at this period that Burr met Blennarhassett, an Irish gentleman of fortune, who had purchased and settled on an island in the Ohio river. This little spot bloomed, under his culture, like the enchanted gardens of the Hesperides. Here, surrounded by a lovely wife and family, he had passed several years, dividing his time between literature and domestic ease. But the fascination of Burr soon transmuted the character of his host, until the hitherto quiet student was fired with dreams of immortal glory. His mansion soon became the rendezvous of the bold spirits whom Burr had enlisted in his enterprise; and the magic of music, united to the charms of lovely women, threw a romantic fascination around the spot. The coolest minds could not withstand the intoxication of that moment. Amid the pauses of the dance, the enthusiastic adventurers talked of the banners, embroidered by fair hands, under which they were to march to conquest; while the softer sex discussed, half jestingly, half earnestly, the gay dresses they were to rustle at their future court. But to this bewildering dream there came a sudden awakening. An arrangement had been made with Spain, and the government, apprized of the enterprise of Burr, sent its emissaries to arrest him. He fled, and with him, Blennerhassett. From that hour the fairy island became a desert. Desolation soon brooded over the hearth-stone which the wife and mother had cheered with her smiles. A few months elapsed, and the traveller passing that island, heard the long grass whistling in the ruins, and saw the wild fox look forth from his hole unscared.

Burr did not, however, abandon his darling scheme. Deserted by nine-tenths of his adherents, he still refused to despair, but collecting a small body of men began to descend the Ohio. He had purchased a tract of land in Louisiana, where he resolved to form a settlement which, in time, might become a depot from which to direct an attack on Mexico, if a favorable opportunity should occur. But, as he proceeded, the country began to be alarmed. Rumors were in circulation that he intended to dismember the Union by separating the south-western states from the rest of the confederacy. At length his progress was stopped by the authorities. He was arrested on a charge of high treason, and sent to Virginia for trial, under the escort of a party of dragoons.

The history of this country affords no parallel to the extraordinary reverses of fortune which had befallen Burr; and the mind can discover nothing to which to liken it, except in the events of eastern story, where, by the same turn of the wheel, the camel-driver rises to a monarch, and the sultan sinks to a slave. But a few years before, he had been the popular idol, and filling the second office of the nation, living with the splendor and munificence of a prince: now the meanest thief who dodged the officers of justice in some low alley, would not have bartered situations with him. His adherents were scattered to all quarters. Every man thought only of saving himself. It was believed that he would be convicted, guilty or not guilty: and, as in all popular tumults, pretended informers were not wanting. The public did not stop to enquire into his real purposes. One universal voice of reprobation rose up from east to west, from north to south, crying out for the blood of the traitor who had ventured to plot the dismemberment of his country. His few remaining friends bent before the fury of the storm. Even his son-in-law, Governor Alston, of South Carolina, shrank from his side in this crisis. One individual alone clung to him in this hour of trial: need we say it was a woman, the only daughter of the accused?

If there is a redeeming feature in the character of Burr, it is to be found in his love for that child. From her earliest years, he had educated her with a care to which we look in vain for a parallel among his cotemporaries. She grew up, in consequence, no ordinary woman. Beautiful beyond most of her sex, accomplished as few females at that day were accomplished, displaying to her family and friends a fervor of affection which not even every woman is capable of, the character of Theodosia Burr has long been regarded almost as we would regard that of a heroine of chivalry. Her love for her father partook of the purity of a better world: holy, deep, unchanging, it reminds us of the affection which a celestial spirit might be supposed to entertain for a parent, cast down from heaven for sharing in the sin of the "Son of the Morning." No sooner did she hear of her father's arrest than she flew to his side. There is nothing in human history more touching than the hurried letters, blotted with tears, in which she announced her daily progress to Richmond, for she was too weak to travel with the rapidity of the mail; and even the character of Burr borrows a momentary halo from hers when we peruse his replies, in which, forgetting his peril, and relaxing the stern front he assumed towards his enemies, he labors only to quiet her fears and inspire her with confidence in his acquittal. He even writes from his prison in a tone of gaiety, jestingly regret-

ting that his accommodations for her reception are not more elegant. Once, and once only, does he melt; and then it is to tell her, that, in the event of the worst, he will die worthy of himself.

The trial of Burr was an event that struck every imaginative mind. The prisoner had been the Vice-President of the nation. His crime was the most flagrant known to the law. His country was the accuser. He was arraigned before the supreme tribunal of the nation, and the Judge who presided was the highest dignitary of that high court. The magnitude of the charges, the number of persons involved in the plot, the former high standing and extraordinary fortunes of the accused, all these combined had fastened the attention of the community on his trial: and, as it progressed, the nation stood gazing on in breathless suspense. Never before or since has this country witnessed such an array of talent in any public cause. There was the Chief Justice, learned, dignified, incorruptible. There was Wirt, brilliant and showy, but less known to fame then, than he was destined afterwards to become. There was Martin, quick, keen, armed at all points. There were Hay, Randolph, and a host of others, renowned for legal acumen and forensic skill. And there, too, was the accused, pre-eminent amid that bright array, inferior to none in intellect, superior to all in the magnitude of his resources. Never, indeed, did the vast ability of Burr shine with more resplendent lustre. He felt the full peril of his situation. The stake was life or death. He was arraigned by a powerful foe: the executive itself was secretly busy against him: the jury regarded him with prejudice. Yet he stood up against this combination of dangers cool, ready, stout of heart. He fought every inch of ground with a skill and perseverance which resulted in the total rout of his foes. Without adducing a witness for the defence, he suffered his case to go to the jury, who acquitted him at once.

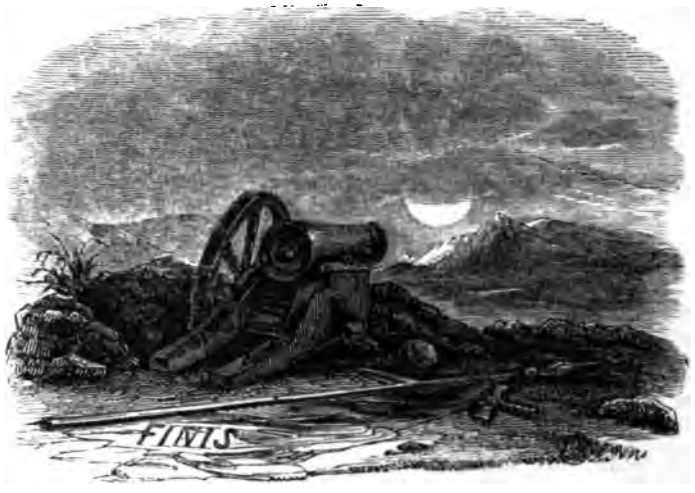
But his country still refused to believe him innocent. Though stout old Truxton had testified in his favor, though Jackson had seen nothing wrong in Burr's project, but agreed to favor it, the popular voice continued to regard him as a traitor, whom accident alone had prevented from dismembering the Union. But that a man of sense and ability should entertain such a notion, relying for aid on associates whom he knew would countenance no treason, is a preposterous and insane supposition. As he said on his death-bed, he might as well have attempted to seize the moon and parcel it out among his followers.

The real secret of the popular belief is to be found in the character of Burr. In him the elements which make great and good men

were strangely mixed up with those in which we may suppose the spirits of evil to pride themselves. He was brave, affable, munificent, of indomitable energy, of signal perseverance. In his own person he combined two opposite natures. He was studious but insinuating, dignified yet seductive. Success did not intoxicate, nor reverses dismay him. Turning to the other aspect of his character, these great qualities sank into insignificance beside his evil ones. He was a profligate in morals, public and private. He was selfish, he was artful, a master in dissimulation, treacherous, cold-hearted. What Sallust said of Catiline might, with equal propriety, be said of him: "cupidus voluptatum gloriæ cupidior." Subtle, intriguing, full of promises, unsparing of means, regardless of consequences, he shot upwards in popularity with astonishing velocity; but, a skeptic in honesty, a scorner of all things noble and good, he failed to secure the public confidence, and fell headlong from his dizzy eminence. Here lies the secret of his ruin! There was nothing in his character to which the great heart of the people could attach itself in love; but they shrank from him in mistrust, as from a cold and glittering serpent.

After his trial Burr went abroad virtually a banished man. He was still full of his scheme against the Spanish provinces; but in England he met no encouragement, that nation being engaged in the Peninsular war. He afterwards visited France, where his petitions were equally disregarded, the Emperor being engrossed in the continental wars. In Paris his funds failed. He became miserably poor. He had no friends to whom to apply, but was forced to borrow, on one occasion, a couple of sous from a cigar woman at a corner of the street.

At last he returned to New York, but in how different a guise from the days of his glory. No cannon thundered at his coming, no crowds thronged along the quay. Men gazed suspiciously on him as he walked along, or crossed the street to avoid him like one having the pestilence. But he was not, he thought, wholly desolate. His daughter still lived; his heart yearned to clasp her again to his bosom. She left Charleston accordingly to meet him. But though more than thirty years have since elapsed, no tidings of the pilot-boat in which she sailed have ever been received. Weeks grew into months, and months glided into years; yet her father and husband watched in vain for her coming. Whether the vessel perished by conflagration, whether it foundered in a gale, or whether it was taken by pirates, and all on board murdered, will never be known until that great day when the deep shall give up its dead.

It is said this last blow broke the heart of Burr, and that, though in public he maintained a proud equanimity, in private tears would force themselves down his furrowed cheeks. He lived thirty years after this event, but, in his own words, felt severed from the human race. He had neither brother, nor sister, nor child, nor lineal descendant. No man called him by the endearing title of friend. The weight of fourscore years was on his brow. He was racked by disease. At last death, so long desired, came, but it found him, it is said, in a miserable lodging, and alone. Was there ever such a retribution?

In the burial place of Princeton College are three graves. Two, side by side, are surmounted by marble tablets, recording the virtues of those who sleep below, and who died Presidents of that august institution. They are the tombs of the father and grandfather of Burr. At their feet, and partially between, is a third grave, but without headstone, untrimmed, and sunken in. There rests Aaron Burr!